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MODERN MATERIALISM: ITS ATTITUDE TOWARDS THEOLOGY.

BY THE REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

At the beginning of October, 1874, it was my duty, as Principal of a Theological College, to open a new session with an address, which was afterwards published under the title "Religion as affected by Modern Materialism." It raises the question whether the free and scientific methods of study insisted on in the college involved results at variance with its theological design. It states accordingly three assumptions hitherto implied in that design: "That the universe which includes us and folds us round is the life-dwelling of an Eternal Mind; that the world of our abode is the scene of a Moral Government incipient but not yet complete; and that the upper zones of human affection, above the clouds of self and passion, take us into the sphere of a Divine Communion." With regard to these assumptions the thesis is maintained that they are beyond the contradiction,

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because not within the logical range, of the natural sciences. In support of this thesis the mischiefs are shown, both to science and to theology, of confusing their boundaries, and treating the discovery of law as the negation of God; and the separating line is drawn, that in their intellectual dealings with phenomena, science investigates the "how" and theology the "whence." Tempted on by two of its indispensable conceptions, *matter* and *force*, science, overstepping this boundary, has of late affected to know not only the order but the origin of things; in the one case starting them from *atoms* as their source, in the other from mechanical *energy*. I try to show that neither datum will work out its result except by the aid of logical illusions. You will get out of your atoms by "evolution," exactly so much and no more as you have put into them. by hypothesis.

And, with regard to force, it is contended that observation and induction do not carry us to it at all, but stop with *movements*; that the so-called kinds of force are only classes of phenomena, with the constant belief of causality behind; that of causality we have no cognition but as Will, from which the idea of "physical force" is simply cut down by artificial abstraction to the needs of phenomenal investigation and grouping; and that, in conceiving of the single power hid in every group, we must revert to the intuitive type because the only authorized, and to the highest, because alone covering the highest phenomena. The attempt, under shelter of the unity of energy behind all its masks, to make the lowest phase, besides playing its own part, stand for the whole, is described as a logical sleight of hand by which a heedless reasoner may impose upon himself and others.

After this defensive argument to show that the religious positions are not displaced by natural science, they are traced to their real seat in human nature, and treated as postulates involved in the very existence and life of the reason and conscience. In support of their natural claim to our entire trust, it is contended that, for their ethical power, they are absolutely dependent on their objective truth; and further, that our nature in respect of its higher affections, compassion, self-forgetfulness, moral obligation, is constructed in harmony with a world Divinely ruled, and in utter conflict with the Pessimist's picture of nature.

The address thus epitomized has brought upon me the honor and the danger of a critique by Professor Tyndall,* marked by all his literary skill, and rendered persuasive by happy sarcasm and brilliant description. One fault at least he brings home to me with irresistible conviction. He blames my mode of writing as deficient in precision and lucidity. And I cannot deny the justice of the censure when I observe that my main line of argument has left no trace upon his memory, that its estimate of scientific doctrines is misconstrued, that my feeling towards the order of nature is exhibited in reverse, that I am

cross-questioned about an hypothesis of which I never dreamt, and am answered by a charming "alternative" exposition of ascending natural processes which I follow with assent till it changes its voice from physics to metaphysics, and from its premisses of positive phenomena proclaims a negative ontological conclusion. That at every turn I should have put so acute a reader upon a totally false scent rebukes me more severely than any of his direct and pertinent criticisms; for, smartly as these may hit me, they fall chiefly on incidental and parenthetical remarks which might have been absent, or on mere literary form which might have been different, without affecting the purport of my address. Whether the force of these minor thrusts is really disabling, or is only a by-play telling mainly on the fancy of the observer, a brief scrutiny will determine.

(1.) In saying that the college which I represent leaves open to all new lights of knowledge "the special studies which deal with our sources of religious faith," I expanded this phrase by the words, "whether in the scrutiny of nature or in the interpretation of sacred books." This innocent parenthesis, which simply summarizes the growing-grounds of all actual theology, produces in my critic an effect out of all proportion to its significance. Twice he challenges me to show how any "religious faith" can be drawn from "nature," which I regard, he says, as "base and cruel." It suffices to say that "scrutiny of nature" does not exclude "*human nature*," wherein the springs of religion are afterwards traced to their intuitive seats; and that, in what are called my "tirades against nature," as "base and cruel," I am describing, not my own view of the order of the world, but one which I repudiate as utterly sickly and perverse. Then, again, I am asked how after giving up the Old Testament cosmogony, I can any longer speak of "sacred books," without informing my readers where to find them. I have occasionally met with scientific men whose ideas about the Bible, if going further than the Creation, came to an end at the Flood, and who thought it only loyal to Laplace and Lyell thenceforth to shelve "Moses and the prophets:" but a judgment so *borné* I should not expect from Professor Tyndall. Can a literature then have nothing "sa-

* See "Materialism and its Opponents" in ECLECTIC for January, 1876.

cred," unless it be infallible? Has the religion of the present no roots in the soil of the past, so that nothing is gained for our spiritual culture by exploring its history and reproducing its poetry, and ascending to the tributary waters of its life? The real modern discovery, far from saying there is no sacred literature, because none oracular, assures us that there are several; and, notwithstanding a deepened because purified attachment to our own "Origines" in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, persuades us to look with an open reverence into all writings that have embodied and sustained the greater pieties of the world. But to my censor it appears a thing incredible that I should find a sanctity in anything human; or deem it possible to approach religion in its truth by intercepting its errors as it percolates through history, and letting it flow clearer and clearer, till it brings a purifying baptism to the conscience of our time.

(2.) In order to give distinctness to that "religion" in relation to which I proposed to treat of "Modern Materialism," I specified "three assumptions" involved in it, of which the first and chief is the existence of the "Living God." I am reproached with making no attempt to verify them, but permitting them to "remain assumptions" "to the end." Be it so, though the statement is not quite exact: still in every reasoned discourse assumptions have their proper place, as well as proofs; and the right selection of propositions to stand in the one position or the other depends on the speaker's thesis and the hearer's needs. My *thesis* was, that natural science did not displace these assumptions, because they lie beyond its range; and the *proof* is complete if it is shown that the logical limit of inductive knowledge stops short of their realm, and is illegitimately overstepped by every physical maxim which contradicts them. To turn aside from this line of argument in order to "verify" the primary matter of the whole discussion would have been to set out for Exeter and arrive at York. My *hearers* consisted of the teachers, supporters, and alumni of a *Theological College*; and to treat them as a body of atheists, and offer proofs of the being of a God, would have been as impertinent as for Professor Tyndall to open the session of a *Geological society*

with a demonstration of the existence of the earth.

(3.) A few reluctant words must suffice in answer to the charge of "scorning the emotions." I say "*reluctant words*:" for to this side of our nature it is given to speak without being much spoken of; to live and be, rather than to be seen and known; and when dragged from its retreat it is so hurt as to change its face and become something else. Here, however, little more is needed than to repeat the words which are pronounced to be so "rash," and even "petulant"—"I trust that when '*emotion*' *proves empty*, we shall stamp it out and get rid of it." Do I then "scorn" the "emotion" of any mind stirred by natural vicissitudes or moving realities—the cry of Andromache, "Εκτορ, ἐγὼ δούληνος, at the first sight of her hero's dishonored corpse; the covered face and silent sobs of Phædon, when Socrates had drained the cup; the tears of Peter at the cock-crowing; or any of the fervent forms of mental life—the mysticism of Eckhart, the intellectual enthusiasm of Bruno, the patriotic passion of Vane? Not so; for none of these are "empty," but carry a meaning adequate to their intensity. It is for "emotion" with a vacuum within, and floating *in vacuo* without, charged with no thought and directed to no object, that I avow distrust; and if there be an "overshadowing awe" from the mere sense of a blank consciousness and an enveloping darkness, I can see in it no more than the negative condition of a religion yet to come. In human psychology, feeling, when it transcends sensation, is not without idea, but is a type of idea; and to suppose "an inward hue and temperature," apart from any "object of thought," is to feign the impossible. Color must lie upon form; and heat must spring from a focus, and declare itself upon a surface. If by "referring religion to the region of emotion" is meant withdrawing it from the region of truth, and letting it pass into an undulation in no medium and with no direction, I must decline the surrender.

In thus refusing support from "empty emotion," I am said to "kick away the only *philosophic foundation* on which it is possible to build religion." Professor Tyndall is certainly not exacting from his builders about the solidity of his

"foundation;" and it can be only a very light and airy architecture, not to say an imaginary one, that can spring from such base; and perhaps it does not matter that it should be unable to face the winds. Nor is the inconsistency involved in this statement less surprising than its levity. Religion, it appears, has a "philosophical foundation." But "philosophy" investigates the ultimate ground of cognition and the organic unity of what the several sciences assume. And a "philosophical foundation" is a legitimated first principle for some one of these; it is a cognitive beginning—a *datum* of ulterior *quasita*—and nothing but a science can have it. Religion then must be an organism of thought. Yet it is precisely in denial of this that my censor invents his new "foundation." Here, he tells us, we know nothing, we can think nothing; the intellectual life is dumb and blank; we do but blindly feel. How can a structure without truth repose on philosophy in its foundation?

But do I not myself carry religious questions, in the last appeal, to the inward consciousness of man, whether intellectual for the interpretation of causality, or moral for the interpretation of duty? Undoubtedly; and Professor Tyndall thinks it "highly instructive" that I "should have lived so long, thought so much, and failed to recognize the entirely subjective character of this creed." If I may omit the word "entirely" (which implies a gratuitous exclusion of "objective truth"), I not only recognize it, but everywhere insist upon it. The fundamental religious conceptions have no deeper validity than belongs to the very frame of our faculties and the postulates of our thinking. But as this equally holds of the fundamental scientific conceptions, as matter and force have also to retire to consciousness for their witnesses, nay, as objectivity itself is but an interpretation by the subject of its own experience, is it not "highly instructive" that a critic so compassionate of my "subjective" position should be unaware of the ideality of his own? Or, has he, perhaps, found some "objective knowledge" which has not to fall back upon a "subjective" guarantee?

If, as I suspect, Professor Tyndall uses the word "subjective" not in its strict

sense, for what belongs to the *human subject at large*, but to denote what is special to the feeling of *this or that individual*, the question will then be whether I mistake an exceptional personal experience for a universal form of thought. This question is not settled by saying that many able men find in themselves no such inner experience. The eye for correct psychological reading is not secured by great intellect or noble character, but, like the organ of any other art, must be trained to quickness and delicacy of insight; and, while false or over-culture exposes it to the danger of seeing what is not there, a failure of culture may prevent its seeing what there is. Right interrogation and careful comparison alone can sift out the essential from the accidental. Doubtless many a principle once advanced as self-evident and universal survives only in the grotesque museum of philosophers' fancies. But, on the other hand, whatever laws of thought are now admitted as universal were at first propounded, and often long resisted, as the expressions of individual reflection.

(4.) On one point more a personal *éclaircissement* is needed as a condition of any profitable argument. I am said to be "imperfectly informed regarding the position I assail." If I am sensitive to this remark, it is not that I cannot bear to be reminded of my ignorance, the sense of which is a shadow that never quits my life, but that, as no man has a right to attack doctrines which he has not taken the pains to understand, the statement carries in it a moral imputation, and calls on me either to clear it away or to confess a wrong. What then is the "position" which, under the name of "materialism," I intended to assail, and ought, perhaps, to have fixed by exact definition? Professor Tyndall supposes it to be *his* position, regarding which undoubtedly I am very imperfectly informed; for the indications of it, though clear enough for assent or criticism when taken one by one, appear to me so shifting and indeterminate in their combination, as to afford no means of testing it. Except in the two or three passages where it is quoted, the Belfast Address was no more in my view than the writings to which it referred and others belonging to the literature of

the subject; and did not supply the form of doctrine to which my argument was addressed. The only question therefore is whether that form of doctrine really exists. If it can be shown that I have misconceived the materialists' position, and fastened upon them any thesis which is without eminent representative in their school, I must accept my rebuke. But if no part of my sketch is unsupported by adequate authority, it will remain true, though it should conflict with sentences in the "Fragments of Science."

Probably the chief instance of "imperfect information" is this—that I suppose the materialist doctrine to be offered as an *explanation* of the order of things; for my censor contrasts with this "travesty" of the scheme his own statement, that the materialist's "molecular groupings and movements in reality explain nothing," and that "the utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance." But surely, if this is all that he can affirm, he gives his materialism nothing to do, and is as well off without it as with it: in order simply to see that two series of phenomena run parallel, and correspond term for term, he needs no more than methodized observation, possible and identical on every theory or no theory about the substratum of the phenomena. If the human mind could be content with this spectacle of unexplained concomitance, the very impulse would be wanting from which materialism has sprung. Its fundamental proposition, common, as Lange remarks, to all its forms, ancient and modern,— "that the universe consists of atoms and empty space"—*—is an *hypothesis* devised for the express purpose of establishing a "bond of union" between lines of succession previously detached—i.e., of giving the mind a bridge of passage other than that of "association" from the one to the other—i.e., of *explaining* the second by the first. An hypothesis commends itself to us when (*inter alia*) it offers a higher conception from which, as an assumption, we can deduce *both* sets of previously separate facts; and so far as it fails to do this, it is self-condemned. There may be other defects in

hypotheses; but if their *data* do not logically lead to the *quesita* they break their primary promise; and to see whether they are water-tight throughout, or are leaky at the joints, is an efficient test of their pretensions. A materialist who knows what he is about would not disown the words which I put into his mouth—"Matter is all I want; give me its atoms alone, and I will explain the universe"—but would assuredly be offended were he told, and that by a "candid friend," that his doctrine "explains nothing."

As it is impossible to come to close quarters with a see-saw doctrine, which now touches solid ground and now escapes it, I naturally addressed myself to thorough-going materialists, without presuming to commit Professor Tyndall to their consistency. That there have been and are such persons—persons who have undertaken, by defining the essence of matter and fixing it in atoms, "to explain the enigmatical by the clear, the intricate by the simple, the unknown by the known"—*—he cannot deny, after having himself introduced us to the thesis of Democritus,† the reasonings of

* Lange, *Geschichte des Materialismus*, 1tes Buch, pp. 8, 9.

† In connection with this name there is an historical error in the Belfast Address which I should hardly notice were it not likely to be perpetuated by the just reputation of the author, and did it not apparently fall back for support upon Lange. This writer, noticing that Democritus makes no attempt to explain the appearances of adaptation out of the blind power of natural necessity, adds, "Whether this gap lay in his system itself, or only in the tradition of it, we do not know; but we do know that the source of even this last principle of all materialism—rudely shaped, it is true, yet with perfect precision of idea—is to be found in the philosophic thought of the Hellenic race." What Darwin, with the support of vast stores of positive knowledge, has effected for the present time, Empedocles offered to the thinkers of antiquity—the simple and penetrating thought that if adaptations preponderate in the world, it is because it lies in their very nature to maintain themselves; while that which fails of adaptation has perished long ago." (l. pp. 22, 23.) Misled by the order of this passage, which gives the missing thought *after* naming the "gap" which it might have filled, Dr. Tyndall has described Empedocles as intentionally making good a defect in Democritus—"Noticing this gap in the doctrine of Democritus, he (Empedocles) struck in with the penetrative thought," &c. This is an inversion of the

* *Geschichte des Materialismus*, 2tes Buch, p. 181.

Lucretius, and the method of Gassendi.* The "atomists," says Lange, "attributed to matter only the simplest of the various properties of things—those, namely, which are indispensable for the presentation of a something in space and time; and their aim was to evolve from these alone the whole assemblage of phenomena." "They it was," he adds, "who gave the first perfectly clear notion of what we are to understand by matter as the basis of all phenomena. With the positing of this notion materialism stood complete, as the first perfectly clear and consequent theory of all phenomena."† If there is any difference between this statement of the problem and my "travesty" of it, I cannot discern it.

The indistinctness of which I ventured to complain in Dr. Tyndall's account of his "primordial" datum I do not find removed by my pleasant journey with him to the Caribbean Sea and the Alpine snows, or his graceful pictures of Cingalese ferns, and of nascent infant life. The whole exposition appears to be dominated by the tacit maxim, "No matter without force, no force without matter‡"—a maxim which may be true in fact, but does not dispense with the necessity of investigating the relation between two fundamental ideas which are not identical or interchangeable. In the natural sciences no harm is done by running them both together, or resorting in varying proportions to the one and to the other. Experimental research and mathematical deduction may go on undisturbed, by mere use of them as provisional conceptions, and without even suspecting that they carry in them any ulterior problem. But it is not by thus picking them up *in mediis rebus*, and taking them as they

happen to come, that we can reach any philosophical view of the world, or estimate the theories which strive to interpret its unity and meaning. In spite of the cheap wit expended in derision of metaphysics, and the brave preference avowed for *terra firma*, you can escape them only by not knowing where you are. In their embrace you live and move and have your being; and, however fast your foot may cling to the earth, none the less do you swim with it through the infinite space which, even in its emptiness, is yet the condition of all solidity.

At a first glance, nothing looks more hopeful to the enthusiast for simplification than the reduction of "matter" to "force." Two or three easy equations will carry him through the problem. Matter is known to us only by its "properties," and, relatively to us, is tantamount to them. Its properties, again, are only its ways of affecting ourselves, either directly or through operations on other portions of matter. That is, it is represented to us wholly by the *effects* which it has *power* to produce, and resolves itself into an aggregate of *forces*. Make its essence what you will—extension with Descartes; or palpableness with Fechner—it is still as acting on the eye or the touch or the muscles that this essence reaches our apprehension; it is the cause of sensations to us, and anything that should cause such sensations would be identical with it. Is it not plain therefore that matter is simply power logically lodged? and that when pursued to its smallest conceivable elements, it merges into dynamic points, unextended centres of attraction and repulsion? Such a course of thought has again and again led to theories of dynamic idealism, like Boscovich's, Ampère's, and Cauchy's, in which the dimensions of the atoms whence molecular action proceeds not simply are small relatively to the distances which separate them, but absolutely vanish. Such theories, by isolating the elements needed for calculation, offer advantages for mathematical physics. But there will always be found an irresolvable residue which declines to melt away into force. When you have construed the atom's solidity into repulsion, and reduced its extension to nothing, there remains its *position*, and this "whereabouts" of a power is other than the

chronology. Empedocles preceded Democritus by at least a generation, being born about B.C. 490, and dying B.C. 430; whilst Democritus, whom we find at Thurii shortly after the foundation of the colony in B.C. 443, died at a very advanced age, B.C. 357.—*Diog. Laert.* viii, 52, 56, ix, 41. Comp. *Arist. Met.* A. 4, p. 985, p. 4.

* Starting from the fundamental assumption, "Principio ergo Universum ex corpore et inani constat, neque enim tertia natura concipi mente præterea potest."—*Phil. Epi-cur.* *Syntagma*, Op. T. iii. 11.

† *Geschichte des Materialismus*, i. pp. 8, 9.

‡ *Büchner: Kraft und Stoff*, p. 2 (Auf. 4).

power itself; and secures to it a *Daseyn* or objective existence in space. Nor is the conception of motion adequately provided for in these schemes of abstraction. As geometrical points themselves cannot be moved, the phenomenon becomes a translation of a cluster of attractions and repulsions to new centres. But attraction with nothing to be attracted, repulsion with nothing to be repelled, motion with nothing to be moved, are presentable in language only, not in thought. The running of one eddy round another or into another is intelligible so long as there is a *medium*, be it of ether, however rare; but *in vacuo*, not so. A material *nidus* is indispensable as the seat of every motory change. The reason of this lies in the very structure of the human understanding, which supplies us with the category of Attribute or Property only in combination with that of Substance or Thing as its abiding base. The relation between the attribute which speaks to you phenomenally, and the substance which is given intellectually, is indissoluble: and analyze the phenomena as you may, so as to turn them from one type of predicate to another, you cannot cut them off from their persistent and unyielding seat, so as to have left on your hands a set of predicates without any subject. Thus the idea of "matter" vindicates itself against every attempt to get rid of it by transformation.

The simplification has also been attempted by the inverse method of dispensing with "force," and making "matter" do all the work. In physics, it is said, we know what we perceive or generalize from preception: "we observe what our senses, armed with the aids furnished by science, enable us to observe—nothing more."* *Movements*, however, are all that we perceive, and if at first this fact escapes us when we hear and see, it is because our organs are not fine enough to read the undulations which deliver to them tones and tints. Submit their sensibility to adequate magnifying power, and all that is observable would resolve itself into local changes—molecular or molar. It is the same in the celestial mechanics as in the scene of daily experience. We say that

the moon goes through its lunations, and upheaves the tidal wave on the earth spinning beneath it, by the constant force of gravitation. But the real facts noticed are simply the presence now here, now there, of two visible and solid globes, and of some piled-up water upon one of them, and a certain rule according to which these changes recur. Were these the only phenomena within our ken, this rule would be all that we mean by the "force" of which we speak. But as there are countless others which we have found to follow the same rule, we cannot speak of it without tacit reference to these, so that the word covers indefinitely more than the facts immediately in view. Still, it takes in nothing in any part of its field but movements and their law. And nothing moves but matter. The natural sciences would thus resolve themselves into a register of co-existent and sequent positions of bodies, expressed in formulas as comprehensive as the state of analysis allowed; and in this form, as Comte and Mill justly insist, they would fulfil all the conditions of phenomenal knowledge, and secure that power of *prevision* which is the crown and reward of scientific labor.

This reduction of everything to matter, motion, and law would be unimpeachable, were our intelligence somewhat differently constructed. Matter—as these expositors set out by observing—speaks to our perceptive senses alone; and we should still know it, had we no more than these, and the ability to retain their vestiges and set them in order. Let us only see how things like and unlike lie and move in place and time, and the history of matter is all before us. For this purpose we need not go beyond the relations of objectivity, succession, and resemblance among the forms or data of the understanding. But over and above these we are subject to another determinate condition of thought—the principle of causality—in virtue of which there can be no cognition of *phenomenon*, except as relative to *power* that issues it, any more than there can be a cognition of a *here* without a *there*, or a *before* without an *after*. This intellectual law leaves us unsatisfied with merely reading the *order* of occurrence among the changes we perceive; it obliges us to refer movement to a motor, to look beyond the mat-

* "Materialism and its Opponents," *ECTIC* for January, p. 26.

ter stirred to a force that stirs it, be the force *without*, as in the expansive energy which propels a loaded shell, or *within*, as in that which ultimately bursts it. In any case, you have here a clear dynamic addition to that scheme of regimented and marshalled phenomena which results from the lonely conception of matter. Will you rid yourself of the dualism by insisting, while you concede the power, that it is only a *property* of the matter?

"See," says Lange, "whether here you are not in danger of a logical circle. A 'thing' is known to us through its properties, a subject is determined by its predicates. But the 'thing' is in fact only the resting-point demanded by our thought. We know nothing but the properties and their concurrence in an unknown object, the assumption of which is a figment of our mind (*Gemüth*), a necessary one it seems, rendered imperative by our organization.*

Another answer may be given thus:— 'You may make anything a predicate of matter which you can *observe* in it, i.e., all its *movements*; but not what you *cannot observe*, therefore not the *power* which issues the movements; for this is not seen in the phenomenon; it is supplied by a necessity of thought, not as an element in it, but as a condition of it.'

Inasmuch then as both "matter" and "force" are intellectual data (*noümena*), involved respectively in the principle of Objectivity and in that of Causality, neither can be substituted for the other. For ages each has been trying to end the divided sway; but the rival, though often driven from the front, has always found at last an impregnable retreat, whence its rights return to recognition when the usurping rage is past. The present tendency in natural science is so strongly in favor of force as the better known term that, according to Lange, "the untrue element in materialism, viz., the erecting of matter into the principle of all that exists, is completely, and it would seem definitely, set aside."†

From these two roots have arisen two forms of naturalism, capable no doubt of a balanced co-existence in the same mind, but often unharmonized, and expressing themselves in doctrines doubtfully related to each other. The *material* theory works out the conception of *Atoms*. The

dynamic relies on that of the *Conservation of energy*. As a means of intellectually organizing ascertained facts, and holding them together in a tissue of conceivable relations, these conceptions possess a high value, and are indispensable to the reaching of any generalizations yet higher. In the one, the multiple proportions of chemistry and the laws of elastic diffusion find an adequate vehicle of expression and computation. In the other, a common measure is set up for variations of heat and mechanical work and chemical decomposition and electrical intensity, bringing several special provinces into a federal affinity. Dr. Tyndall misconstrues me when he imputes to me any disparagement of these conceptions in their *scientific* use, for formulating, linking, and anticipating phenomena. It is not till they break these bounds, and, mistaking their own logical character, set up *philosophical* pretensions as adequate data for the deductive construction of a universe without mind, that I venture to resist their absolutism, and set them back within their constitutional rights. It is no wonder, perhaps, that many an enthusiast in the study of nature, excited by the race of rapid discovery, should lose count of his direction as he sweeps along, and, mounted upon these hobbies, should fancy that he can ride off into the region of ontology, and finding nothing, because never really there, should mistake his own failure for its blank. But the calmer critics of human thought know how to distinguish between the physical and the metaphysical use of these conceptions.

'There is scarcely a more *naïve* expression of the materialism of the day," says Lange, "than escapes from Büchner, when he calls the atoms of modern times 'discoveries of natural science,' while those of the ancients are said to have been 'arbitrary speculative representations.' In point of fact, the atomic doctrine to-day is still what it was in the time of Democritus. It has still not lost its metaphysical character; and already in ancient times it served also as a scientific hypothesis for the explanation of natural processes."*

And respecting the law of Conservation of energy, Lange observes that, taken in its "strictest and most consequent meaning, it is anything but proved: it is only an '*Ideal of the Reason*,' perhaps however indispensable as a goal for all empirical

* Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. p. 214.
† Ibid. p. 215.

* Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. 181.

research.* It is from no want of deference for science proper that I pass again under review the competency of these two doctrines to work out, *ab initio*, a blind cosmogony.

The *material* hypothesis, as I read it, and as alone I propose to comment on it, maintains that, with ultimate inorganic atoms to begin with, the present universe could be constructed. Before it can be tested, its *datum* (inorganic atoms) must be pressed into more determinate form by an explanation of the word, "atoms." "Things which cannot be cut" might be all alike; or they might be variously different *inter se*: and before we start, we must know on which of these two assumptions we are to proceed. The former is the only admissible one, so long as you credit the materialist with any logical exactness. When he asks for *no more than matter* for his purpose, he must surely be understood to require nothing but the *essentials of matter*, the characters which enter into its definition; and to pledge himself to deduce out of these all the accessory characters which appear here and not there, and which discriminate the several provinces of nature. The idea of *atoms* is indeed simply the idea of "matter" *in minimis*, arising only from an arrest, by a supposed physical limit, of a geometrical divisibility possible without end; and the attributes which suffice to earn the one name give the meaning of the other. When in mathematical optics the investigator undertakes, from the conditions afforded by an undulatory elastic medium, to deduce the phenomena of refraction and polarization, he is not permitted to enlarge the data as he proceeds, and surreptitiously import into his ether chemical or other characters unnamed at first. Just as little can one who proposes to show the way from simple atoms to the finished world be allowed to swell the definition of those atoms at his convenience, and take on fresh attributes which change them from matter *ἁπλως*, and make them now *this* sort of matter, now *that*. Whatever he thus adds to his assumption is filched from his *quæsitæ*, to the relief of his problem and the vitiation of its proof: and if the whole fulness of the *quæsitæ* is so withdrawn, and turned back to be

condensed into *datum*, all deduction is given up, and the thesis is simply taken for granted.

In precisely this plight—unless there is some reasoning between the lines which I am too dull to see—Professor Tyndall leaves his case. He ridicules me for defining the assumed atoms as "homogeneous extended solids," on the ground that a phrase thus restricted to the "requisites of body" gives only "a metaphysical body."* Everything which you define is, in the same sense, a "metaphysical" (more properly, a "logical") subject. The object of the definition is to specify the attributes which alone are to be considered in giving the name, and in reasoning from it. The atomist who is not content with my account of his premisses should oblige me with a better, instead of stopping short with the discovery that a definition of a class is not a full description of its individuals. When, however, I look about for my critic's correcter version of "matter" or its atoms, it is long before I learn more than that "we must radically change our notions" of it—an injunction upon which, without further help, it is difficult to act. At length, however, on the concluding page of the critique, the missing definition turns up. "Matter I define as *that mysterious thing by which all this has been accomplished*," i.e., the whole series of phenomena, from the evaporation of water to self-conscious life of man. Need I say that such a proposition is no definition, and dispenses with all proof; being simply *an oracle*, tautologically declaring the very position in dispute, that matter carries in it "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life?" The whole of the picturesque group of descriptive illustrations which lead up to this innocent dictum are only an expansion of the same *petitio principii*: they simply say, over and over again, the force immanent in matter *is* matter—they are identical;

* It becomes still more metaphysical in the hands of an eminent teacher of physical science. "L'impénétrabilité," says Pouillet, "c'est la matière. On n'a pas raison de dire que la matière a deux propriétés essentielles, l'étendue et l'impénétrabilité; ce ne sont pas des propriétés, c'est une définition." And again, "L'impénétrabilité inséparable est ce qu'on appelle un atome."—*Éléments de Physique expérimentale*, tom. i. p. 4.

* Geschichte des Materialismus, p. 213.

or if not so as hitherto understood, we will have a new definition to make them so. This is not a process of reasoning, but an act of will—a decretal enveloped in a scientific nimbus. Nothing can be less relevant than to show (and nothing else is attempted) that the forces of heat, of attraction, of life, of consciousness, are attached to material media and organisms, which they move and weave and animate: this is questioned by no one. In the sense of being *immanent* in matter, and manifesting themselves by its movements, they are *material* forces; but *not* in the sense of being derivable from the essential properties of matter, *quod* matter. And this is the only sense on which philosophies divide, and reasoning is possible.

If the essence of the materialist hypothesis be to start with matter on its lowest terms, and work it thence up into its highest, I did it no wrong in taking "homogeneous extended solids" as its *specified datum*, and its *only* one; so that it constituted a system of "monism." Dr. Tyndall asks me "where and by whom" any such datum is "specified." In the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, June, 1872, Mr. Herbert Spencer contends that "the properties of the different elements" (*i.e.*, chemical elements, hydrogen, carbon, &c.) "result from differences of arrangement, arising by the compounding and recompounding of *ultimate homogeneous units*." Here, *totidem verbis*, is the monism which I am charged with "putting into the scheme." As my critic is evidently anxious to disclaim the monistic datum, I conclude that he owns the necessity of *heterogeneous elements* to begin with, and feels with me the insecurity of Mr. Spencer's deduction of chemical phenomena from mechanical. Though I have the misfortune, in the use of this same argument—that you cannot pass from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous—to incur the disapproval of two great authorities, it somewhat relieves the blow to find Mr. Spencer at one with the premiss, and Dr. Tyndall ratifying the conclusion.

Before I quit this point I ought perhaps to explain, in deference to Mr. Spencer, why I venture to repeat an argument which he has answered with care and skill. In common with all logical atomists, he appeals to the case of *isomeric*

bodies, and especially to the case of *allotropic* varieties of carbon and phosphorus, to prove that, without any change of elements in kind or proportion, and even without any composition at all, substances present themselves with marked differences of physical and chemical property. There are several distinct compounds formed out of the same relative weights of carbon and hydrogen. And the simple carbon itself appears as charcoal, as black-lead, and as diamond; and phosphorus again, in the yellow, semi-transparent, inflammable form, and as an opaque, dark-red substance, combustible only at a much higher temperature. In the absence of any variation in the material, these differences in the product are attributed to a different grouping of the atoms; and, whatever their form, it is easy, within certain limits, to vary in imagination the adjustments of their homologous sides, so as to build molecules of several types, and ultimately aggregates of contrasted qualities.

I admit that, on the assumption of homogeneity, we may provide a series of unlike arrangements to count off against a corresponding number of qualitative peculiarities, though it is doubtful whether the conceivable permutations can be pushed up through the throng of cases presented by organic chemistry. But the morphological differences, if adequately obtained, contribute no explanation of the observed variations of attribute. What is there in the arrangement *a b c* to occasion "activity" in phosphorus, while the arrangement *b a c* produces "inertness." Where the products differ only in geometrical properties, and consequently in optical, the explanation may be admissible, the form and the laying of the bricks determining the outline and the density of the structure. But the deduction cannot be extended from the physical to the chemical properties, so as to displace the rule that to these heterogeneity is essential. To treat the cases of allotropy as destructive of a rule so broadly based, and fly off to a conjectural substitute, is surely a rash logic. In these cases we certainly know of no difference of composition. But neither do we know of any difference of arrangement. The first, if we could suppose it latently there, would be a

vera causa of the unexplained phenomena; the second, though its presence were ascertained, would still rank only as a *possible* cause of them. If, therefore, an inquirer chose to say, "From this difference of property I suspect a difference of composition," what answer could we give him from Mr. Spencer's point of view? Could we say, "We finally know carbon to be simple?" On the contrary, we are warned that "there are no recognized elementary substances, if the expression means substances known to be elementary. What chemists for convenience call elementary substances are merely substances which they have thus far failed to decompose." If we are to stand ready to see sixty-two out of the sixty-three "elements" fall analytically to pieces before our eyes, how can we feel so confident of the simplicity of phosphorus or carbon as to make it answerable for a hypothetical reconstruction of chemical laws?

Even in the last resort, if we succeed in getting all our atoms alike, we do not rid ourselves of an unexplained heterogeneity; it is simply transferred from their nature as units to their rules of combination. Whether the qualitative difference between hydrogen and each of the other elements is conditional upon a distinction of kind in the atoms, or on definite varieties in their mode of numerical or geometrical union, these conditions are not provided for by the mere existence of homogeneous atoms; and nothing that you can do with these atoms, within the limits of their definition, will get the required heterogeneity out of them. Make them up into molecules by what grouping or architecture you will; still the difference between hydrogen and iron is not that between one and three, or any other number; or between shaped solids built off in one direction and similar ones built off in another, which may turn out like a right and a left glove. If hydrogen were the sole "primordial," and were transmutable, by select shuffling of its atoms, into every one of its present sixty-two associates, both the tendency to these special combinations, and the effects of them, would be as little deducible from the homogeneous datum as, on the received view, are the chemical phenomena from mechanical conditions. I still think, therefore, that, if you assume

atoms at all, you may as well take the whole sixty-three sorts in a lot. And this startling multiplication of the original monistic assumption I understand Professor Tyndall to admit as indispensable.

Next, in the striking words of Du Bois-Reymond, I have pleaded the impossibility of bridging the chasm between chemistry and Consciousness. The sensations of warmth, of sound, of color, are facts *sui generis*, quite other than the undulations of any medium, the molecular movements of any structure; known on different evidence, compared by different marks, needing a different language, affections of a different subject; and defying prediction and interpretation, on the part of a stranger to them, out of any formulas of physical equilibrium and motion, or of chemical affinity and composition. They, with all the higher mental conditions, belong to a world beyond the bounds of the natural sciences—a world into which they can *never* find their way, its phenomena being intrinsically inappreciable by their instruments of research. Here, then, in this establishment of two spheres of cognition, separated by an impassable gulf, we surely have a breach in the continuity of our knowledge: on the one side, all the phenomena of matter and motion; on the other, those of living consciousness and thought. Step by step the "Naturforscher" may press his advance, through even the contiguous organic provinces; but at this line his movement is arrested; he stands in presence of that which his methods cannot touch—an intellectual necessity stops him, and that for ever, at the boundary which he has reached. With this doctrine I invited my readers to compare the statement of Professor Tyndall, that, relying on "the continuity of nature," he "cannot stop abruptly where microscopes cease to be of use," but "by an intellectual necessity crosses the boundary," and "discerns in matter the promise and potency of *all* terrestrial life," including, therefore, *conscious* life. This statement appeared to me inconsistent with Du Bois-Reymond's "limit to natural science," and still appears so. What is my critic's reply? He cites *another* statement of his, which is quite consistent with the doctrine of the eminent Berlin Professor

and anticipates it; a procedure by which he answers himself, not me—and, instead of removing the contradiction, takes it home. If, as the earlier passage says, "the chasm between the two classes of phenomena" (physical processes and facts of consciousness) "remains intellectually impassable," the "intellectual necessity of crossing the boundary" is not easy to understand. In order to "discern in matter the *promise*" of conscious life, you must be able, by scrutiny of its mere physical movements, to forecast, in a world as yet insentient, the future phenomena of feeling and thought. Yet this is precisely the transition which is pronounced "unthinkable;" "we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other." If between these statements "nothing but harmony reigns," then indeed I am justly charged with being "inaccurate."

How then does the case stand with the atomic hypothesis, as a starting point of scientific deduction? In Dr. Tyndall's latest exposition we have it admitted—(1) that the monistic doctrine of homogeneous units will not work, and that the assumption must be enlarged to include heterogeneous chemical atoms; (2) that nothing which we can do with this magnified datum will prevent our being finally stopped at the boundary of consciousness. As these two positions are precisely those which I had taken up against the speculative materialists, it is an infinite relief to discover, when the mask of controversy is removed, the features of a powerful ally. The whole argument sums itself up in Sir William Thomson's remark, "The assumption of atoms can explain no property of body which has not previously been attributed to the atoms themselves."

That the totality of sensible and deducible phenomena is produced by a constant amount of forces in a given quantity of matter is a legitimate principle of modern science, and an adequate key for the interpretation of every proved or probable evolution. And in order to see what is comprised in changes that are intricately woven or fall broadly on the eye, it is often needful to take them to pieces and microscopically scrutinize

them. We thus discover more exactly what they are, and how at the moment they are made up; and by doing likewise with the prior and posterior conditions of the same group, we learn to read truly the metamorphoses of the materials before us. But this is all. To suppose that by pulverizing the world into its least particles, and contemplating its components where they are next to nothing, we shall hit upon something ultimate beyond which there is no problem, is the strangest of illusions. There is no magic in the superlatively little to draw from the universe its last secret. Size is but relative, magnified or dwindled by a glass, variable with the organ of perception: to one being the speck which only the microscope can show us may be a universe; to another, the solar system but a molecule; and in passing from the latter to the former you reach no end of search or beginning of things. If in imagination you simply recede from the molar to the molecular form of body, you carry with you, by hypothesis, all the properties of the whole into the parts where your regress ceases, and merely substitute a miniature of nature for its life-size, without at all showing whence the features come. If, on the other hand, you drop attributes from the mass in your retreat to the elements, on your return you can never pick them up again: starve your atom down to a hard, geometrically perfect minimum, and you have parted with the possibility of feeding it up to the qualitative plenitude of our actual material forms; for in mere resistance—which is all that is left—you have no source of new properties, only the power of excluding other competitors for its place.

Accordingly, the "atom" of the modern mathematical physics has given up its pretension to stand as an absolute beginning, and serves only as a necessary rest for exhausted analysis, before setting forth on the return journey of deduction. "A simple elementary atom," says Professor Balfour Stewart, "is probably in a state of ceaseless activity and change of form, but it is, nevertheless, always the same."* "The molecule" (here identical with "atom," as the author is speaking of a simple substance,

* The Conservation of Energy, p. 7;

as hydrogen) "though indestructible, is not a hard rigid body," says Professor Clerk Maxwell, "but is capable of internal movements, and when these are excited it emits rays, the wave-length of which is a measure of the time of vibration of the molecule."* "Change of form" and "internal movements" are impossible without shifting parts and altered relations; and where, then, is the final simplicity of the atom? It is no longer a pure unit, but a numerical whole. And as part can separate from part, not only in thought but in the phenomenon, how is it an "atom" at all? What is there, beyond an arbitrary dictum, to prevent a part which changes its relation to its fellows from changing its relation to the whole—removing to the outside? Such a body, though serving as an element in chemistry, is mechanically compound, and has a constitution of its own, which raises as many questions as it answers, and wholly unfits it for offering to the human mind a point of ultimate rest. It has accordingly been strictly kept to a penultimate position in the conception of philosophical physicists like Gassendi, Herschel, and Clerk Maxwell, and of masters in the logic of science, like Lotze and Stanley Jevons.

It is a serious question whether, in our time, atomism can any longer fulfil the condition which all the ancient materialism was invented to satisfy. The Ionian cosmogonies sprang from a genuine intellectual impulse; the desire to conquer the bewildering multiplicity of nature, and find some pervading identity which should make a woven texture of the whole; and whether it was moisture, or air, the ether-fire, which was taken as the universal substratum, it was regarded as a *single datum*, on the simplicity of which the mind might disburden itself of an oppressive infinitude. The intention of these schemes was to *unify* all bodies in their material, and in some cases all minds as well, so as not even to allow two originals at the fountain-head, but to evolve the All out of the One. This aim was but an overstraining of the permanent effort of all scientific interpretation of the world. It strives to make things conceivable by simplification, to

put what was separate into relation, what was confused into order; to read back the many and the different into the one and the same, and so lessen, as far as possible, the list of unattached and underived *principia*. The charm of science to the imagination and its gain to life may be almost measured by the number of scattered facts which its analysis can bring into a common formula. The very sand-grains and rain-drops seem to lose in multitude when the morphological agencies are understood which crystallize and mould them. The greatness of Newton's law lies in the countless host of movements which it swept from all visible space into one sentence and one thought. No sooner does Darwin supply a verified conception which construes the endless differences of organic kinds into a continuous process, than the very relief which he gives to the mind serves, with others if not with himself, as an equivalent to so much evidence. The acoustic reduction of sounds, in their immense variety, to the length, the breadth, and the form of a wave, is welcomed as a happy discovery from a similar love of relational unity. To simplify is the essence of all scientific explanation. If it does not gain this end, it fails to explain. Its speculative ideal is still, as of old, to reach some monistic principle whence all may flow; and in this interest it is, especially to get rid of dualism by dissolving any partnership with mind, that materialism continues to recommend its claims. Does it really bring in our day the simplification at which it aims?

Under the eye of modern science Matter, pursued into its last haunts, no longer presents itself as one undivided *stuff*, which can be treated as a continuous substratum absorbent of all number and distinction; but as an infinitude of discrete atoms, each of which might be though all the rest were gone. The conception of them, when pushed to its hypothetical extreme, brings them no nearer to unity than *homogeneity*,—an attribute which itself implies that they are separate and comparable members of a *genus*. And what is the result of comparing them? They "are conformed," we are assured, "to a constant type with a precision which is not to be found in the sensible properties of the bodies which they constitute. In the first

* A Discourse on Molecules, p. 12.

place, the mass of each individual," "and all its other properties, are absolutely unalterable. In the second place, the properties of all " "of the same kind are absolutely identical."* Here, therefore, we have an infinite assemblage of phenomena of Resemblance. But further, these atoms, besides the internal vibration of each, are agitated by movements carrying them in all directions, now along free paths and now into collisions.† Here, therefore, we have phenomena of Difference in endless variety. And so it comes to this, that our unitary datum breaks up into a genus of innumerable contents, and its individuals are affected both with ideally perfect correspondences and with numerous contrasts of movement. What intellect can pause and compose itself to rest in this vast and restless crowd of assumptions? Who can restrain the ulterior question, —whence then these myriad types of the same letter, imprinted on the earth, the sun, the stars, as if the very mould used here had been lent to Sirius and passed on through the constellations? Everywhere else the likenesses of individual things, especially within the same "species"—of daisy to daisy, of bee to bee,—have awakened wonder and stimulated thought to plant them in some uniting relation to a cause beyond themselves; and not till the common parentage refers them to the same matrix of nature does the questioning about them subside. They quietly settle as derivative where they could never be accepted as original. Some chemists think, as Mr. Herbert Spencer reminds us,‡ that in the hydrogen atom we have the ultimate simple unit. By means of the spectroscope, samples of it, and of its internal vibrations, may be brought from Sirius and Aldebaran—distances so great that light itself needs twenty-two years to cross the lesser of them—into exact comparison with our terrestrial specimens; and were their places changed, there would be nothing to betray the secret. So long as no *à priori* ne-

cessity is shown for their quantity of matter being just what it is, and always the same at incommunicable distances, or for their elasticity and time of pulsation having the same measure through myriads of instances, they remain unlinked and separate starting-points; and if they explain a finite number of resemblances and differences, it is only by assuming an infinite.

But even the approach to simplicity which homogeneity would afford fails us. Notwithstanding the possibility, in the case of certain carbonates, of substituting isomorphous constituents for one another, it cannot be pretended that any evidence as yet breaks down the list of chemical elements: and, should some of them give way before further attempts at analysis, they are more likely—if we may judge of the future from the past—to grow to a hundred than to dwindle to one: to say nothing of the probability, already suggested by the star-spectroscope, that in other regions of space there exist elements unknown to us. At present, in place of a single type of atom, we have to set out with more than sixty, all independent, and each repeating the phenomenon of exact resemblance among its members wherever found. Perhaps you see nothing inconceivable in the self-existence of ever so many perfect facsimiles ready everywhere for the making of the worlds, and may treat it as a thing to be expected that, being there at all, they should be all alike. So much the more certain, then, must be your surprise on finding them *not* all alike, but ranging themselves under sixty heads of difference. If the similars are entitled to the position of *ἀρχαί*, the dissimilars are not: and if neither can prefer the claim, the atomic doctrine, when pushed into an ultimate theory of origination, extravagantly violates the first condition of a philosophical hypothesis.

Nor is its series of assumed data even yet complete. For these sixty kinds of atoms are not at liberty to be neutral to one another, or to run an indeterminate round of experiments in association within the limits of possible permutation. Each is already provided with its select list of admissible companions; and the terms of its partnership with every one of these are strictly prescribed; so that

* Discourse on Molecules, by J. Clerk Maxwell, M.A., F.R.S., p. 11.

† Theory of Heat, by J. Clerk Maxwell, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.S. London and Edin. Pp. 310, 311.

‡ CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, June, 1872, p. 142.

not one can modify, by the most trivial fraction, the capital it has to bring. Vainly, for instance, does the hydrogen atom, with its low figure and light weight, make overtures to the more considerable oxygen element: the only reply will be, Either none of you or two of you. And so on throughout the list. Among the vast group of facts represented by this sample I am not aware of more than one set—the union of the same combining elements in *multiple* doses for the production of a "scale of compounds—of which the atomist hypothesis can be said to render an account. Everything else—the existence of "affinity" at all, its limitation to particular cases so far short of the whole, the original cast of its definite ratios, its preference for unlike elements,—stands unexplained by it, or must be carried into it as a new burden of primordial assumptions. This chasm between the facts of chemistry and its speculations is clearly seen by its best teachers. Kekulé treats the symbolic notation of chemical formulas as a means of simply expressing the *fact* of numerical proportion in the combining weights.

"If to the symbols in these formulas" (he adds) "a different meaning is assigned, if they are regarded as denoting the atoms of the elements with their weights, as is now most common, the question arises, 'What is the relative size or weight of the atoms?' Since the atoms can be neither measured nor weighed, it is plain that to the hypothetical assumption of determinate atomic weights we have nothing to guide us but speculative reflection."*

The more closely we follow the atomist doctrine to its starting-point, and spread before us the necessary outfit for its journey of deduction, the larger do its demands appear: and when, included in them, we find an unlimited supply of absolutely like objects, all repeating the same internal movements; an arbitrary number of unlike types, in each of which this demand is reproduced; and a definite selection of rules for restricting the play of combination among these elements, we can no longer, in the face of this stock of self-existent originals, allow the pretence of simplicity to be anything but an illusion.

Large as the atomist's assumptions

are, they do not go one jot beyond the requirements of his case. He has to deduce an orderly and determinate universe, such as we find around us, and to exclude chaotic systems where no equilibrium is established. In order to do this he must pick out the special conditions for producing this particular kosmos and no other, and must provide against the turning up of any out of a host of equally possible worlds. In other words he must, in spite of his contempt for final causes, himself proceed upon a preconceived world-plan, and guide his own intellect as, step by step, he fits it to the universe, by the very process which he declares to be absent from the universe itself. If all atoms were round and smooth he thinks no such stable order of things as we observe could ever arise; so he rejects these forms in favor of others. By a series of such rejections he gathers around him at last the select assortment of conditions which will work out right. The selection is made, however, not on grounds of *à priori* necessity, but with an eye to the required result. Intrinsically the possibilities are all equal, (for instance) of round and smooth atoms, and of other forms; and a problem therefore yet remains behind, short of which human reason will never be content to rest, viz.: How come they to be so limited as to fence off competing possibilities, and secure the actual result? Is it an *eternal* limitation, having its "*ratio sufficiens*" in the uncaused essence of things; or *superinduced* by some power which can import conditions into the unconditioned, and mark out a determinate channel for the "stream of tendency" through the open wilds over which else it spreads and hesitates? It was doubtless in view of this problem, and in the absence of any theoretic means of excluding other atoms than those which we have, that Herschel declared them to have the characteristics of "manufactured articles." This verdict amuses Dr. Tyndall; nothing more. He twice* dismisses it with a supercilious laugh; for which perhaps, as for the atoms it concerns, there may be some suppressed "*ratio sufficiens*." But the problem thus pleasantly touched is not one of those which *solventur risu*; and,

* Lehrbuch der organischen Chemie, ap. Lange, Geschichte des Materialismus, ii, p. 191.

* Belfast Address, p. 26.

till some better-grounded answer can be given to it, that on which the large and balanced thought of Herschel and the masterly penetration of Clerk Maxwell have alike settled with content, may claim at least a provisional respect.

Having confined myself in this paper to the Atomic Materialism, I reserve for another the consideration of the Dynamic Materialism, and the bearings of both on the primary religious beliefs. To those—doubtless the majority in our time—who have made up their minds that behind the jurisdiction of the natural sciences no rational questions can arise, and from their court no appeal can be made, who will never listen to metaphysics except in disproof of their own possibility, I cannot hope to say any useful word: for the very matters on which I speak lie either on the borders of their

sphere, or in quite another. I am profoundly conscious how strong is the set of the *Zeit-geist* against me, and should utterly fail before it, did it not sweep by me as a mere pulsation of the *Ewigkeits-geist* that never sweeps by. Nor is it always, even now, that physics shut up the mind of their most ardent and successful votary within their own province, rich and vast as that province is. "It has been asserted," says Professor Clerk Maxwell, "that metaphysical speculation is a thing of the past, and that physical science has extirpated it. The discussion of the categories of existence, however, does not appear to be in danger of coming to an end in our time; and the exercise of speculation continues as fascinating to every fresh mind as it was in the days of Thales."*—*Contemporary Review*.

MODERN ENGLISH PROSE.

IN comparing for purposes of study the two great Histories of Greece which England produced in the last generation, a thought, which has most probably often presented itself to other students, has frequently occurred to me. Much as the two works differ in plan, in views, and in manner of execution, their difference has never struck me so much as in the point of style. And the remarkable feature of this difference is, that it is not by any means the natural variation which we allow for, and indeed expect, in the productions of any two men of decided and distinct literary ability. It is not as the difference between Hume and Gibbon, and the difference between Clarendon and Taylor. In the styles of these great writers, and in those of many others, there is the utmost conceivable diversity; but at the same time they are all styles. We can see (see it, indeed, so clearly that we hardly take the trouble to think about it) that each of them made a distinct effort to arrange his words into their clause, his clauses into their sentence, and his sentences into their paragraph according to certain forms, and that though these forms varied in the subtle and indescribable measure of the taste and idiosyncrasy of each writer, the effort was always present, and was only accidentally if inseparably connected

with the intention to express certain thoughts, to describe certain facts, or to present certain characters. But when we come to compare Thirlwall with Grote, we find not a variation of the kind just mentioned, but the full opposition of the presence of style on the one hand and the absence of it on the other. The late Bishop of St. David's will probably never be cited among the greatest masters of English prose style, but still we can see without difficulty that he has inherited its traditions. It would be difficult, on the other hand, to persuade a careful critic that Grote ever thought of such things as the cadence of a sentence or the composition of a paragraph. That he took so much trouble as might suffice to make his meaning clear and his language energetic is obvious; that in no case did he think of looking beyond this is I think certain.

But the difference between these two great historians is very far from being a mere isolated fact, of little more interest or significance than a parallel between Macedon and Monmouth. It marks with extraordinary precision the date and nature of a change which has affected English literature to a degree and in

* Experimental Physics, Introductory Lecture, *ad finem*.

a manner worthy of the most serious consideration. What this change is, and whether it amounts to an actual decay or to a mere temporary neglect of style in English prose writing, are questions which are certainly of importance, and the answers to which should not, as it seems to me, lack interest.

If, then, we take up almost any book of the last century, we shall find that within varying limits the efforts of which I have just spoken is distinctly present. The model upon which the writer frames his style may be and probably is faulty in itself, and still more probably is faultily copied; there may be too much Addison in the mixture, or too much Johnson; but still we shall see that an honest attempt at style, an honest endeavor at manner as apart from matter, has been made, however clumsy the attempt may be, and however short of success it may fall. But if we take up any book of the last forty or fifty years, save a very few, the first thing that will strike us is the total absence of any attempt or endeavor of the kind. The matter will, as a rule, have been more or less carefully attended to, and will be presented to the reader with varying degrees of clearness and precision. But the manner, except in so far as certain peculiarities of manner may be conducive or prejudicial to clearness and precision of statement—sometimes perhaps to apparent precision with any sacrifice of clearness—will in most cases be found to have been totally neglected, if a thing may be said to be neglected which does not appear to have even presented itself within the circumference of the field of view. In other words, and to adopt a convenient distinction, though there may be a difference of manner, there is usually no difference of style, for there is no style at all.

Before going any further, it may be well to adopt a commendable, if antiquated and scholastic practice, and to set down accurately what is here meant by style, and of what it consists. Style is the choice and arrangement of language with only a subordinate regard to the meaning to be conveyed. Its parts are the choice of the actual words to be used, the further selection and juxtaposition of these words, the structure of the clauses into which they are wrought, the arrange-

ment of the clauses into sentences, and the composition of the sentences into paragraphs. Beyond the paragraph style can hardly be said to go, but within that limit it is supreme. The faults incident to these parts (if I may be allowed still to be scholastic) are perhaps also worthy of notice. Every one can see, though every one is by no means careful to put his knowledge into practice, that certain words are bad of themselves, and certain others to be avoided wherever possible. The mere grammar of style teaches us not to say "commence" where we can say "begin," or "reliable" where we can say "trustworthy." The next stage introduces difficulties of a higher order, though these also are more or less elementary. Most people can see the faults in the following sentences:—

"Had he always written upon the level we behold here there could be little question that the author would have taken his place amongst the front rank of dramatists." Here "writing upon the level we behold here" is a combination of the most obviously incongruous notions. Again, "They did reject him *of course*, but his speech remains as a model for all true men to follow, as a warning to all who may adopt another *course*," &c. Here the unintentional repetition of the word "course" in an entirely different sense within the compass of a couple of lines is unpardonable. But these are mere rudiments; it is in the breach or neglect of the rules that govern the structure of clauses, of sentences, and of paragraphs that the real secret of style consists, and to illustrate this breach or observation is less easy. The task will be perhaps made easier if we consider first in the rough how the prevalent English style of the present day differs from that of the past times.

Some five-and-thirty years ago De Quincey had already noticed and deplored the deterioration of which we speak. In his *Essay on Style* (reprinted in the sixth volume of his collected works) he undertakes to discuss at some length the symptoms and causes of the disease. De Quincey, as any one who is at all acquainted with his works is aware, gave considerable attention to the subject of style, and professed to be no mean authority thereon. There were, indeed, two peculiarities about him.

which prevented him from deserving a very high place as a referee on such matters. The first was his mistaken idea that extremely ornate prose—the prose which his ally John Wilson called “numerous,” and which others have called Asiatic—was the highest form attainable, and that any writer who did not aim at this fell naturally into a lower class. The other was his singular crotchetyness, which made him frequently refuse to see any good in the style of writers to whom, for some reason or for no reason, he had taken a dislike. It will probably be allowed, not merely by persons who hold traditional opinions, but by all independent students of literature, that we must look with considerable distrust on the dicta of a critic who finds fault with the styles of Plato and of Conyers Middleton. The Essay on Style, however (at least its first part, for the latter portions go off into endless digressions of no pertinence whatever), is much more carefully written and much more carefully reasoned than most of De Quincey’s work. The purport of it is, that the decay of style is to be attributed partly to the influence of German literature, but chiefly to the prevalence of journalism. No one will deny that the influence of newspaper writing is in many ways bad, and that to it is due much of the decadence in style of which complaint is made. But either the prevalent manner of journalism has undergone a remarkable change during the past generation, or else the particular influence which De Quincey supposes it to have had was mistaken by him. I do not myself pretend to a very intimate acquaintance with the periodical literature of thirty or forty years ago, and I am afraid that not even in the pursuit of knowledge could I be tempted to plunge into such a dreary and unbuoyant *mare mortuum*. With respect to the papers of to-day it is certainly not difficult to discern a peculiarity in their styles, or in what does duty for style in them. A large volume, for instance, might be profitably written, if, perhaps, not so profitably read, on the various stylistic peculiarities of the *Times*. There used to be the famous and memorable affectation of peculiar spelling, or what one might perhaps, after the story of King Sigismund, call the *super-orthographicam* style. Then, some ten years

ago, there came the great “Queen of Sheba” style, which consisted in opening an article with some fact or allusion which had the remotest (or not the remotest) connection with the subject. Of late, perhaps, there has been less unity; but one style has never been lacking—a style which might be called the magisterial, but which I (having been once informed by a great master thereof, with whom I presumed to differ, that “all persons of common sense and morality” thought as he did) prefer to call the common-sense-and-morality style. This style is convenient for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness. If you approve, you can point out not too enthusiastically that the view or proceeding in question is the only one which common sense and morality allow; if (which is possible) you do not understand, common sense, by not understanding also, will help you out of the difficulty; and if you disapprove, morality will be as violently outraged as you like. Of the weekly papers, it is impossible not to admire the free-and-easy doctrinaire-ism of the *Spectator*, which is almost entirely an affair of style depending on a sedulous avoidance of ornate language, and a plentiful use of colloquial words and phrases about the least colloquial matters. Then there is the style of the *Saturday Review* in its political articles, a style which appears to be framed on the principle that thoughts and words economise weight by being meted out in small doses, and that a pound of buckshot will go farther than a pound of bullets. Lastly, the inquirer into such things will not neglect the peculiar aridity of certain of the older *Quarterlies*, which seem to have retained the ponderous clauses of other days, while neglecting the form which saved those clauses from being cumbrous. But in most of all this we shall find little to bear out De Quincey’s verdict. Long and involved sentences, unduly stuffed with fact and meaning, are what he complains of; and though there is no doubt that we should not have to go far in order to find such at the present day, yet it does not appear, to me at least, that the main fault of contemporary English style is of this kind. On the contrary, the sin of which I should chiefly complain is the sin of over-short sentences, of mere gasps instead of bal-

anced periods. Such a paragraph as the following will illustrate what I mean: "That request was obeyed by the massacre of six out of the surviving princes of the imperial family. Two alone escaped. With such a mingling of light and darkness did Constantine close his career." I think that any one who considers this combination of two mutilated clauses with an interjectional copula, and who perceives with what ease its hideous cacophony might have been softened into a complete and harmonious sentence, must feel certain that its present form is to some extent intentional. The writer might very well have written: "That request was obeyed by the massacre of six out of the eight surviving princes of the imperial family, and the career of Constantine was closed in a mixture of light and darkness." Why did he not?

Again, let us take a book of recent date, whose style has received considerable praise both in England and abroad—Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People*. The character of Elizabeth is perhaps the most carefully written, certainly the most striking, passage in the book, and contains a most elaborate statement of that view of the great queen which many historical students now take. It enforces this view with the greatest energy, and sets it before us in every detail and difference of light and shade. But how inartistic it is! how thoroughly bad in conception, composition, and style! In the first place it occupies some seven printed pages of unusual extent and closeness, each of which is at least equal to two of the ordinary octavo pages of an English classic author. Let any one, if he can, imagine one of the great masters who could both draw and compose, Hume or Middleton, Clarendon or Swift, giving us a character of fourteen pages. A portrait on the scale of Brobdingnag, with all features and all defects unnaturally emphasized and enlarged, could hardly be more disgusting.*

* I cannot refrain from noticing an instance from this writer of the absurdity into which the passion for picturesque epithet betrays many contemporary authors. At Newbury, we are told, "the London train bands flung Rupert's horsemen *roughly* off their front of pikes." Here *roughly* is in the Polonian sense "good." Visions of the sturdy and pious citizen discomfiting the debauched cavalier

It is not necessary to multiply examples, which if all the defects of contemporary style were to be noticed and illustrated, would occupy a space longer than the present article. In all but a very few writers we shall observe with certain variations the same defects—inordinate copiousness of treatment combined with an utter inability, or at best an extreme unwillingness, to frame a sentence of due proportion and careful structure. It should certainly be possible to trace the origin and examine the nature of a phenomenon so striking and so universal.

The secret of the manner will not long escape us if we notice or can disengage the intention with which, willingly or unwillingly, this manner has been adopted. Nor is this intention very hard to discover. It is, as it appears to me, a desire to present the subject, whatever it may be, to the reader in the most striking and arresting fashion. The attention of the reading public generally has, from causes to be presently noticed, become gradually concentrated almost wholly upon subject-matter. Among what may be called, intellectually speaking, the lower classes, this concentration shows itself not in the preference but in the exclusive study of novels, newspapers, and sometimes of so-called books of information. A book must be as they say "about something," or it fails altogether to arrest their attention. To such persons a page with (as it has been quaintly put) no "resting-places," no proper names and capital letters to fix the eye, is an intolerable weariness, and to them it is evident that style can be only a name. Somewhat above them come the (intellectually) middle classes. They are not absolutely confined to personal adventure, real or fictitious, or to interesting facts. They can probably enjoy the better class of magazine articles, superior biographies, travels, and the other books that everybody reads and nobody buys. This class will even read poetry if the poet's name be known, and would consider it a grave affront if it were hinted to them that their appre-

are aroused. But let us consider it with the sobriety proper to history and to art, and perhaps we shall ask Mr. Green to show us how to fling an enemy *softly* off a pike. Roaring like a sucking-dove would be nothing to this gymnastic effort.

ciation of style is but dull and faulty. A certain amount of labor is therefore required on work which is to please these readers: labor, however, which is generally bestowed in a wrong direction, on ornament and trick rather than on really artistic construction and finish. Lastly there is the highest class of all, consisting of those who really possess, or might possess, taste, culture, and intellect. Of these the great majority are now somewhat alienated from pure literature, and devoted rather to social matters, to science, or to the more fashionable and profitable arts of design. Their demand for style in literature is confined chiefly to poetry. They also are interested more by their favorite subjects treated anyhow, than by subjects for which they care little treated well, so that even by them little encouragement is given to the cultivation and little hindrance to the decay of prose style.

Intimately connected with the influences that arise from this attitude and temper of the general reader, are certain influences which spring from such prevalent forms and subjects of literature as present themselves to the general writer. The first of these forms, and unquestionably the most constant and pervading in its influence, is now, as it was in De Quincey's days, journalism. No one with the slightest knowledge of the subject will pretend that the influence of journalism upon writing is wholly bad. Whatever may have been the case formerly, a standard of excellence which is in some respects really high is usually aimed at, and not seldom reached, in the better class of newspapers. Some appropriateness in the use of words, a rigid avoidance of the more glaring grammatical errors, and a respectable degree of clearness in statement, are expected by the reader and usually observed by the writer. In these respects, therefore, there is no falling off to be complained of, but rather a marked improvement upon past times to be perceived. Yet, as regards the higher excellences of style, it is not possible that the influence of journalism should be good. For it must at any cost be rapid, and rapidity is absolutely incompatible with style. The journalist has as a rule one of two things to do; he has either to give a rapid account of certain facts, or to present a rapid discus-

sion of certain arguments. In either case it becomes a matter of necessity for him to adopt stereotyped phrases and forms of speech which, being ready cut and dried, may abbreviate his labor and leave him as little as possible to invent in his limited time. Now there is nothing more fatal to the attainment of a good style than the habit of using such stereotyped phrases and forms. With the imperiousness natural to all art, style absolutely refuses to avail itself of, or to be found in company with, anything that is ready made. The rule must be a leaden one, the mould made for the occasion, and broken after it has passed. Every one who has ever seriously tried to write must be conscious how sorely he has been beset, and how often he has been overcome, by the almost insensible temptation to adopt the current phrases of the day. Bad, however, as the influence of journalism is in this respect, it is perhaps worse in its tendency to sacrifice everything to mere picturesqueness of style (for the word must be thus misused because there is no other). The journalist is bound to be picturesque by the law of his being. The old phrase, *segnius irritant*, is infinitely truer of pseudo-picturesque style as compared with literature which holds to its proper means of appeal, than it is of literal spectacle as compared with narrative. And the journalist is obliged at any cost *irritare animos*, and that in the least possible time.

This tendency of journalism is assisted and intensified by that of another current form of literature, novel writing. A very little thought will show that if the novel-writer attains to style it is almost a marvel. Of the four constituent elements of the novel, plot, character, description, and dialogue, none lend themselves in any great degree to the cultivation of the higher forms of style, and some are distinctly opposed to it. The most cunning plot may be developed equally in the style of Plato and in the style of a penny dreadful. Character drawing, as the novelist understands or should understand it, is almost equally unconnected with style. On the other hand description and dialogue, unless managed with consummate skill, distinctly tend to develop and strengthen the crying faults of contemporary style, its picturesqueness at any cost, its gasp-

ing and ungraceful periods, its neglect of purely literary effect.

Lastly, there must be noticed the enormous influence necessarily exerted by the growth of what is called scientific study (to use the term in its largest and widest sense), and by the displacement in its favor of many, if not most, of the departments of literature which were most favorable to the cultivation of style. In whatever quarter we look, we shall see that the primary effort of the writer and the primary desire of the reader are both directed to what are called scientific or positive results, in other words to matter instead of manner. In using the word science here, I have not the slightest intention of limiting its meaning, as it is too often limited, to physical science. I extend it to every subject which is capable of being treated in a scientific way. And I think we shall find that all subjects and all kinds of prose literature which are not capable of this sort of treatment, or do not readily lend themselves to it, are yearly occupying less and less the attention of both artists and audiences. Parliamentary oratory, which furnished a vigorous if a somewhat dangerous stimulant to the cultivation of style, is dead utterly. Pulpit eloquence, which at its worst maintained stylistic traditions, and at its best furnished some of the noblest examples of style, is dying, partly owing to the persistent refusal of the men of best culture and abilities to enter the clerical profession, partly to the absence of the serene security of a settled doctrine and position, but most of all to the demands upon the time of the clergy which modern notions enforce, and which make it utterly impossible for the greater number to devote a proper time to study. Philosophy, another great nurse of style, has now turned stepmother, and turns out her nurselings to wander in "thorniest queaches" of terminology and jargon, instead of the ordered gardens wherein Plato and Berkeley walked. History even, the last or almost the last refuge of a decent and comely prose, is more busy about records and manuscripts than about periods and paragraphs. Only criticism, the youngest and most hopeful birth of time as far as prose style is concerned, has not yet openly apostatized. It is true that even here signs of danger

are not wanting, and that already we are told that criticism must be scientific, that its reading must not be desultory, and so forth. But on the whole there is little fear of relapse. The man who would cut himself a coat from another's cloth must bring to the task the knowledge and genius, the care and labor, of a skilled fashioner if he is to make good his claim of ownership. The man who has good work in perpetual contemplation is not likely to be satisfied with the complacent production of what is bad.

There is, moreover, one influence, or rather one set of influences, hostile to the attainment of style in the present day which I have as yet left unnoticed, and the approach to which is guarded by ground somewhat dangerous to the tread. It will, I think, appear to any one who contemplates the subject fully and impartially that style is essentially an aristocratic thing; and it is already a commonplace to say that the spirit of to-day, or perhaps the spirit of the times immediately behind us, is essentially democratic. It is democratic not in any mere political sense, but in the intolerance with which it regards anything out of the reach of, or incomprehensible to, the ordinary Philistine, working by the methods of Philistia. Intellectual and artistic pre-eminence, except in so far as it ministers to the fancies of the vulgar (great or small), is perhaps especially the object of this intolerance. Every one has witnessed or shared the angry impatience with which the ordinary Briton resents anything esoteric, fastidious, or fine. And the charms of prose style especially merit these epithets, and are not to be read by any one who runs, or tasted by any one who swallows in haste. Gaudy ornament is intelligible, graphic drawing is intelligible; but the finer cadences of the period, the more intricate strokes of composition, fall unregarded on the common ear and pass unnoticed by the common eye. To be tickled, to be dazzled, to be harrowed, are impressions of which the uncultured man is capable; they require little intellectual effort, and scarcely any judgment or taste in the direction of that little. But the music of the spheres would form but a sorry attraction in a music-hall programme, and Christopher Sly is not willing to accept nectar in ex-

change for a pot of even the smallest ale. And if the angry resentment of not a few readers gives the votary of style but little chance of an audience, it must be admitted that the lack of what I have called an aristocratic spirit gives the audience little chance of a performer. The conditions of modern life are unfavorable to the attainment of the peculiar mood of somewhat arrogant indifference which is the characteristic of the scholar. Every one knows Dean Gaisford's three reasons for the cultivation of the Greek language; and I for my part have no doubt that one of them most accurately describes an important feature of the *Wesen des Gelehrten*. It may not be necessary for him "to read the words of Christ in the original;" it may not be of absolute importance that he should "have situations of affluence opened to him." But it is certainly essential that he should "look down on his fellow-creatures from a proper elevation;" and this is what the tendency of modern social progress is making more and more difficult, at any rate in appearance. You cannot raise the level of the valleys without diminishing the relative height of the hills; and you cannot scatter education and elementary cultivation broadcast without diminishing the value of the privileges which appertain to superior culture. The old republic of letters was, like other old republics, a democracy only in name, but in reality a more or less close oligarchy, looking down on metics and slaves whose degradations and disabilities heightened its courage and gave a zest to its freedom. In letters, as in politics, we are doing our best to change all this; and the possible result may be, that every one will soon be able to write a *Daily Telegraph* article, and that no one will aspire to anything beyond.*

The general characteristics, of style which the influence, combined or partial, of these forces has produced have been already indicated, but may perhaps now

* I have for the present thought it better to leave out of consideration the probable effect of the diminished study of classics in modern school and university education. That this effect is decidedly adverse to the cultivation of style is sufficiently obvious, but the subject is too complicated to be incidentally treated, and perhaps the diminution itself is too recent for its effects to have been as yet much felt.

be summed up. Diffuseness; sacrifice of the graces of literary proportion to real or apparent clearness of statement; indulgence in cut-and-dried phrases; undue aiming at pictorial effect; gaudiness of unnatural ornament; preference of gross and glaring effects *en bloc* to careful composition. Certain authors who are either free from these defects or have vigor enough to excuse or transform them must now be noticed.

For reasons obvious, though various, it is not my intention to discuss in any way at the present time the style of the author of *Sartor Resartus*. Mr. Carlyle being thus removed, there can be little question who must take the foremost place in a discussion as to the merits and demerits of modern English prose style. And yet, audacious or paradoxical as the assertion may seem, it is at least doubtful whether in strictness we can assign to Mr. Ruskin a position in the very highest rank of writers if we are to adopt style as a criterion. The objection to his manner of writing is an obvious one, and one which he might very likely take as a compliment: it is too spontaneous in the first place, and too entirely subordinate to the subject in the second. I hope that it may be very clearly understood that I can see passages in *Modern Painters* and in the *Stones of Venice* (for I must be permitted to neglect the legions of little books with parody-provoking titles which have appeared in the last three lustres) which, for splendor of imaginative effect, for appropriateness of diction, for novelty and grandeur of conception, stand beyond all chance of successful rivalry, almost beyond all hope of decent parallel among the writings of ancient and modern masters. But in every case this marvellous effect will, when carefully examined, be found to depend on something wholly or partially extrinsic to the style. Mr. Ruskin writes beautifully because he thinks beautifully, because his thoughts spring, like Pallas, ready armed, and the fashion of the armor costs him nothing. Everybody has heard of the unlucky critic whose comment on Scott's fertility was that "the invention was not to be counted, for that came to him of its own accord." So it is with Mr. Ruskin. His beauties of style "come to him of their own accord," and then he writes as

the very gods might dream of writing. But in the moments when he is off the tripod, or is upon some casual and un-Delphic tripod of his own construction or selection, how is his style altered! The strange touches of unforeseen color become splashed and gaudy, the sonorous roll of the prophetic sentence-paragraphs drags and wriggles like a wounded snake, the cunning interweaving of scriptural or poetic phrase is patched and seamy. A Balaam on the Lord's side, he cannot curse or bless but as it is revealed to him, whereas the possessor of a great style can use it at will. He can shine on the just and on the unjust; can clothe his argument for tyranny or for liberty, for virtue or for vice, with the same splendor of diction, and the same unperturbed perfection of manner; can convince us, carry us with him, or leave us unconvinced but admiring, with the same unquestioned supremacy and the same unruffled calm. Swift can write a *jeu d'esprit* and a libel on the human race, a political pamphlet and a personal lampoon, with the same felicity and the same vigor. Berkeley can present tar-water and the Trinity, the theory of vision and the follies of contemporary free-thinking, with the same perfect lucidity and the same colorless fairness. But with Mr. Ruskin all depends on the subject, and the manner in which the subject is to be treated. He cannot even blame as he can praise; and there must be many who are ready to accept everything he can say of Tintoret or of Turner, and who feel no call to object to any of his strictures on Canaletto or on Claude, who yet perceive painfully the difference of style in the panegyrist and the detractor, and who would demand the stricter if less obvious justice, and the more artistic if apparently perverted sensitiveness, of the thorough master of style.

But if we have to quarrel with Mr. Ruskin because he has not sufficient command of the unquestioned beauties of his style, because he is not, in Carew's words—

"A king who rules as he thinks fit
The universal monarchy of wit,"

but is rather a slave to his own thoughts and fancies, a very opposite fault must be found with the next writer who falls

to be mentioned. "We do not," says an author with whom I am surprised to find myself in even partial and temporary agreement, "we do not get angry so much with what Mr. Matthew Arnold says as with his insufferable manner of saying it." In other words, there is no fear of omitting to notice a deliberate command and peculiarity of manner in Mr. Arnold, whether that manner be considered "insufferable" or no. For myself I must confess, that though I have very rarely felt the least inclination to get angry with anything which the author of Culture and Anarchy may have chosen to say, and though I have in common with all the youth of Zion an immense debt to acknowledge to his vindication of our faith and freedom from the chains of Philistia, yet I could very frequently find it in my heart to wish that Mr. Arnold had chosen any other style than that which appears to afford him such extreme delight. Irony is an admirable thing, but it must be grave and not grimacing. Innocence is an admirable thing, but it should not be affected. To have a manner of one's own is an admirable thing, but to have a mannerism of one's own is perhaps not quite as admirable. It is curious that his unfortunately successful pursuit of this latter possession should have led Mr. Arnold to adopt a style which has more than any other the fault he justly censured twenty years ago as the special vice of modern art—the fault of the *fantastic*. No doubt the great masters of style have each a *cachet* which is easily decipherable by a competent student; no doubt, in spite of Lord Macaulay, Arbutnot is to be distinguished from Swift, and the cunningest imitators of Voltaire from Voltaire himself. But to simulate this distinction by the deliberate adoption of mere tricks and manners is what no true master of style ever yet attempted, because for no true master of style was it ever yet necessary. Mr. Ruskin, to use the old Platonic simile, has not his horses sufficiently well in hand; at times the heavenly steed, with a strong and sudden flight, will lift the car amid the empyrean, at times the earth-worn yoke-fellow will drag it down, with scarcely the assistance and scarcely the impediment of the charioteer. But even this is better than the driving of one who has broken

his horses, indeed, but has broken them to little but the mincing graces of the Lady's Mile.

It is not possible to speak with equal definiteness of the style of a third master of English prose, who ranks in point of age and of reputation with Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Arnold. It would certainly be an over-hasty or an ill-qualified critic who should assert that Mr. Froude's style is always faultless; but, on the other hand, it may be asserted, without any fear whatever of contradiction carrying weight, that at its best it is surpassed by no style of the present day, and by few of any other, and that at its worst its faults are, not of a venial character, for no fault in art is venial, but at any rate of a kind which may meet with more ready excuse than those of the writers previously noticed. These faults are perhaps two only—undue diffuseness and undue aiming at the picturesque. We have seen that these are the two most glaring faults of the age, and by his indulgence in them, and the splendid effects which he has produced by that indulgence, Mr. Froude has undoubtedly earned his place, if not as a *Säcularischer Mensch*, at any rate as a representative man. No one, perhaps, who has read can fail to count among the triumphs of English prose the descriptions of the Pilgrimage of Grace in the History of Sir Richard Grenvil's last fight in the Short Studies, of the wreckers at Ballyhige in the English in Ireland. There are also many shorter passages which exhibit almost every excellence that the most exacting critic could demand. But it is not to be denied that Mr. Froude has very frequently bowed the knee before the altar of Baal. It is unlawful to occupy twelve mighty volumes with the history of one nation during little more than half a century; it is unlawful for the sound critical reason of St. John, that if such a practice obtained universally, the world could not contain the books that should be written; and also for the reason that in such writing it is almost impossible to observe the reticence and compression which are among the lamps of style. It is unlawful to imagine and set down, except very sparingly, the color of which the trees probably were at the time when kings and queens made their entrance into such and such a city, the buildings which

they may or may not have looked upon, the thoughts which may or may not have occurred to them. Such sacrificings at the shrine of Effect, such trespassings on the domains and conveying of the methods of other arts and alien muses, are not to be commended or condoned. But one must, at the same time, allow with the utmost thankfulness that there are whole paragraphs, if not whole pages, of Mr. Froude's, which, for practised skill of composition and for legitimate beauty of effect, may take their place among the proudest efforts of English art.

It will probably be agreed that the three writers whom I have noticed stand at the head of contemporary English prose authors in point of age and authority; but there are other and younger authors who must necessarily be noticed in any account of the subject which aims at completeness. Mr. Swinburne's progress as a prose writer can hardly have failed to be a subject of interest, almost equally with his career as a poet, to every lover of our tongue. His earliest appearance, the Essay on Byron, is even now in many respects characteristic of his work; but it does not contain—and it is a matter of sincere congratulation for all lovers of English prose that it does not contain—any passage at all equal to the magnificent descent on Marlowe, which closes its ten years younger brother, the Essay on Chapman. In the work which has occupied this interval, the merits and defects of Mr. Swinburne as a prose writer may be read by whoso will. At times it has seemed as if the weeds would grow up with the good seed and choke it. Mr. Swinburne has fallen into the error, not unnatural for a poet, of forgetting that the figures and the language allowable in poetry are not also allowable in prose. The dangerous luxury of alliteration has attracted him only too often, and the still more dangerous license of the figure called chiasmus has been to him even as a siren, from whose clutches he has been hardly saved. But the noticeable thing is that the excellences of his prose speech have grown ever stronger and its weaknesses weaker since he began. In the Essay on Blake, admirable as was much thereof, a wilful waste of language, not unfrequently verging on a woful want of sense, was too frequently apparent. In the Notes

on his Poems, and in *Under the Microscope*, just as was most of the counter-criticism, it was impossible not to notice a tendency to verbiage and a proneness, I will not say to prefer sound to sense, but unnecessarily to reinforce sense with sound. But at the same time, in the *Essays and Studies*, and the *Essay on Chapman*, no competent critic could fail to notice, notwithstanding occasional outbreaks, the growing reticence and severity of form, as well as the increasing weight and dignity of meaning. Mr. Swinburne, as a prose writer, is in need of nothing but the pruning-hook. Most of his fellows are in want chiefly of something which might be worth pruning.

It is obviously impossible in the present article to notice minutely all even of the more prominent names in contemporary prose. Some there are among the older of our writers who yet retain the traditions of the theological school of writing, to which style owes so much. A good deal might be said of Cardinal Manning's earlier style (for his progress in this hierarchy has hardly corresponded with his promotion in the other), as well as of Dr. Newman's admirable clearness and form, joined as it is, perhaps unavoidably, to a certain hardness of temper. Mr. Disraeli's stylistic peculiarities would almost demand an essay to themselves. They have never perhaps had altogether fair play; for novel-writing and politics are scarcely friends to style. But Mr. Disraeli has the root of the matter in him, and has never been guilty of the degradation of the sentence, which is the crying sin of modern prose; while his unequalled felicity in the selection of single epithets (witness the famous "Batavian graces" and a thousand others) gives him a supply of legitimate ornament which few writers have ever had at command. Tastes, I suppose, will always differ as to the question whether his ornamentation is not sometimes illegitimate. The parrot-cry of unpholstery is easily raised. But I think we have at last come to see that rococo work is good and beautiful in its way, and he must be an ungrateful critic who objects to the somewhat lavish emeralds and rubies of the *Arabian Nights*. Of younger writers, there are not many whose merits it would be proper to specify in this place; while the prevailing defects of current style

have been already fully noticed. But there is one book of recent appearance which sets the possibilities of modern English prose in the most favorable light, and gives the liveliest hope as to what may await us, if writers, duly heeding the temptations to which they are exposed, and duly availing themselves of the opportunities for study and imitation which are at their disposal, should set themselves seriously to work to develop *pro virili* the prose resources of the English tongue. Of the merely picturesque beauty of Mr. Pater's *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, there can be no necessity for me to say anything here. In the first place it cannot escape the notice of any one who reads the book, and in the second, if there be any truth in what has been already said, the present age by no means needs to be urged to cultivate or to appreciate this particular excellence. The important point for us is the purely formal or regular merit of this style, and this is to be viewed with other eyes and tested by other methods than those which are generally brought to bear by critics of the present day. The main point which I shall notice is the subordinate and yet independent beauty of the sentences when taken separately from the paragraph. This is a matter of the very greatest importance. In too much of our present prose the individual sentence is unceremoniously robbed of all proper form and comeliness. If it adds its straw to the heap, its duty is supposed to be done. Mr. Pater has not fallen in this error, nor has he followed the multitude to do evil in the means which he has adopted for the production of the singular "sweet attractive kind of grace" which distinguishes these *Studies*. A bungler would have depended, after the fashion of the day, upon strongly colored epithets, upon complicated and quasi-poetic cadences of phrase, at least upon an obtrusively voluptuous softness of thought and a cumbrous protraction of sentence. Not so Mr. Pater. There is not to be discovered in his work the least sacrifice of the phrase to the word, of the clause to the phrase, of the sentence to the clause, of the paragraph to the sentence. Each holds its own proper place and dignity while contributing duly to the dignity and place of its superior in the hierarchy. Let any reader

turn to pp. 15, 16, or pp. 118, 119, of the book, and see, as he cannot fail to see, the extraordinary mastery with which this complicated success is attained. Often the cadence of the sentence considered separately will seem to be—and will in truth be—quite different from that of the paragraph, because its separate completeness demands this difference. Yet the total effect, so far from being marred, is enhanced. There is no surer mark of the highest style than this separate and yet subordinate finish. In the words of Mr. Ruskin, it is “so modulated that every square inch is a perfect composition.”

It is this perfection of modulation to which we must look for the excellence that we require and do not meet with in most of the work of the present day, and it is exactly this modulation with which all the faults that I have had to comment upon in the preceding pages are inconsistent. To an artist who should set before him such a model as either of the passages which I have quoted, lapses into such faults would be impossible. He will not succumb to the easy diffuseness which may obliterate the just proportion and equilibrium of his periods. He will not avail himself of the ready assistance of stereotyped phraseology to spare himself the trouble of casting new models and devising new patterns. He will not imagine that he is a scene painter instead of a prose writer, a decorator instead of an architect, a caterer for the desires of the many instead of a priest to the worship of the few. He will not indulge in a style which requires the maximum of ornament in order to disguise and render palatable the minimum of art and of thought. He will not consider it his duty to provide, at the least possible cost of intellectual effort on the part of the reader, something which may delude him into the idea that he is exercising his judgment and his taste. And, above all, he will be careful that his sentences have an independent completeness and harmony, no matter what purpose they may be designed to fulfil. For the sentence is the unit of style; and by the cadence and music, as well as by the purport and bearing of his sentences, the master of style must stand or fall. For years, almost for centuries, French prose has been held up as a model to English prose writ-

ers, and for the most part justly. Only of late has the example come to have something of the Helot about it. The influence of Victor Hugo—an influence almost omnipotent among the younger generation of French literary men—has been exercised in prose with a result almost as entirely bad as its effect in verse has been good. The rules of verse had stiffened and cramped French poetry unnaturally, and violent exercise was the very thing required to recover suppleness and strength; but French prose required no such surgery, and it has consequently lost its ordered beauty without acquiring compensatory charms. The proportions of the sentence have been wilfully disregarded, and the result is that French prose is probably now at a lower point of average merit than at any time for two centuries.

That an art should be fully recognised as an art, with strict rules and requirements, is necessary to attainment of excellence in it; and in England this recognition, which poetry has long enjoyed, has hardly yet been granted to prose. No such verses as we find by scores in such books as Marston's *Satires* would now suggest themselves as possible or tolerable to any writer of Marston's powers; but in prose many a sentence quite as intolerable as any of these verses is constantly written by persons of presumably sound education and competent wits. The necessities of the prose writer are, an ear in the first place: this is indispensable as perhaps not too common. In the second place, due study of the best authors, as well to know what to avoid as what to imitate. Lastly, care, which perhaps is not too much to demand of any artist, so soon as he has recognised and has secured recognition of the fact that he is an artist. Care is indeed the one thrice-to-be-repeated and indispensable property of the prose writer. It is pre-eminently necessary to him for the very reason that it is so easy to dispense with it, and to write prose without knowing what one does. Verse, at least verse which is to stand, as Dr. Johnson says, “the test of the finger if not of the ear,” cannot be written without conscious effort and observation. But something which may be mistaken for prose can unfortunately be produced without either taste, or knowledge, or care. With these

three requisites there should be no limit to the beauty and to the variety of the results obtained. The fitness of English for prose composition will hardly be questioned, though it may be contended with justice that perhaps in no other language has the average merit of its prose been so far below the excellence of its most perfect specimens. But the resources which in the very beginning of the practice of original composition in fully organised English could produce the splendid and thoughtful, if quaint and cumbrous, embroideries of Euphues and the linked sweetness of the *Arcadia*, which could give utterance to the symphonies of Browne and Milton, which could furnish and suffice for the matchless simplicity of Bunyan, the splendid strength of Swift, the transparent clearness of Middleton and Berkeley, the stately architecture of Gibbon, are assuredly equal to the demands of any genius that may arise to employ them.

It is therefore the plain duty of every critic to assist at least in impressing upon the mass of readers that they do receive what they ought to receive from the mass of writers, and in suggesting a multipli-

cation and tightening of the requirements which a prosaist must fulfil. There are some difficulties in the way of such impression and suggestion in the matter of style. It is not easy for the critic to escape being bidden, in the words of Nicholas Breton, "not to talk too much of it, having so little of it," or to avoid the obvious jest of Diderot on Beccaria, that he had written an "*ouvrage sur le style où il n'y a point de style*." For, unluckily, fault-finding is an ungracious business, and in criticising prose as prose the criticism has to be mostly fault-finding, the pleasanter if even harder task of discriminating appreciation being as a rule withheld from the critic. But I can see no reason why this state of things should continue, and I know no Utopia which ought to be more speedily rendered *topic*, than that in which at least the same sure which is now incurred by a halting censure, a discordant rhyme, or a clumsy stanza, should be accorded to a faultily-arranged clause, to a sentence of inharmonious cadence, to a paragraph of irregular and ungraceful architecture.—*Fortnightly Review*.

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

[CAPE TOWN, Oct. 16, 1875.]

SAFE,—safe at last, after twenty-four days of nothing but sea and sky, of white-crested waves, which made no secret of their intention of coming on board whenever they could, or of tossing the good ship "*Edinburgh Castle*" hither and thither, like a child's plaything,—and of more deceitful, sluggish, rolling billows, looking tolerably calm to the unseafaring eye, but containing a vast amount of heaving power beneath their slow, undulating water-hills and valleys. Sometimes sky and sea have been steeped in dazzling haze of golden glare; sometimes brightened to blue, of a sapphire depth.

Again, a sudden change of wind has driven up serried clouds from the south and east, and all has been grey and cold and restful to eyes wearied with radiance and glitter of sun and sparkling water. Never has there been such exceptional

weather, although the weather of my acquaintance invariably is exceptional. No sooner had the outlines of Madeira melted and blended into the soft darkness of a summer night, than we appeared to sail straight into tropic heat and a sluggish vapor, brooding on the water like steam from a giant geyser. This simmering, oily, exhausting temperature carried us close to the line.

"What is before us?" we asked each other, laughingly. "If it be hotter than this, how can mortal man, woman, still less child, endure their existence?"

Vain alarms. Yet another shift of the light wind, another degree passed, and we are all shivering in winter wraps. The line was crossed in great-coats and shawls, and the only people whose complexion did not resemble a purple plum were those lucky ones who had strength of mind and steadiness of body enough to lurch up and down the deck all day,

enjoying a strange method of movement which they called walking.

The exceptional weather pursued us right into the very dock. Table Mountain ought to be seen, and very often is seen, seventy miles away. I am told it looks a fine bold bluff at that distance. Yesterday we had blown off our last pound of steam, and were safe under its lee before one could tell there was a mountain there at all; still less an almost perpendicular cliff more than 3,000 feet high. Robben Island looked like a dun-colored hillock as we shot past it within a short distance, and a more forlorn and discouraging islet I don't think I have ever beheld. When I expressed something of this impression to a cheery fellow-voyager, he could only urge in its defence that there were a great many rabbits on it. If he had thrown the lighthouse into the bargain I think he would have summed up all its attractive features. Unless Langalibalele, is of a singularly unimpressible nature he must have found his sojourn on it somewhat monotonous; but he always says he was very comfortable there.

And now for the land. We are close alongside of the wharf, and still a capital and faithful copy of a Scotch mist wraps houses and trees and sloping uplands in a filmy, fantastic veil, and the cold drizzle seems to curdle the spirits and energies of the few listless Malays and half-caste boys and men who are lounging about. Here come hansom cabs rattling up one after the other, all with black drivers in gay and fantastic head and shoulder gear; but their hearts seem precisely as the hearts of their London brethren, and they single out new-comers at a glance, and shout offers to drive them a hundred yards or so for exorbitant sums, or yell laudatory recommendations of sundry hotels. You must bear in mind that in a colony every pot-house is a hotel, and generally rejoices in a name much too imposing to fit across its frontage. Their hansoms are all painted white, with the name of some ship in bright letters on the side, and are a great deal cleaner, warmer, and more comfortable than their London "forbears." The horses are small and shabby, but rattle along at a good pace, and soon each cab has its load of happy home-comers, and swings rapidly away to make room for

fresh arrivals hurrying up for fares. Hospitable suggestions come pouring in, and it is as though it were altogether a new experience that one steps cautiously on the land, half expecting it to dip away playfully from under one's feet. A little boy puts my thoughts into words when he exclaims, "How steady the ground is!" and becomes a still more faithful interpreter of a wave-worn voyager's sensations when, a couple of hours later, he demands permission to get *out* of his delicious little white bed that he may have the pleasure of getting *into* it over again!

The evening is cold and raw, and the new picture is all blurred and soft and indistinct, and nothing seems plain except the kindly grace of our welcome and the never-before-sufficiently-appreciated delights of space and silence.

Oct. 17.—How pleasant is the process familiarly known as "looking about one," especially when performed under exceptionally favorable circumstances! A long and happy day commenced with a stroll through the Botanic Gardens, parallel with which runs, on one side, a splendid oak avenue, just now in all the vivid freshness of its young spring beauty. The Gardens are beautifully kept, and are valuable as affording a sort of experimental nursery, in which new plants and trees can be brought up on trial, and their adaptability to the soil and climate ascertained. For instance, the first thing which caught my eye was the gigantic trunk of an Australian blue gum-tree, which had attained to a girth and height not often seen in its own land. The flora of the Cape Colony is exceptionally varied and beautiful; but one peculiarity, incidentally alluded to by my charming guide, struck me as very noticeable: it is that in this dry climate and porous soil all the efforts of uncultivated nature are devoted to the *stems* of the vegetation. On their sap-retaining power depends the life of the plant; so blossom and leaf, though exquisitely indicated, are fragile and incomplete compared to the solidity and bulbous appearance of the stalk. Everything is sacrificed to the practical principle of keeping life together; and it is not until these stout-stemmed plants are cultivated and duly sheltered and watered, and can grow (as it were) with confidence, that they are able to do justice to the in-

herent beauty of pencilled petal and veined leaf. Then the stem contracts to ordinary dimensions, and leaf and blossom expand into a joy to the botanist's eyes.

A thousand times during that shady saunter I envied my companions and their scientific acquaintance with these beautiful green things of earth, and that intimate knowledge of a subject which enhances one's appreciation of its charms as much as bringing a lamp into a darkened picture gallery. *There* are the treasures of form and color; but from ignorant eyes more than half their charms and wonders are holden back.

A few steps beyond the Garden stand the Library and Natural History Museum. The former is truly a credit to the Colony. Spacious, handsome, rich in literary treasures, it would bear comparison with similar institutions in far older and wealthier places. But I have often noticed in colonies how much importance is attached to the possession of a good public library; and how fond, as a rule, colonists are of books. In a new settlement other shops may be ill supplied, but there is always a good bookseller's, and all the books are to be bought there at pretty nearly the same prices as in England. *Here* each volume costs precisely the same as it would in London; and it would puzzle ever so greedy a reader to name a book which would not be instantly handed to him. The Museum is well worth a visit of many more hours than we could afford minutes; and, as might be expected, contains numerous specimens of the great "*bok*" family, whose tapering horns and slender legs are to be seen at every turn of one's head. Models are there also of the largest diamonds, and especially well copied is the famous "Star of South Africa," a magnificent brilliant of purest water, sold here originally for something like £12,000, and resold for double that sum three or four years back. In these few hours I perceive, or think I perceive, a certain soreness (if one may use the word), on the part of the Cape Colonists, about the unappreciativeness of the English public towards their produce and possessions. For instance: an enormous quantity of wine is annually exported, which reaches London by a devious

route, and fetches a high price, as it is fairly entitled to do from its excellence: if that same wine were sent direct to a merchant and boldly sold as "Cape wine," it is said that the profit on it would be a very different affair. The same prejudice exists against Cape diamonds. Of course, as in other things, a large proportion of inferior stones are forced into the market, and serve to give the diamonds that bad name which we all know is so fatal to a dog. But it is only necessary to pretend that a really fine Cape diamond has come from Brazil to ensure a good price, and in that way even jewellers themselves have been known to buy, and give a good price too, for stones they would otherwise have looked upon with suspicion. Already I have seen a straw-colored diamond from "De Toit's Pan," in the diamond fields, cut in Amsterdam and set in London, which could hold its own for purity, radiance, and color, against any other stone of the same rare tint, without fear or favor; but of course such gems are not common, and fairly good diamonds cost as much here as in any other part of the world.

The light morning mists from the dampness of yesterday have rolled gradually away, as the beautiful sunshine dried the atmosphere, and by mid-day the table-cloth, as the colonists affectionately call the white, fleece-like vapor which so often rests on their pet mountain, has been folded up, and laid aside in cloudland for future use. I don't know what picture other people may have made to their own minds of the shape and size of Table Mountain, but it was quite a surprise, and the least little bit in the world of a disappointment to me, to find that it cuts the sky line (and what a beautiful sky it is!) with a perfectly straight and level line. A gently undulating foreground, broken into ravines where patches of glittering green "*velts*" or fields, clumps of trees and early settlers' houses nestle cosily down, guides the eye half way up the mountain. There the rounder forms abruptly cease, and great granite cliffs rise, bare and straight,—straight up to the level line, stretching ever so far along. "It is so characteristic," and "You grow to be so fond of that mountain," are observations I have heard made in reply to the carping criticism of travellers;

and already I begin to understand the meaning of the phrases.

But you need to see the mountain from various points of view, and under differing influences of sun and cloud, before you can take in its striking and peculiar charms. On each side of the straight line which is emphatically Table Mountain, but actually forming part of it, is a bold headland, of the shape one is usually accustomed to see in mountains. The "Devil's Peak" is uncompromising enough for any one's taste, whilst the "Lion's Head" charms the eye by its bluff forms and deep purple fissures. These grand promontories are not, however, half so beloved by Cape colonists as their own Table Mountain; and it is curious and amusing to notice how the influence of this odd, straight ridge ever before their eyes, has unconsciously guided and influenced their architectural tastes. All the roofs of the houses are straight,—straight as the mountain: a gable is almost unknown, and even the few steeples are dwarfed to an imperceptible departure from the prevailing harmony of outline. The very trees which shade the Parade Ground, and border the road in places, have their tops as absolutely straight and flat as though giant shears had trimmed them; but I must confess—in spite of a natural anxiety to carry out my theory—that the violent "sou'-easters" are the straighteners in their case.

Cape Town is so straggling that it is difficult to form any idea of its real size, but the low houses look neat, and the streets are well kept, and look quaint and lively enough to my new eyes this morning. There are plenty of people moving about with a sociable business-like air. Lots of differing shades of black and brown, Malays with pointed hats on the men's heads, whilst the women encircle their dusky, smiling faces with a gay cotton handkerchief, and throw another of a still brighter hue over their shoulders. When you add to this that they wear a full, flowing, stiffly-starched cotton gown of a third bright color, you can, perhaps, form some idea of how they enliven the streets. Swarms of children everywhere, romping and laughing, and showing their white teeth in broadest of grins. The white children strike me at once as looking marvellously well.

Such chubby cheeks, such sturdy, fat legs, and all, black or white, with that amazing air of independence peculiar to baby-colonists. Nobody seems to mind them, and nothing seems to harm them. Here are half-a-dozen tiny boys, shouting and laughing, at one side of the road, and half-a-dozen baby girls at the other (they all seem to play separately); they are all driving each other, for "horses" is the one game here. By the side of a pond sit two toddlers of about three years old, in one garment apiece, and pointed hats. They are very busy with string and a gin: but who is taking care of them, and why don't they tumble in? They are as fat as ortolans, and grin at us in the most friendly fashion. We must remember that this chance, to be the very best moment of the whole year in which to see the Cape and the dwellers thereat. The cold weather has left its bright roses on the children's cheeks, and the winter rains, exceptionally heavy this year, have made every blade of grass and leaf of tree to laugh and sing in freshest green. After the dry windy summer I am assured that there is hardly a leaf, and never a blade of grass, to be seen in all Cape Town, and only a little straggling verdure quite under the shelter of the mountain. The great want of the place is water. No river, no brook refreshes one's eye for many and many a league inwards. The necessary water for the use of the town is brought down by pipes from the numerous springs which trickle out of the granite cliffs, but there is never a sufficiency to spare for watering roads or grass-plots. This scarcity is a double loss to residents and visitors, for one misses it both for use and beauty.

Everybody who comes here rides or drives, they say, round the "Kloof" That may be, but what I maintain is that very few do it so delightfully as I did this sunny afternoon, with a companion who knew and loved every turn of the romantic road, who could tell me the name of every strange bush or flower, of every distant stretch of hills, and helped me to make a map in my head of the stretching landscape and curving bay.

Ah, how delicious it all was! The winding, climbing road at whose every angle a fresh, fair landscape fell away from beneath our feet, or a shiny stretch of sea whose transparent green and purple

shadows broke in fringe of feathery spray at the foot of bald rocky cliffs, or crept up to a smooth expanse of silver strand in a soft curling line of foam. "Kloof" means simply "cleft," and is the pass between the Table Mountain and the "Lion's Head." The road first rises, rises, rises until one seems half way up the great mountain, and the little straight-roofed, white houses, the green "velts" or fields, and the parallel lines of the vineyards, have sunk below one's feet far, far away.

The mountain gains in grandeur as one approaches it; for the undulating spurs which run from it down to the sea-shore take away from the height, looking upwards. But when these are left beneath, then the perpendicular walls of granite rising sheer and straight up to the bold sky-line, and the rugged massive strength of the buttress-like cliffs begin to gain something of their true value to the stranger's eye. The most beautiful part of the road, however, to my taste, is the descent, when the shining expanse of Camp's Bay lies shimmering in the warm afternoon sunny haze, with a thousand lights and shadows from cloud and cliff touching and passing over the crisp water surface. By many a steep zig-zag we round the "Lion's Head," and drop down once more on a level road running parallel to the sea-shore, and so home in the balmy and yet bracing twilight. The mid-day sun is not scorching, even at this time of year, but it is always cool in the shade; and no sooner do the afternoon shadows grow to any length than the air freshens into sharpness, and by sundown one is glad of a good warm shawl.

Oct. 18.—Another bright, ideal day; the morning passed in a delicious flower-filled room, looking over old books and records, and listening to odd quaint little scraps from the old Dutch records. But directly after luncheon (and *how* hungry we all are, and how delicious everything tastes on shore!) the open brake, with four capital horses, comes to the door and we start for a long, lovely drive. Half-a-mile or so takes us out on a flat red road, with Table Mountain rising straight before it, but on the left stretches away a most enchanting panorama. It is all so soft in coloring and tone, distinct and yet not hard, and exquisitely beautiful. The Blue Berg range

of mountains lies beyond the great bay which, unless a "sou'-easter" is tearing over it, lies glowing in tranquil richness, colored like an Italian lake. Here are lines of chrysoprase, green fringed white, with little waves, and beyond lie dark, translucent purple depths which change with every passing cloud. Beyond these amethystic shoals, again, stretches the deep blue water; again, beyond, and bluer still, rise the fine ranges of "Hottentot's Holland," which encircle and complete the landscape, bringing the eye round again to the nearer cliffs of the Devil's Peak. When the Dutch came here some 200 years ago, they seized upon this part of the coast and called it Holland, driving the Hottentots beyond the neighboring range, and telling them "that was to be their Holland," a name it keeps to this day. Their consciences must have troubled them after this arbitrary division of the soil, for up the highest accessible spurs of their own mountain they took the trouble to build several queer little square houses, called "block-houses," from which they could keep a sharp look out for foes coming over the hills from the Hottentot's Holland. The foes never came, however, and the roofs and walls of the block-houses have gradually tumbled in, and the gun-carriages,—for they managed to drag some heavy ordnance up the steep hillside,—have rotted away, whilst the old-fashioned guns lie, grim and rusty, amid a tangled profusion of wild geranium, heath, and lilies. I scrambled up to one of the nearest block-houses and found the date on the dismantled gun to be more than 100 years old. The view was beautiful, and the air fresh, and fragrant with scent of flowers.

But to return to our drive. I could gaze and gaze for ever at this lovely panorama, but am told this is the ugliest part of the road. The road itself is certainly not pretty just here, and is cloudy with a fine red dust; but this view of sea and distant hills is enchanting. Soon we get under the lee of the great mountain, and then its sheltering arms show their protective power, for splendid oak avenues begin to border the road all the way, and miniature forests of straight-stemmed pines and shimmering belts of the ghostly "silver tree" run up all the mountain cliffs. Stem and leaf of the "silver tree"

are all of purest white, and when one gets a gleam of sunlight on a distant patch of these trees, the effect is quite indescribable, contrasting as they do with the green of field and vineyard. The vines all about here, and towards "Constantia,"—thirteen miles off,—are dwarf plants, and only grow to the height of gooseberry bushes. It is a particular species which is found to answer best, as requiring less labor to train and cultivate, and is less likely to be blown out of the ground by the violent "sou'-easters," which come sweeping near the mountain. These gales are evidently the greatest annoyance which Cape Colonists have to endure; and although everybody kindly suggests that I "*ought* to see one, just to understand what it is like," I am profoundly thankful that I only know it from their description, and my own distinct recollection of the New Zealand "nor'-westers." Those were hot winds, scorching and curling up everything; whereas this is rather a cold breeze, although it blows chiefly in summer. It whirls along clouds of dust from the red clay roads and fields, which penetrate and cling to everything in the most extraordinary manner. All along the road the stems and lower branches of the trees are dyed a deep brick-dust color, and I hear moving and pathetic stories of how it ruins clothes, not only utterly spoiling black silk dresses, but staining white petticoats and children's frocks and pinafores with a border of color exactly like the ruddle with which sheep are branded. Especially is it the terror of sailors, rendering the navigation along the coast dangerous and difficult, for it blends land and sea into one indistinct whirl of vaporous cloud, confusing and blurring everything, until one cannot distinguish land from water.

The vineyards of "Constantia" originally took their pretty name from the fair daughter of one of the early Dutch Governors; but now it has grown into a generic word; and you see "Cloeté's Constantia," "Van Reybeck's Constantia," written up on great stone-gateways, leading by long avenues into the various wine-growing plantations. It was to the former of these "Constantias," which was also the farthest off, that we were bound that pleasant summer afternoon; and from the time we got out of the car-

riage until the moment we re-entered it—all too soon, but it is a long drive back in the short, cold twilight,—I felt as though I had stepped through a magic portal into the scene of one of Washington Irving's stories. It was all so simple and homely, so quaint, and so inexpressibly picturesque. The house had stood there for a couple of hundred years, and looks as though it might last for ever, with its air of cool, leisurely repose, and comfort and strength. In the flagged hall stands a huge stalactite, some ten feet high, brought a hundred years ago from caves far away in the distant ranges. It is shaped something like a Malay's hat, only the peak tapers to a point about eight feet high. The drawing-room—though it seems a profanation to call that venerable, stately room by so flip-pant and modern a name—is large and lofty, ceiled with great beams of cedar, and lighted by large windows which must contain many scores of small panes of glass. There were treasures of rarest old china and delf-ware, and curious old carved stands for fragile dishes. A wealth of swinging baskets of flowers and ferns, and bright girls' faces, lighted up the solemn, shady old room, in which we must not linger, for there is much to see outside. First to the cellar, as it is called, though it is far from being underground, and is in fact a spacious stone building, with an elaborately-carved pediment. Here are rows and rows of giant casks, stretching on either hand into avenues of black distance; but these are mere children in the nursery compared to those we are going to see. First we must pause in a middle room, full of quaintest odds and ends—cross-bows, long whips of hippopotamus hide, strange rusty old swords and firearms,—to look at a map of Africa drawn somewhere about 1620. It hangs on the wall, and is hardly to be touched, for the paint and varnish crack and peel off at a breath. It is a marvel of accurate geographical knowledge, and is far better filled in than the maps of yesterday. All poor Livingstone's great geographical discoveries are marked on it as being known (perhaps only from description), or guessed at, all that long time ago. It was found impossible to photograph it, on account of the dark shade which age has laid over the original yellow varnish; but a careful

tracing has been made, and, I believe, sent home to the Geographical Society.

It is the long corridor beyond this that the "Stuck-vats" line,—puncheons which hold easily some thousand gallons or so, and are of a solemn rotundity, calculated to strike awe into the beholder's heart. Here is white Constantia and red Constantia, young Constantia, middle-aged Constantia, and Constantia so old as to be a liqueur almost beyond price. When it has been kept for all these years, the sweetness by which it is distinguished becomes so absorbed and blended as to be hardly perceptible. Presently one of the party throws a door suddenly open, and, behold, we are standing right over a wild, wooded glen, with a streamlet running through it, and black washer-women beating heaps of white cloths on the strips of shingle. Turtle-doves are cooing, and one might almost fancy one was back again on the wild Scotch west coast, until some one else says calmly, "Look at the ostriches!" Here they come, with a sort of dancing step, twisting their long necks and snake-like heads from side to side in search of a tempting pebble or trifle of hardware. Their wings are slightly raised, and the long fringe of white feathers rustles softly as they trot easily and gracefully past us. They are young male birds; and in a few months more their plumage, which now resembles that of a turkey-cock, will be jet black, except the long wing-feathers. A few drops of rain are falling, so we hurry back to where the carriage is standing under some splendid oak trees, swallow a sort of stirrup-cup of delicious hot tea, and so home again as fast as we can go.

Oct. 19.—It is decided that I must take a drive in a Cape cart; so directly after breakfast a smart, workmanlike-looking vehicle, drawn by a pair of well-bred iron-grey cobs, dashes up under the portico. There are capital horses here, but they fetch a good price, and such a pair as these would easily find purchasers at £150. The cart itself is very trim and smart, with a frame-work sort of hood which falls back at pleasure, and it holds four people easily. It is a capital vehicle, light and strong, and uncommonly comfortable; but I am warned not to imagine that all Cape carts are as easy as this one. Away we go at a fine pace through the delicious, sparkling, morning

sunshine and crisp air, soon turning off the red high road into a sandy, marshy flat, with a sort of brackish backwater standing in pools here and there.

We are going to call on Langelibalele and his son Malambuli, who are "located" at Uitabugt on the Cape Downs, about four miles from the town. It is a sort of farm residence, and, considering that the Chief has hitherto lived in a reed hut, he is not badly off, for he has plenty of room out of doors as well as a good house over his head. We bump over some strange and rough bits of sandy road, and climb up and down steep banks in a manner seldom done on wheels. There is a wealth of lovely flowers blossoming around, but I can't help fixing my eyes on the pole of the cart, which is sometimes sticking straight up in the air, its silver hook shining merrily in the sun; or else it has disappeared altogether, and I can only see the horses' haunches: that is when we are going down hill, and I think it is even a more terrible sensation than when we are playfully scrambling up some sandy hillock as a cat might.

Here is the "location" at last, thank heavens! and there is Langelibalele, sitting in the veranda—"stoep" (pronounced "stoup") they call it here—on his haunches on a brick. He looks as comfortable as if he were in an arm-chair, but it must be a difficult thing to do, if you think seriously of it. The etiquette seems to be to take no notice of him as we pass into the parlor, where we present our pass, and the people in authority satisfy themselves that we are all quite *en règle*. Then the old Chief walks quietly in, takes off his soft felt hat, and sits himself down in a Windsor arm-chair with grave deliberation. He is uncommonly ugly, but when one remembers that he is nearly 70 years of age, it is astonishing to see how young he looks. Langelibalele is not a true Kafir at all; he is a Fingae—a half-caste tribe, contemptuously christened by the Kafirs "dogs." His wool grows in distinct and separate clumps, like tussocks of grass, all over his head. He is a large and powerful man, and looks the picture of sleek contentment, as well he may.

Only one of his sons, a good-natured, fine-looking young man, black as ebony, is with him; and the Chief's only ex-

pressed grievance is that none of his wives will come to him. In vain he sends commands and entreaties to these dusky ladies to come and share his solitude; they return for answer that they "are working for somebody else." For, alas! the only reason their presence is desired is that they may cultivate some of the large extent of ground placed at the old Chief's disposal. Neither he nor his stalwart son would dream for a moment of touching spade or hoe, but if the ladies of the family could only be made to see their duty, an honest penny might easily be turned by oats or rye. I gave him a large packet of sugar plums, which he seized with childish delight, and hid away exactly like the big monkeys at the Zoo. By way of a joke, Malambuli pretended to want to take them away, and the chattering and laughing which followed were almost deafening. But by-and-bye a gentleman of the party presented a big parcel of the best tobacco, and the chuckling old Chief made over at once all my sweetmeats "jintly" to his son, and proceeded to hide away his new treasure. He was dressed exactly like a dissenting minister, and declared, through the interpreter, that he was perfectly comfortable. The impression here seems to be that he is a restless, intriguing, and mischief-making old man, who may consider himself as having come out of the hornet's nest he tried to stir up, uncommonly well.

We don't want to bump up and down the sandy plain again, so a lively conversation goes on in Dutch about the road,

between one of my gentlemen and somebody who looks like a "stuck-vat" upon short legs. The dialogue is fluent and lively, beginning with "Ja, Ja!" and ending with "All right!" but it leads to our hitting off the right track exactly, and coming out at a lovely little cottage villa under the mountain, where we rested and lunched, and then strolled about up the hill spurs, through myrtle hedges and shady oak avenues. Then, before the afternoon shadows grow too long, we drive off to "Groote Schuur," the ancient granary of the first settlers, but now turned into a roomy, comfortable country house, perfect as a summer residence, and securely sheltered from "sou'-easters." We approach it through a double avenue of tall Italian pines. After a little while we go out once more for a ramble, up some quaint old brick steps, and so through a beautiful glen, all fringed and feathered with fresh young fronds of maidenhair fern and masses of hydrangea bushes, which must be beautiful as a poet's dream when they are covered with their great bunches of pale blue blossoms. That will not be until Christmastide; and, alas! I shall not be here to see, for already my three halcyon days of grace are ended and over, and this very evening we must steam away from a great deal yet unvisited of what is interesting and picturesque, and from friends who three days ago were strangers, but who have made every moment since we landed to stand out as a bright and pleasant landmark on life's highway.—*Evening Hours.*

ON THE BORDER TERRITORY BETWEEN THE ANIMAL AND THE VEGETABLE KINGDOMS.

BY PROF. HUXLEY, F.R.S., ETC.

In the whole history of science there is nothing more remarkable than the rapidity of the growth of biological knowledge within the last half-century, and the extent of the modification which has thereby been effected in some of the fundamental conceptions of the naturalist.

In the second edition of the *Règne Animal*, published in 1828, Cuvier devotes a special section to the "Division of

Organized Beings into Animals and Vegetables," in which the question is treated with that comprehensiveness of knowledge and clear critical judgment which characterise his writings, and justify us in regarding them as representative expressions of the most extensive, if not the profoundest, knowledge of his time. He tells us that living beings have been subdivided from the earliest times into *animated beings*, which possess sense and

motion, and *inanimate beings*, which are devoid of these functions, and simply vegetate.

Although the roots of plants direct themselves towards moisture, and their leaves towards air and light; although the parts of some plants exhibit oscillating movements without any perceptible cause, and the leaves of others retract when touched, yet none of these movements justify the ascription to plants of perception or of will.

From the mobility of animals, Cuvier, with his characteristic partiality for teleological reasoning, deduces the necessity of the existence in them of an alimentary cavity or reservoir of food, whence their nutrition may be drawn by the vessels, which are a sort of internal roots; and in the presence of this alimentary cavity he naturally sees the primary and the most important distinction between animals and plants.

Following out his teleological argument, Cuvier remarks that the organization of this cavity and its appurtenances must needs vary according to the nature of the aliment, and the operations which it has to undergo, before it can be converted into substances fitted for absorption; while the atmosphere and the earth supply plants with juices ready prepared, and which can be absorbed immediately.

As the animal body required to be independent of heat and of the atmosphere, there were no means by which the motion of its fluids could be produced by internal causes. Hence arose the second great distinctive character of animals, or the circulatory system, which is less important than the digestive, since it was unnecessary, and therefore is absent, in the more simple animals.

Animals further needed muscles for locomotion and nerves for sensibility. Hence, says Cuvier, it was necessary that the chemical composition of the animal body should be more complicated than that of the plant; and it is so, inasmuch as an additional substance, nitrogen, enters into it as an essential element, while in plants nitrogen is only accidentally joined with the three other fundamental constituents of organic beings—carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Indeed, he afterwards affirms that nitrogen is peculiar to animals; and herein he places the third

distinction between the animal and the plant.

The soil and the atmosphere supply plants with water, composed of hydrogen and oxygen; air, consisting of nitrogen and oxygen; and carbonic acid, containing carbon and oxygen. They retain the hydrogen and the carbon, exhale the superfluous oxygen, and absorb little or no nitrogen. The essential character of vegetable life is the exhalation of oxygen, which is effected through the agency of light.

Animals, on the contrary, derive their nourishment either directly or indirectly from plants. They get rid of the superfluous hydrogen and carbon, and accumulate nitrogen.

The relations of plants and animals to the atmosphere are therefore inverse. The plant withdraws water and carbonic acid from the atmosphere, the animal contributes both to it. Respiration—that is, the absorption of oxygen and the exhalation of carbonic acid—is the specially animal function of animals, and constitutes their fourth distinctive character.

Thus wrote Cuvier in 1828. But in the fourth and fifth decades of this century, the greatest and most rapid revolution which biological science has ever undergone was effected by the application of the modern microscope to the investigation of organic structure; by the introduction of exact and easily manageable methods of conducting the chemical analysis of organic compounds; and finally, by the employment of instruments of precision for the measurement of the physical forces which are at work in the living economy.

That the semi-fluid contents (which we now term protoplasm) of the cells of certain plants, such as the *Chara*, are in constant and regular motion, was made out by Bonaventura Corti a century ago; but the fact, important as it was, fell into oblivion, and had to be rediscovered by Treviranus in 1807. Robert Brown noted the more complex motions of the protoplasm in the cells of *Tradescuntia*, in 1831; and now such movements of the living substance of plants are well known to be some of the most widely-prevalent phenomena of vegetable life.

Agardh, and other of the botanists of

Cuvier's generation, who occupied themselves with the lower plants, had observed that, under particular circumstances, the contents of the cells of certain water-weeds were set free and moved about with considerable velocity, and with all the appearances of spontaneity, as locomotive bodies, which, from their similarity to animals of simple organization, were called "zoospores."

Even as late as 1845, however, a botanist of Schleiden's eminence deals very sceptically with these statements; and his scepticism was the more justified, since Ehrenberg, in his elaborate and comprehensive work on the *Infusoria*, had declared the greater number of what are now recognised as locomotive plants to be animals.

At the present day, innumerable plants and free plant cells are known to pass the whole or part of their lives in an actively locomotive condition, in no wise distinguishable from that of one of the simpler animals; and, while in this condition, their movements are, to all appearance, as spontaneous—as much the product of volition—as those of such animals.

Hence the teleological argument for Cuvier's first diagnostic character—the presence in animals of an alimentary cavity, or internal pocket, in which they can carry about their nutriment, has broken down—so far, at least, as his mode of stating it goes. And with the advance of microscopic anatomy the universality of the fact itself among animals has ceased to be predicable. Many animals of even complex structure, which live parasitically within others, are wholly devoid of an alimentary cavity. Their food is provided for them, not only ready cooked but ready digested, and the alimentary canal, become superfluous, has disappeared. Again the males of most Rotifers have no digestive apparatus; as a German naturalist has remarked, they devote themselves entirely to the "Minnedienst," and are to be reckoned among the few realizations of the Byronic ideal of a lover. Finally, amidst the lowest forms of animal life, the speck of gelatinous protoplasm, which constitutes the whole body, has no permanent digestive cavity or mouth, but takes in its food anywhere; and digests, so to speak, all over its body.

But although Cuvier's leading diagno-

sis of the animal from the plant will not stand a strict test, it remains one of the most constant of the distinctive characters of animals. And if we substitute for the possession of an alimentary cavity, the power of taking solid nutriment into the body and there digesting it, the definition so changed will cover all animals, except certain parasites, and the few and exceptional cases of non-parasitic animals which do not feed at all. On the other hand, the definition thus amended will exclude all ordinary vegetable organisms.

Cuvier himself practically gives up his second distinctive mark when he admits that it is wanting in the simpler animals.

The third distinction is based on a completely erroneous conception of the chemical differences and resemblances between the constituents of animal and vegetable organisms, for which Cuvier is not responsible, as it was current among contemporary chemists.

It is now established that nitrogen is as essential a constituent of vegetable as of animal living matter; and that the latter is, chemically speaking, just as complicated as the former. Starchy substances, cellulose and sugar, once supposed to be exclusively confined to plants, are now known to be regular and normal products of animals. Amylaceous and saccharine substances are largely manufactured, even by the highest animals; cellulose is widespread as a constituent of the skeletons of the lower animals; and it is probable that amyloid substances are universally present in the animal organism, though not in the precise form of starch.

Moreover, although it remains true that there is an inverse relation between the green plant in sunshine and the animal, in so far as, under these circumstances, the green plant decomposes carbonic acid and exhales oxygen, while the animal absorbs oxygen and exhales carbonic acid; yet the exact investigations of the modern chemical investigator of the physiological processes of plants have clearly demonstrated the fallacy of attempting to draw any general distinction between animals and vegetables on this ground. In fact the difference vanishes with the sunshine, even in the case of the green plant; which, in the dark, absorbs oxygen and gives out carbonic acid like any animal. While those plants, such as the fungi, which contain no chlorophyll and are

not green, are always, so far as respiration is concerned, in the exact position of animals. They absorb oxygen and give out carbonic acid.

Thus, by the progress of knowledge, Cuvier's fourth distinction between the animal and the plant has been as completely invalidated as the third and second; and even the first can be retained only in a modified form and subject to exceptions.

But has the advance of biology simply tended to break down old distinctions, without establishing new ones?

With a qualification, to be considered presently, the answer to this question is undoubtedly in the affirmative. The famous researches of Schwann and Schleiden in 1837 and the following years, founded the modern science of histology, or that branch of anatomy which deals with the ultimate visible structure of organisms, as revealed by the microscope; and from that day to this the rapid improvement of methods of investigation, and the energy of a host of accurate observers, have given greater and greater breadth and firmness to Schwann's great generalization, that a fundamental unity of structure obtains in animals and plants; and that however diverse may be the fabrics, or *tissues*, of which their bodies are composed, all these varied structures result from the metamorphoses of morphological units (termed *cells*, in a more general sense than that in which the word "cells" was at first employed), which are not only similar in animals and in plants respectively, but present a close fundamental resemblance when those of animals and those of plants are compared together.

The contractility which is the fundamental condition of locomotion, has not only been discovered to exist far more widely among plants than was formerly imagined, but, in plants, the act of contraction has been found to be accompanied, as Dr. Burdon Sanderson's interesting investigations have shown, by a disturbance of the electrical state of the contractile substance comparable to that which was found by Du Bois Reymond to be a concomitant of the activity of ordinary muscle in animals.

Again, I know of no test by which the reaction of the leaves of the Sundew and of other plants to stimuli, so fully and

carefully studied by Mr. Darwin,* can be distinguished from those acts of contraction following upon stimuli, which are called "reflex" in animals.

On each lobe of the bilobed leaf of Venus's fly trap (*Dionaea muscipula*) are three delicate filaments which stand out at right angles from the surface of the leaf. Touch one of them with the end of a fine human hair and the lobes of the leaf instantly close together* in virtue of an act of contraction of part of their substance, just as the body of a snail contracts into its shell when one of its "horns" is irritated.

The reflex action of the snail is the result of the presence of a nervous system in that animal. A molecular change takes place in the nerve of the tentacle, is propagated to the muscles by which the body is retracted, and causing them to contract, the act of retraction is brought about. Of course the similarity of the acts does not necessarily involve the conclusion that the mechanism by which they are effected is the same; but it suggests a suspicion of their identity which needs careful testing.

The results of recent inquiries into the structure of the nervous system of animals converge towards the conclusion that the nerve fibres, which we have hitherto regarded as ultimate elements of nervous tissue, are not such, but are simply the visible aggregations of vastly more attenuated filaments, the diameter of which dwindles down to the limits of our present microscopic vision, greatly as these have been extended by modern improvements of the microscope; and that a nerve is, in its essence, nothing but a linear tract of specially modified protoplasm between two points of an organism—one of which is able to affect the other by means of the communication so established. Hence it is conceivable that even the simplest living being may possess a nervous system. And the question whether plants are provided with a nervous system or not, thus acquires a new aspect, and presents the histologist and physiologist with a problem of extreme difficulty, which must be attacked from a new point of view and by the aid of methods which have yet to be invented.

Thus it must be admitted that plants

* Darwin, *Insectivorous Plants*, p. 289.

may be contractile and locomotive; that, while locomotive, their movements may have as much appearance of spontaneity as those of the lowest animals; and that many exhibit actions comparable to those which are brought about by the agency of a nervous system in animals. And it must be allowed to be possible that further research may reveal the existence of something comparable to a nervous system in plants. So that I know not where we can hope to find any absolute distinction between animals and plants, unless we return to their mode of nutrition, and inquire whether certain differences of a more occult character than those imagined to exist by Cuvier, and which certainly hold good for the vast majority of animals and plants, are of universal application.

A bean may be supplied with water in which salt of ammonia and certain other mineral salts are dissolved in due proportion; with atmospheric air containing its ordinary minute dose of carbonic acid; and with nothing else but sunlight and heat. Under these circumstances, unnatural as they are, with proper management, the bean will thrust forth its radicle and its plumule; the former will grow down into roots, the latter grow up into the stem and leaves of a vigorous bean plant; and this plant will, in due time, flower and produce its crop of beans, just as if it were grown in the garden or in the field.

The weight of the nitrogenous protein compounds, of the oily, starchy, saccharine and woody substances contained in the full-grown plant and its seeds, will be vastly greater than the weight of the same substances contained in the bean from which it sprang. But nothing has been supplied to the bean save water, carbonic acid, ammonia, potash, lime, iron, and the like, in combination with phosphoric, sulphuric and other acids. Neither protein, nor fat, nor starch, nor sugar, nor any substance in the slightest degree resembling them have formed part of the food of the bean. But the weights of the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, and other elementary bodies contained in the bean-plant, and in the seeds which it produces, are exactly equivalent to the weights of the same elements which have disappeared from the materials

supplied to the bean during its growth. Whence it follows that the bean has taken in only the raw materials of its fabric and has manufactured them into bean stuffs.

The bean has been able to perform this great chemical feat by the help of its green coloring matter, or chlorophyll, which, under the influence of sunlight, has the marvellous power of decomposing carbonic acid, setting free the oxygen and laying hold of the carbon which it contains. In fact the bean obtains two of the absolutely indispensable elements of its substance from two distinct sources; the watery solution, in which its roots are plunged, contains nitrogen but no carbon; the air, to which the leaves are exposed, contains carbon, but its nitrogen is in the state of a free gas, in which condition the bean can make no use of it;* and the chlorophyll is the apparatus by which the carbon is extracted from the atmospheric carbonic acid—the leaves being the chief laboratories in which this operation is effected.

The great majority of conspicuous plants are, as everybody knows, green; and this arises from the abundance of their chlorophyll. The few which contain no chlorophyll and are colorless, are unable to extract the carbon which they require from atmospheric carbonic acid, and lead a parasitic existence upon other plants; but it by no means follows, often as the statement has been repeated, that the manufacturing power of plants depends on their chlorophyll, and its interaction with the rays of the sun. On the contrary, it is easily demonstrated, as Pasteur first proved, that the lowest fungi, devoid of chlorophyll, or of any substitute for it, as they are, nevertheless possess the characteristic manufacturing powers of plants in a very high degree. Only it is necessary that they should be supplied with a different kind of raw material; as they cannot extract carbon from carbonic acid, they must be furnished with something else that contains carbon. Tartaric acid is such a substance; and if a single spore of the commonest and most troublesome of moulds—*Penicillium*—be sown in a

* I purposely assume that the air with which the bean is supplied in the case stated contains no ammoniacal salts.

saucer full of water, in which tartrate of ammonia, with a small percentage of phosphates and sulphates is contained, and kept warm, whether in the dark or exposed to light, it will, in a short time, give rise to a thick crust of mould, which contains many million times the weight of the original spore, in protein compounds and cellulose. Thus we have a very wide basis of fact for the generalization that plants are essentially characterized by their manufacturing capacity—by their power of working up mere mineral matters into complex organic compounds.

Contrariwise, there is a no less wide foundation for the generalization that animals, as Cuvier puts it, depend directly or indirectly upon plants for the materials of their bodies; that is, either they are herbivorous, or they eat other animals which are herbivorous.

But for what constituents of their bodies are animals thus dependent upon plants? Certainly not for their horny matter; nor for chondrin, the proximate chemical element of cartilage; nor for gelatine; nor for syntonin, the constituent of muscle; nor for their nervous or biliary substances; nor for their amyloid matters; nor, necessarily, for their fats.

It can be experimentally demonstrated that animals can make these for themselves. But that which they cannot make, but must, in all known cases, obtain directly or indirectly from plants, is the peculiar nitrogenous matter protein. Thus the plant is the ideal *prolétaire* of the living world, the worker who produces; the animal, the ideal aristocrat, who mostly occupies himself in consuming, after the manner of that noble representative of the line of Zährdarm, whose epitaph is written in *Sartor Resartus*.

Here is our last hope of finding a sharp line of demarcation between plants and animals; for, as I have already hinted, there is a border territory between the two kingdoms, a sort of no-man's land, the inhabitants of which certainly cannot be discriminated and brought to their proper allegiance in any other way.

Some months ago, Professor Tyndall asked me to examine a drop of infusion of hay, placed under an excellent and powerful microscope, and to tell him

what I thought some organisms visible in it were. I looked and observed, in the first place, multitudes of *Bacteria* moving about with their ordinary intermittent spasmodic wriggles. As to the vegetable nature of these there is now no doubt. Not only does the close resemblance of the *Bacteria* to unquestionable plants, such as the *Oscillatoria*, and lower forms of *Fungi*, justify this conclusion, but the manufacturing test settles the question at once. It is only needful to add a minute drop of fluid containing *Bacteria*, to water in which tartrate, phosphate, and sulphate of ammonia are dissolved; and, in a very short space of time, the clear fluid becomes milky by reason of their prodigious multiplication, which, of course, implies the manufacture of living Bacterium-stuff out of these merely saline matters.

But other active organisms, very much larger than the *Bacteria*, attaining in fact the comparatively gigantic dimensions of $\frac{1}{3000}$ of an inch or more, incessantly crossed the field of view. Each of these had a body shaped like a pear, the small end being slightly incurved and produced into a long curved filament, or *cilium*, of extreme tenuity. Behind this, from the concave side of the incurvation, proceeded another long cilium, so delicate as to be discernible only by the use of the highest powers and careful management of the light. In the centre of the pear-shaped body a clear round space could occasionally be discerned, but not always; and careful watching showed that this clear vacuity appeared gradually, and then shut up and disappeared suddenly, at regular intervals. Such a structure is of common occurrence among the lowest plants and animals, and is known as a *contractile vacuole*.

The little creature thus described sometimes propelled itself with great activity, with a curious rolling motion, by the lashing of the front cilium, while the second cilium trailed behind; sometimes it anchored itself by the hinder cilium and was spun round by the working of the other, its motions resembling those of an anchor buoy in a heavy sea. Sometimes, when two were in full career towards one another, each would appear dexterously to get out of the other's way; sometimes a crowd would assemble and jostle one another, with as much

semblance of individual effort as a spectator on the Grands Mulets might observe with a telescope among the specks representing men in the valley of Chamounix.

The spectacle, though always surprising, was not new to me. So my reply to the question put to me was, that these organisms were what biologists call *Monads*, and though they might be animals, it was also possible that they might, like the *Bacteria*, be plants. My friend received my verdict with an expression which showed a sad want of respect for authority. He would as soon believe that a sheep was a plant. Naturally piqued by this want of faith, I have thought a good deal over the matter; and as I still rest in the lame conclusion I originally expressed, and must even now confess that I cannot certainly say whether this creature is an animal or a plant, I think it may be well to state the grounds of my hesitation at length. But, in the first place, in order that I may conveniently distinguish this "Monad" from the multitude of other things which go by the same designation, I must give it a name of its own. I think (though for reasons which need not be stated at present, I am not quite sure) that it is identical with the species *Monas lens*, as defined by the eminent French microscopist Dujardin, though his magnifying power was probably insufficient to enable him to see that it is curiously like a much larger form of monad which he has named *Heteromita*. I shall, therefore, call it not *Monas*, but *Heteromita lens*.

I have been unable to devote to my *Heteromita* the prolonged study needful to work out its whole history, which would involve weeks, or it may be months, of unremitting attention. But I the less regret this circumstance, as some remarkable observations recently published by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale* on certain Monads, relate, in part, to a form so similar to my *Heteromita lens*, that the history of the one may be used to illustrate that of the other. These most patient and painstaking observers, who employed the highest attainable powers of the microscope and, relieving one

another, kept watch day and night over the same individual monads, have been enabled to trace out the whole history of their *Heteromita*; which they found in infusions of the heads of fishes of the Cod tribe.

Of the four monads described and figured by these investigators one, as I have said, very closely resembles *Heteromita lens* in every particular, except that it has a separately distinguishable central particle or "nucleus," which is not certainly to be made out in *Heteromita lens*; and that nothing is said by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale of the existence of a contractile vacuole in this monad, though they describe it in another.

Their *Heteromita*, however, multiplied rapidly by fission. Sometimes a transverse constriction appeared; the hinder half developed a new cilium, and the hinder cilium gradually split from its base to its free end, until it was divided into two; a process which, considering the fact that this fine filament cannot be much more than $\frac{1}{100000}$ of an inch in diameter, is wonderful enough. The constriction of the body extended inwards until the two portions were united by a narrow isthmus; finally they separated, and each swam away by itself, a complete *Heteromita* provided with its two cilia. Sometimes the constriction took a longitudinal direction, with the same ultimate result. In each case the process occupied not more than six or seven minutes. At this rate, a single *Heteromita* would give rise to a thousand like itself in the course of an hour, to about a million in two hours, and to a number greater than the generally assumed number of human beings now living in the world in three hours; or, if we give each *Heteromita* an hour's enjoyment of individual existence, the same result will be obtained in about a day. The apparent suddenness of the appearance of multitudes of such organisms as these in any nutritive fluid to which one obtains access, is thus easily explained.

During these processes of multiplication by fission, the *Heteromita* remains active; but sometimes another mode of fission occurs. The body becomes rounded and quiescent, or nearly so; and while in this resting state, divides into two portions, each of which is rapidly converted into an active *Heteromita*.

* "Researches in the Life-history of a Cercomonad: a Lesson in Biogenesis," and "Further Researches in the Life-history of the Monads."—*Monthly Microscopical Journal*, 1873.

A still more remarkable phenomenon is that kind of multiplication which is preceded by the union of two monads, by a process which is termed *conjugation*. Two active *Heteromita* become applied to one another, and then slowly and gradually coalesce into one body. The two nuclei run into one; and the mass resulting from the conjugation of the two *Heteromita*, thus used together, has a triangular form. The two pairs of cilia are to be seen, for some time, at two of the angles, which answer to the small ends of the conjoined monads; but they ultimately vanish, and the twin organism, in which all visible traces of organisation have disappeared, falls into a state of rest. Sudden wave-like movements of its substance next occur; and, in a short time, the apices of the triangular mass burst, and give exit to a dense yellowish, glairy fluid filled with minute granules. This process, which, it will be observed, involves the actual confluence and mixture of the substance of two distinct organisms, is effected in the space of about two hours.

The authors whom I quote say that they "cannot express" the excessive minuteness of the granules in question, and they estimate their diameter at less than $\frac{1}{100000}$ of an inch. Under the highest powers of the microscope at present applicable such specks are hardly discernible. Nevertheless, particles of this size are massive when compared to physical molecules; whence there is no reason to doubt that each, small as it is, may have a molecular structure sufficiently complex to give rise to the phenomena of life. And, as a matter of fact, by patient watching of the place at which these infinitesimal living particles were discharged, our observers assured themselves of their growth and development into new monads. These, in about four hours from their being set free, had attained a sixth of the length of the parent, with the characteristic cilia, though at first they were quite motionless; and in four hours more they had attained the dimensions and exhibited all the activity of the adult. These inconceivably minute particles are therefore the germs of the *Heteromita*; and from the dimensions of these germs it is easily shown that the body formed by conjugation may, at a low estimate, have given exit to thirty

thousand of them; a result of a matrimonial process whereby the contracting parties, without a metaphor, "become one flesh," enough to make a Malthusian despair of the future of the Universe.

I am not aware that the investigators from whom I have borrowed this history have endeavored to ascertain whether their monads take solid nutriment or not; so that though they help us very much to fill up the blanks in the history of my *Heteromita*, their observations throw no light on the problem we are trying to solve—Is it an animal or is it a plant?

Undoubtedly it is possible to bring forward very strong arguments in favor of regarding *Heteromita* as a plant.

For example, there is a Fungus, an obscure and almost microscopic mould, termed *Peronospora infestans*. Like many other Fungi, the *Peronospora* are parasitic upon other plants; and this particular *Peronospora* happens to have attained much notoriety and political importance, in a way not without a parallel in the career of notorious politicians, namely, by reason of the frightful mischief it has done to mankind. For it is this Fungus which is the cause of the potato disease; and, therefore, *Peronospora infestans* (doubtless of exclusively Saxon origin, though not accurately known to be so) brought about the Irish famine. The plants afflicted with the malady are found to be infested by a mould, consisting of fine tubular filaments, termed *hyphæ*, which burrow through the substance of the potato plant, and appropriate to themselves the substance of their host; while, at the same time, directly or indirectly, they set up chemical changes by which even its woody framework becomes blackened, sodden and withered.

In structure, however, the *Peronospora* is as much a mould as the common *Penicillium*; and just as the *Penicillium* multiplies, by the breaking up of its hyphæ into separate rounded bodies, the spores, so, in the *Peronospora*, certain of the hyphæ grow out into the air through the interstices of the superficial cells of the potato plant, and develop spores. Each of these hyphæ usually gives off several branches. The ends of the branches dilate and become closed sacs, which eventually drop off as spores.

The spores falling on some part of the same potato plant, or carried by the wind to another, may at once germinate, throwing out tubular prolongations which become hyphæ, and burrow into the substance of the plant attacked. But, more commonly, the contents of the spore divide into six or eight separate portions. The coat of the spore gives way, and each portion then emerges as an independent organism, which has the shape of a bean, rather narrower at one end than the other, convex on one side, and depressed or concave on the opposite. From the depression, two long and delicate cilia proceed, one shorter than the other, and directed forwards. Close to the origin of these cilia, in the substance of the body, is a regularly pulsating contractile vacuole. The shorter cilium vibrates actively, and effects the locomotion of the organism, while the other trails behind; the whole body rolling on its axis with its pointed end forwards.

The eminent botanist, De Bary, who was not thinking of our problem, tells us, in describing the movements of these "Zoospores," that, as they swim about, "foreign bodies are carefully avoided, and the whole movement has a deceptive likeness to the voluntary changes of place which are observed in microscopic animals."

After swarming about in this way in the moisture on the surface of a leaf or stem (which, film though it may be, is an ocean to such a fish) for half an hour, more or less, the movement of the zoospore becomes slower, and is limited to a slow turning upon its axis, without change of place. It then becomes quite quiet, the cilia disappear, it assumes a spherical form, and surrounds itself with a distinct, though delicate membranous coat. A protuberance then grows out from one side of the sphere, and, rapidly increasing in length, assumes the character of a hypha. The latter penetrates into the substance of the potato plant, either by entering a stomate or by boring through the wall of an epidermic cell, and ramifies, as a mycelium, in the substance of the plant, destroying the tissues with which it comes in contact. As these processes of multiplication take place very rapidly, millions of spores are soon set free from a single infested plant; and from their minuteness they are readily

transported by the gentlest breeze. Since, again, the zoospores set free from each spore, in virtue of their powers of locomotion, swiftly disperse themselves over the surface, it is no wonder that the infection, once started, soon spreads from field to field, and extends its ravages over a whole country.

However, it does not enter into my present plan to treat of the potato disease, instructively as its history bears upon that of other epidemics; and I have selected the case of the *Peronospora* simply because it affords an example of an organism, which, in one stage of its existence, is truly a "Monad," indistinguishable by any important character from our *Heteromita*, and extraordinarily like it in some respects. And yet this "Monad" can be traced, step by step, through the series of metamorphoses which I have described, until it assumes the features of an organism, which is as much a plant as an oak or an elm is.

Moreover it would be possible to pursue the analogy further. Under certain circumstances, a process of conjugation takes place in the *Peronospora*. Two separate portions of its protoplasm become fused together, surround themselves with a thick coat, and give rise to a sort of vegetable egg called an *oospore*. After a period of rest, the contents of the oospore break up into a number of zoospores like those already described, each of which, after a period of activity, germinates in the ordinary way. This process obviously corresponds with the conjugation and subsequent setting free of germs in the *Heteromita*.

But it may be said that the *Peronospora* is, after all, a questionable sort of plant; that it seems to be wanting in the manufacturing power, selected as the main distinctive character of vegetable life; or, at any rate, that there is no proof that it does not get its protein matter ready made from the potato plant.

Let us, therefore, take a case which is not open to these objections.

There are some small plants known to botanists as members of the genus *Coleochaete*, which, without being truly parasitic, grow upon certain water-weeds, as lichens grow upon trees. The little plant has the form of an elegant green star, the branching arms of which are divided into cells. Its greenness is due to its chloro-

phyll, and it undoubtedly has the manufacturing power in full degree, decomposing carbonic acid and setting free oxygen under the influence of sunlight.

But the protoplasmic contents of some of the cells of which the plant is made up occasionally divide, by a method similar to that which effects the division of the contents of the *Peronospora* spore; and the severed portions are then set free as active monad-like zoospores. Each is oval and is provided at one extremity with two long active cilia. Propelled by these, it swims about for a longer or shorter time, but at length comes to a state of rest and gradually grows into a *Coleochate*.

Moreover, as in the *Peronospora*, conjugation may take place and result in an oospore; the contents of which divide and are set free as monadiform germs.

If the whole history of the zoospores of *Peronospora* and *Coleochate* were unknown, they would undoubtedly be classed among "Monads" with the same right as *Heteromita*; why then may not *Heteromita* be a plant, even though the cycle of forms through which it passes shows no terms quite so complex as those which occur in *Peronospora* and *Coleochate*? And, in fact, there are some green organisms, in every respect characteristically plants, such as *Chlamydomonas*, and the common *Volvox*, or so-called "Globe animalcule," which run through a cycle of forms of just the same simple character as those of *Heteromita*.

The name of *Chlamydomonas* is applied to certain microscopic green bodies, each of which consists of a protoplasmic central substance invested by a structureless sac. The latter contains cellulose, as in ordinary plants; and the chlorophyll which gives the green color enables the *Chlamydomonas* to decompose carbonic acid and fix carbon, as they do. Two long cilia protrude through the cell wall, and effect the rapid locomotion of this "monad," which, in all respects except its mobility, is characteristically a plant.

Under ordinary circumstances the *Chlamydomonas* multiplies by simple fission, each splitting into two or into four parts, which separate and become independent organisms. Sometimes, however, the *Chlamydomonas* divides into

eight parts, each of which is provided with four, instead of two cilia. These "zoospores" conjugate in pairs, and give rise to quiescent bodies, which multiply by division, and eventually pass into the active state.

Thus, so far as outward form and the general character of the cycle of modifications through which the organism passes in the course of its life are concerned, the resemblance between *Chlamydomonas* and *Heteromita* is of the closest description. And on the face of the matter there is no ground for refusing to admit that *Heteromita* may be related to *Chlamydomonas*, as the colorless fungus is to the green alga. *Volvox* may be compared to a hollow sphere, the wall of which is made up of coherent *Chlamydomonads*; and which progresses with a rotating motion effected by the paddling of the multitudinous pairs of cilia which project from its surface. Each *Volvox*-monad has a contractile vacuole like that of *Heteromita lens*; and moreover possesses a red pigment spot like the simplest form of eye known among animals.

The methods of fission multiplication and of conjugation observed in the monads of this locomotive globe are essentially similar to those observed in *Chlamydomonas*; and though a hard battle has been fought over it, *Volvox* is now finally surrendered to the Botanists.

Thus there is really no reason why *Heteromita* may not be a plant; and this conclusion would be very satisfactory, if it were not equally easy to show that there is really no reason why it should not be an animal.

For there are numerous organisms presenting the closest resemblance to *Heteromita*, and, like it, grouped under the general name of "Monads," which, nevertheless, can be observed to take in solid nutriment, and which therefore have a virtual, if not an actual, mouth and digestive cavity, and thus come under Cuvier's definition of an animal. Numerous forms of such animals have been described by Ehrenberg, Dujardin, H. James Clark and other writers on the *Infusoria*.

Indeed, in another infusion of hay in which my *Heteromita lens* occurred, there were innumerable infusorial animalcules

belonging to the well-known species *Colpoda cucullus*.*

Full-sized specimens of this animalcule attain a length of between $\frac{3}{16}$ or $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch, so that it may have ten times the length and a thousand times the mass of a *Heteromita*. In shape it is not altogether unlike *Heteromita*. The small end, however, is not produced into one long cilium, but the general surface of the body is covered with small actively vibrating ciliary organs, which are only longest at the small end. At the point which answers to that from which the two cilia arise in *Heteromita*, there is a conical depression, the mouth; and in young specimens a tapering filament, which reminds one of the posterior cilium of *Heteromita*, projects from this region.

The body consists of a soft granular protoplasmic substance, the middle of which is occupied by a large oval mass called the "nucleus;" while at its hinder end is a "contractile vacuole," conspicuous by its regular rhythmic appearances and disappearances. Obviously, although the *Colpoda* is not a monad, it differs from one only in subordinate details. Moreover, under certain conditions, it becomes quiescent, incloses itself in a delicate case or *cyst*, and then divides into two, four, or more portions, which are eventually set free and swim about as active *Colpode*.

But this creature is an unmistakable animal, and full-sized *Colpode* may be fed as easily as one feeds chickens. It is only needful to diffuse very finely ground carmine through the water in which they live, and, in a very short time, the bodies of the *Colpode* are stuffed with the deeply colored granules of the pigment.

And if this were not sufficient evidence of the animality of *Colpoda*, there comes the fact that it is even more similar to another well-known animalcule, *Paramæcium*, than it is to a monad. But *Paramæcium* is so huge a creature compared with those hitherto discussed—it reaches $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch or more in length—that there is no difficulty in making out its organization in detail; and in proving that it is not only an animal, but that it is an animal which possesses a somewhat complicated organization. For

example, the surface layer of its body is different in structure from the deeper parts. There are two contractile vacuoles, from each of which radiates a system of vessel-like canals; and not only is there a conical depression continuous with a tube, which serves as mouth and gullet, but the food ingested takes a definite course and refuse is rejected from a definite region. Nothing is easier than to feed these animals and to watch the particles of indigo or carmine accumulate at the lower end of the gullet. From this they gradually project, surrounded by a ball of water, which at length passes with a jerk, oddly stimulating a gulp, into the pulpy central substance of the body, there to circulate up one side and down the other, until its contents are digested and assimilated. Nevertheless, this complex animal multiplies by division, as the monad does, and, like the monad, undergoes conjugation. It stands in the same relation to *Heteromita* on the animal side, as *Coleochaete* does on the plant side. Start from either, and such an insensible series of gradations leads to the monad that it is impossible to say at any stage of the progress—here the line between the animal and the plant must be drawn.

There is reason to think that certain organisms which pass through a monad stage of existence, such as the *Myxomycetes*, are, at one time of their lives, dependent upon external sources for their protein-matter, or are animals; and at another period manufacture it, or are plants. And seeing that the whole progress of modern investigation is in favor of the doctrine of continuity, it is a fair and probable speculation—though only a speculation—that, as there are some plants which can manufacture protein out of such apparently intractable mineral matters as carbonic acid, water, nitrate of ammonia, and metallic salts; while others need to be supplied with their carbon and nitrogen in the somewhat less raw form of tartrate of ammonia and allied compounds; so there may be yet others, as is possibly the case with the true parasitic plants, which can only manage to put together materials still better prepared—still more nearly approximated to protein—until we arrive at such organisms as the *Psorospermia* and the *Pankhistophyton*, which are as much animal as vegetable in structure,

* Excellently described by Stein, almost all of whose statements I have verified.

but are animal in their dependence on other organisms for their food.

The singular circumstance observed by Meyer, that the *Torula* of yeast, though an indubitable plant, still flourishes most vigorously when supplied with the complex nitrogenous substance, pepsin; the probability that the *Peronospora* is nourished directly by the protoplasm of the potato plant; and the wonderful facts

which have recently been brought to light respecting insectivorous plants, all favor this view; and tend to the conclusion that the difference between animal and plant is one of degree rather than of kind; and that the problem whether, in a given case, an organism is an animal or a plant, may be essentially insoluble.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BASTILLE.

EVERYBODY who has been to Paris knows the Place of the Bastille, with that July Column which commemorates what sober history tells us was, after all, by no means such a grand achievement on the part of the sovereign people. Parisians, however, will always think differently; they hold, and will hold, that that affair of the 14th of July, 1789, which ended in the murder of De Launay and his handful of *invalides* for doing what soldiers always ought to do—defending what has been entrusted to them—is grander than Thermopylæ or Bannockburn, or even than any of Joan of Arc's victories. I will not say the Bastille had better have been left standing; but I wish, for the sake of true freedom, that the Paris mob had had the nobleness to spare De Launay instead of brutally murdering him after he had surrendered; and I wish, for the sake of history writers and history readers, that those who sacked that State prison had had some idea of the value of State archives instead of flinging them out of the windows along with the broken furniture of the rooms. The consequence was that the true history of the Bastille has never been written till now. It has been all guess-work; for every paper referring to the prison was stored up in the place itself, and after its capture these lay in heaps in the courtyards, sodden with rain, stained with the wine of the volunteers who were mounting guard, plundered by 'collectors,' tossed about as rubbish, until somebody brought the matter before the Assembly, and what documents were left were carried off to the Abbey of St. Germain-in-the-Fields. The Assembly decided that these 'records of regal tyranny' should be

printed at once, in order to show the world what a hideous system the Revolution had destroyed; but, like many other decisions of the Assembly, the order for printing was never carried into effect. From St. Germain's Abbey the archives were transferred to the Arsenal; and there, five-and-thirty years ago, M. Ravaisson discovered them in a garret mixed in almost hopeless confusion with all kinds of worthless papers.

The patient labor of years enabled him at last to put them in order; he has filled up most of the gaps by hard work in public and private collections in France and abroad, and about a year ago he published the closing volume of *Archives of the Bastille*, showing how things really were managed in this fortress of absolutism.

That is just what the Bastille was—the King's private prison. I suppose that at most times in England such a prison would have been impossible. The Tower had a tendency to become such under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; but the tendency was sharply repressed even in Elizabeth's reign. It was still more sternly checked under her successors; besides, the Stuarts, with all their despotic proclivities, always acted according to law, though it was law which the nation justly disavowed. The Court of Star Chamber was a court, after all, where matters were conducted by regular legal process; and ship money was by the Crown lawyers pronounced to be a legal impost, exacted according to just precedent. English feeling, indeed, overrode such legal quibbles. The Star Chamber was not a court to which Englishmen would submit; they tore through its legal forms as a bee tears through the

meshes of a spider-web. Lord Keeper Finch might laboriously hunt up precedents for ship money, but the nation would have none of it for all that. We know what happened to Charles because he insisted on governing according to such lawless law; still what he governed by was law of some kind or other. It is impossible to conceive what would have happened to him if he had governed as Louis XIV. and Louis XV. did, often without even any pretence of law, just clapping into the Bastille anyone whom they chose, and keeping him, or her, or it (for children of seven were clapped in during the Jansenist 'revivals,' for daring to go into spiritual hysterics) there during the King's pleasure without anyone in the kingdom asking why. We can't fancy an English king so acting, and that French kings did so act goes far to explain that dread of even a limited monarchy which brought about the Septennate.

I suppose pressing for the navy was the only English institution which bore the remotest resemblance to the 'right' of committing to the Bastille. But my object is not to moralise, but to point out a little how this 'right' was exercised.

From its foundation in 1369, by Hugh Aubriot, Provost of Paris, who happened, strangely enough, to be the first man sent to it, the Bastille had a political object; it was not so much meant to defend Paris as to overawe St. Antoine's suburb, turbulent then as now, and ten years before the head-quarters of Marcel, that 'provost of the merchants' who, if he had managed better, might have curbed French absolutism at the outset and have made the Revolution, when it did come, take more the form which it took in England. Its military history is soon told. The English, beaten out of the streets of Paris by the Constable of Richemont, five years after the burning of Joan of Arc, took refuge in it, but were soon forced to capitulate. It had its part in the wars of the Fronde. Turenne (on the King's side) was beating Condé and the Frondeurs, when Mdle. of Montpensier, daughter of Gaston of Orleans, rushed to the Bastille and turned its guns on the Royalists, giving the citizens time to swing open their gates and let in the routed Condéans, and then to force the gates back in the face of the baffled Turenne.

It was Richelieu who first, by his plan of wholesale imprisonments, regularly put the Bastille wholesale to what from that time became its normal use. In old France, as in old England, the rule was that everybody should be tried by his peers; but the Cardinal, finding things in a critical state, according to that universal French rule which cures anarchy by despotism, and so (when the despotism grows weak) makes the pendulum swing round again to anarchy, set up 'Courts of High Commission,' which sat as often as not in his own country house, and did just what they were bid. Louis XIV., who really believed that 'l'état, c'est moi,' and who in his private memoirs wrote: 'The will of God is that every born subject should obey unquestioningly' (*sans discernement*) carried out what Richelieu had begun. In fact, the old power of life and death which the King possessed in the original royal domain, just as nearly every marquis, count, and abbot possessed it in his private domain, somehow managed to get itself extended to the whole of France; and 'Laissez passer la justice du Roi' ('Clear the way for the King's officers of justice') which once was nothing more than what most feudal lords might have said of their 'justice,' became a lawyer's phrase to denote that a *lettre de cachet* bore down all the decrees of the multifarious bailiwicks, seneschalships, *présidiaux*, parliaments, *grueries*, courts of aids, admiralalties, and what not, each of which had its own special jurisdiction in the chaos of feudal law. Such a lot of little courts—like our courts leet and baron and pie-powder and hanaper—no wonder people were sick of them, and turned to the uniformity of despotism with something like relief.

Louis XIV. soon gave them uniform despotism to their hearts' content. All forms even of 'High Commission' were thrown aside; a slip of paper with the words 'Put So-and-so in the Bastille, and keep him there till further orders,' signed by the King and countersigned by one of the Ministers, was enough. If 'So-and-so' was a person of quality, a squad of *mousquetaires* handed him the order, and he, as in duty bound, surrendered himself; if he was a mere citizen, the 'archers of the watch' looked out for him at nightfall as he was going

home, touched him with a white wand, and hurried him into a carriage that was waiting close by. The prisoners were divided into two classes, those who were simply shut up to be out of harm's way and those who were accused of some definite crime. The latter were tried, sooner or later, by special commission, and after being found guilty were tortured into confession. The 'boot,' which Lauderdale and James, Duke of York, used on the Scotch Covenanters, was one kind of torture; the other was to lay the prisoner on his back, force a funnel into his mouth, and pour in six or eight pints of water. The poor wretch was then placed on a mattress before a roaring fire, and when he recovered consciousness he was made to sign the answers which the pain had wrung from him. When such prisoners were put to death, it was either by hanging or burning alive. For the sake of human nature we are glad to learn that the president of the Commission often wrote, at the bottom of the prisoner's sentence, a *retentum*, i.e. an order to strangle him while the fagots were lighting. Of course when it was a case of heresy there was no thought of such tenderness; thus a poor mad fanatic, Morin—who, with his wife and son and two priests and a schoolmaster, thought they were going to found the New Jerusalem and destroy Babylon, i.e. the Romish Church and the Beast, i.e. the Pope—was ruthlessly burnt alive in 1662. Poor fellow, his *Pensées* are not worth so much as Pascal's; but the man who said 'God Almighty is not a wafer,' and 'you're more likely to find Christ in crosses and suffering than in bits of bread,' and who ventured to protest against that '*fasting Communion*' which our ritualists are making such a point of, deserved better things than to be roasted alive for the gratification of a well-dressed Paris mob. Yes; as our Newgate hangings were popular with fashionable folks of Lord Tomnoddy's stamp, so the Paris executions used to 'draw' so well that when there was a burning the actors took care never to bring out a new piece. This was one class of Bastille-birds; the other class had quite a different life of it; they were like debtors in the old Fleet, with this great additional privilege, that the King paid for their food, and right royally con-

sidered that a man who is shut up requires to be better nourished than one who has his liberty. Three bottles of wine a day, including one of champagne, three good meals—soup, *entrées*, a hot joint, and dessert—these were their daily rations. No wonder some when set free, petitioned to be taken in again; while others, arranging with the governor to live on simpler fare, and to share the savings with him, often took away a nice little sum when their term was over. Then they had skittles, billiards, and tennis, just like gentlemen outside. To understand the difference between their treatment and that of men like Morin, we must consider who a good many of them were; they were persons of the very highest 'quality.' Thus, though the laws against duelling were very strict, noblemen would fight; no ordinary tribunal could touch them, for they were nobles, each theoretically with power of life and death in his own hands; so they were sent to the Bastille. But of course they must not be dealt with like low heretics; the very object of their being put into the Bastille is to keep them from the degradation of the ordinary tribunals. For instance, the coach of Marquis Villequier runs into the coach of the Duke of Elbeuf in a narrow Paris street; their lacqueys fall to blows, and the masters soon get out and join in the fray. Villequier is Bastilled until the 'marshals of France,' who had the jurisdiction in such cases, decide that it was no duel, but only an accidental meeting. The Knight of Grancey, again, thinking Mdle. de Nonant would make him an excellent wife, carries off her and her mother and forces the daughter to marry him in his father's château. Her family complain, and a *garde du corps* is sent to order the ladies to be set at liberty. The Knight's papa, Marquis Grancey, refuses; but to show that he is a loyal subject, he goes back with the officer and puts himself in the Bastille. The King is so touched that he issues letters of grace confirming the marriage. Such cases are merely noblemen's jokes. Here is something more serious. René de l'Hospital, Marquis of Choisy (sad that such a man should own so honored a name as that of l'Hospital), treats his serfs so shamefully that the *cure* of one of his parishes preaches about his con-

duct. The Marquis, with two of his pages, waylays the *curé*, catches him as he is walking home with a farmer, kills the farmer, and stabs the *curé*. The poor man falls to his prayers, but my Lord 'stops his jaw' by breaking it with the butt-end of a musket. He then makes his horse kick him as he lies on the ground, and lastly runs his sword through his ribs. The clergy take up the case, and the murderer is brought before the Paris Parliament; but, before the trial can come on, his family, a very powerful one, get an order for putting him into the Bastille. After he has been in there a few days he is let out armed with 'letters of acquittal.' We think of Morin, burnt alive for trying to found the New Jerusalem, and we cease to wonder at the horrors of the French Revolution.

This was how the Grand Monarque understood justice about the year of grace 1660. But the prisoners were not all heretics or nobles; in minor matters it was not the big fishes only who were caught. A grocer cries out against the monopoly of whale oil; he is sent to the Bastille to improve his views of political economy. An architect's son won't take orders, in spite of his father's wish; he is Bastilled to give him time for reflection. The deputies from half a dozen big towns petition, grovelling on their knees in the royal presence, that their old franchises may no longer be set at nought. The King treats them kindly enough, and orders his Council to look into the matter; but, since no one but the *intendants* had a right to bring things before his Majesty for discussion (see a similar restriction in Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*), he sends them for a few weeks to the Bastille to show them that 'discipline' must be maintained. Even ambassadors are not safe, if they belong to little States. D'Alibert, sent to negotiate a marriage between the Duke of Savoy and a daughter of the Duke of Orleans, is clapped into prison for showing either too much or too little zeal; and so is the Elector of Brandenburg's envoy (Brandenburg then was not even Prussian) for mentioning to his master one of Louis's many love affairs. All this was in the grand style suited to the great

Louis. Under his great-grandchild the thing naturally degenerated. Louis XV. let anybody and everybody reign for him; and towards the end of his life, under the rule of the infamous Du Barry, there was a plan reminding us of that which honorable M.P.'s used to act on when we middle-aged men were very little boys: I mean 'franking letters,' signing their names every morning, that is, in the corners of ever so many blank folded papers (envelopes as yet were not) which somebody, perhaps the butler, used as often as not to sell before post time. Just as we had our blank forms of letters for the post, prepaid by this device of franking, so the French had their blank forms of *lettres de cachet*; and these were always to be had for twenty-five louis. Anybody with 20*l.* in his pocket could buy the King's sign-manual, fill in the name of his enemy, and get him put away from among men. Well might the *Court of Aids*, in 1770, indignantly protest that nobody was safe, for 'nobody was great enough to be safe from the hatred of a minister, nor little enough to be below that of a tax-farmer's clerk.'

Under Louis XIV., as I said, things were managed more decently, though despotically. The Bastille was perhaps the only place to which Fouquet, the great-grandfather of all the 'masters of high finance,' could have been sent. All the courts were afraid of him; Corneille and La Fontaine, blinded by his liberality to men of letters, thought him innocent; many believed him the victim of Colbert's hatred; some thought that Louis was jealous of his magnificent *fêtes* and more than royal style of living; some even hinted that he had tried to win the affections of La Vallière by the offer of 120,000 crowns; but these Bastille archives prove that there is not a doubt of his guilt. Louis, a wonderful man of business, went over all the proofs which the Chamber of the Arsenal collected, and which show that Fouquet had reduced plundering the State to a system. He paid the state creditors, for instance, with paper, which they never could get cashed; and when their patience was exhausted he bought up these bonds for next to nothing, and paid himself in full out of the Treasury.

One could almost wish that he had had the water torture before being sent for life to the fortress of Pignerol.

Fouquet's system led right on to the bankruptcy which was one main cause of the Revolution. And to stave off bankruptcy, *pour combler le deficit*, kings and ministers had recourse to strange expedients. Even Louis XIV. was sadly pinched for want of money; and, since alchemy was the order of the day, he caught a batch of alchemists and sent them to the Bastille to work under Government surveillance. They were allowed as much sulphur, antimony, arsenic, and anything else as they wanted, and they were expected to give gold in return. Hence one of the most notable discoveries of that time; of course the police found no gold, but they found (what they had long suspected) that these seekers for the philosopher's stone were poisoners, and that their customers were to be found in the very highest ranks of society. Arsenic, which is often said to kill by accumulation of many small doses, was incapable of detection in those days when *post-mortems* were unknown; and thus *poudre de succession* became a favorite way of getting rid of any one who stood between a man or woman and the estate or the human being whom they coveted. We have all heard of the Brinvilliers. Voisin was a plebeian imitator of hers, doing for the common people what the other did for the *noblesse*, to which she herself belonged. The humbler artist did her work in just as artistic style as did the marchioness. A butcher in St. Antoine 'administers correction' to his gad-about wife; she goes off straight to Voisin and quietly buys packets of powder, which make her in a few weeks a frolicsome widow. A carpenter, dying, leaves a little money; mother and son can't agree about it; the mother goes to Voisin and gets a powder, but before she has come for the next the son has been there too. Voisin keeps them both in hand, determined that whoever pays her highest shall win; the mother gains the day. Besides poisoning, Voisin was ready for every other kind of villany. She and a widwife named Lepere are stated to have procured abortion in 10,000 cases, and the number of new-born children burnt by Voisin in her magical rites is reckoned at 2,500. The whole story

is so horrible that, were it not legally attested in these archives, one could not credit it; it is worse than the worst of the foul dreams of witches. The confessions of Voisin and her accomplices were made long before they were tortured, yet one would fain hope that some of the revolting details were due to a diseased imagination. Spiritualism is contemptible enough; we may be thankful that it is only contemptible when we read of the methods which these wretches used to call up the Devil and to win from him for their dupes 'the flying dollar,' which was no sooner spent than it found its way back into its owner's pocket. To drape a room in black cloth, and on a black altar, lighted with black candles, to slay a new-born babe, while a priest (for priests were found to lend themselves to the work) went through a vile travesty of the Mass, was one of the least horrible of the ceremonies; some are too bad even to hint at. It is a little consolation that Voisin, who had made 100,000 crowns, and was leaving France under a false name, was caught, tried, and at last burnt (Feb. 1680). She supped gaily the night before, and sang parodies on the Church hymns; 'gave her soul to the Devil in good style' (*gentiment*), as Madame de Sévigné has it.

But all Voisin's clients were not butchers' and carpenters' wives and lewd young women of the baser sort who had 'got into trouble.' Marie Mancini, Countess of Soissons, was convicted of having gone to her in order to get rid of La Vallière, her successful rival in Louis XIV.'s affections. There was no doubt about it; the proofs are on record. The order was issued to arrest the Countess, but Louis told the Duke of Bouillon to give her a hint, and she escaped. Nor was she the only one who escaped; for there was such an epidemic of poisoning that the magistrate de la Reynie hesitated to go on with his enquiries; he found they were likely to compromise very exalted personages indeed. In a very short time he had 147 prisoners on his hands, and he questions 'whether it is for God's glory and the King's interest, i.e. the interest of the State, or even of justice, to publish abroad such terrible and enormous crimes.' Writing to Louvois, the Prime Minister, in 1681, he says, 'But for the confessions of the criminals, I

should scarcely be able to credit the existence of such a traffic in poisons. Poisoning is the common remedy for family troubles. Human life is put up to sale daily.' (One poisoner among the poor actually undertook the job for the trifling charge of 30 sous.) There was such a panic that people gave up using metal drinking-cups and took to glass; metal might be so prepared as to poison the drink poured into it. At a dinner every guest had his own silver plate, brought and carried home again by a confidential servant. The linen was washed at home and 'got up,' under the housewife's own eyes, for fear the master's shirts should be made shirts of Nessus. Letters were disinfected as if it had been time of plague; and ladies gave up accepting bouquets, because people had been known never to recover after smelling at a poisoned flower. Even Racine, the good and truly pious, the best character, perhaps, of all the writers who adorned that brilliant Court, was at one time suspected of being a poisoner. These archives show that enquiries were secretly set on foot about him, and that his innocence was indisputably proved. Indeed, among the motley crew who dabbled in poisons there was not a single literary man of the slightest pretensions to fame.

Voisin was burnt alive in February 1680. Madame de Carada, wife of a 'master of woods and forests,' had her hand cut off a year after. Between these two a good many met their just punishment; and then the trials suddenly ceased, and the *chambre ardente* left off its investigations. Louis made up his mind that de la Reynie was right, and that to go farther would bring a scandal on the whole nation. Other grand Court favorites besides the Countess of Soissons were compromised. Besides the villanous priests who were executed there were many other clergymen involved more or less deeply in the same impieties. The King, who, in spite of his free life, was, after his own fashion, a highly religious man, did not like to strengthen the hands of the enemies of Catholicism by publishing to the world the shame of its ministers. The guilty were allowed to escape into foreign parts, or to hide themselves in monasteries. Public opinion, too, went round in a moment; from

being 'the fashion' poisoning became 'dreadful' in everybody's opinion; and there was really no need of further prosecutions, for society at once ostracised all the guilty, and even the suspected.

And so the Bastille ceased to be used for the only purpose for which the high-handed lawlessness of procedure by which it was filled could be deemed, if not laudable, yet pardonable. If anything could excuse such an arbitrary system it was the state of France just then. Underneath all the brilliance, and the polish, and the literary glory of the age of the Grand Monarque there was a mass of foul corruption which the ordinary historian never suspects, but of which these 'archives' paint all the revolting details. The ordinary tribunals were slow, and often powerless; it was necessary to strike sharply and at once. If Louis had confined himself to this, instead of seeking to make the Bastille a sort of reformatory for grown-up children of the higher classes, few would complain. No one pities the prisoners; the pity is that they could not have been legally, instead of illegally, dealt with. We too have had our panics, accompanied with more or less straining of the law; but this flying as a matter of course to arbitrary punishment, to the 'King's justice' instead of to judges' justice, is a sign of the difference between France and England at the opening of the eighteenth century. The one met the new age of thought free and aspiring, the other met it in fetters, of which it felt the ignominy, yet which it could not throw off. Hence during that eighteenth century France was steadily decaying, England as steadily gaining strength—that strength which enabled her to stand (yea, to thrive and grow) under the terrible strain of the long war.

The first revolution was a frantic effort on the nation's part to get rid of this decay. How far it succeeded, whether it succeeded at all, no one can yet say. But it was because institutions like the Bastille flourished, and were as a matter of course wantonly abused by vile creatures like those who surrounded Louis XV., that so violent and costly an effort for national health was needed.

The Bastille helped to bring about the Revolution. But that is no reason why 'the sovereign people' should be made

out such wonderful heroes for capturing it. They managed to cut the chains of the drawbridge, and then walked in. The story of their dead falling in heaps high enough for their surviving comrades to mount the wall is of course a 'myth.' So is all that was written at the time about the wretched state in which the prisoners used to be kept. There were generally a few Morins 'lost' in solitary confinement, whose lot no doubt was very hard, and out of whose sad circumstances the tales of the liberators regarding the seven whom they actually did release may have been evolved; but the great majority lived in very comfortable quarters, kept up their games in a way to excite the envy of outsiders, and fared sumptuously every day at the King's expense. It was not the regulations of the Bastille which did the mischief; it was the lawlessness of the mode of punishing. Had Louis XIV. been the wisest and best of despots the case would be just the same; your good despot is nearly as bad as a bad one, for you have no guarantee that he will not be succeeded by a bad one. Nay, his very goodness is mischievous, for it makes people submit unrepiningly to arbitrary conduct which

they would not bear from a worse man. It is well for England that James II. was neither wise nor good. If he had been highly popular we might now have all been Papists. Because Louis XIV.'s popularity made Frenchmen (as a man's popularity always does make them) willingly blind to his arbitrariness, therefore the French Revolution came to rid the earth of the people who would traffic in blank *lettres de cachet*, and who made the closing scenes of Louis XV.'s reign so shameful that no efforts of his successor were able to set the fabric of monarchy up again.

Thank God, we have never had a Bastille; and this is one thing which has helped to keep classes from sundering as widely as they did in France. Here and there an English nobleman (far too many at certain times) has been wickedly foolish or basely tyrannical; but they never found ready to their hand (as the French *noblesse* did) an instrument which would lend itself alike to the pettiest revenge and to the most diabolical cruelty, and which that *noblesse*, unhappily for itself and for the nation, did not scruple to use for both purposes. — *Fraser's Magazine*.

SONGS OF THE SPRING DAYS AND NIGHTS.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

I.

A GENTLE wind of western birth,
From some far summer sea,
Wakes daisies in the wintry earth,
Wakes thoughts of hope in me.

The sun is low; the paths are wet,
And dance with frolic hail;
The trees, whose spring-time is not yet,
Swing sighing in the gale.

Young gleams of sunshine peep and play;
Thick vapors crowd between;
'Tis strange that on a coming day
The earth will all be green.

The north wind blows, and blasts, and
raves,
And flaps his snowy wing:
Back! toss thy bergs on arctic waves,
Thou canst not stay our spring.

II.

Up comes the primrose, wondering;
The snowdrop droopeth by;
The holy spirit of the spring
Is working silently.

Sweet-breathing odors gently wile
Earth's other children out;
On nature's face a hopeful smile
Is flickering about.

When earth lay hard, unlovely, dull,
And life within her slept,
Above her heaven grew beautiful,
And forth her beauty crept.

And though tears fall, as fall they will,
Smiles wander into sighs,
Yet if the sun keep shining still,
Her perfect day will rise.

III.

The sky is smiling over me,
Hath smiled away the frost,
Clothed with young green the patient lea,
With buds the wood embossed.

The trees yet shut not out the sky,
It sees down to the flowers;
They lift their beauty fearlessly,
They hide in leafy bowers.

This day is yours, sweet birds; sing on;
The cold is all forgot;
Ye had a dream, but it is gone:
Pain that is past, is not.

Joy that was past, is come again;
And if the summer brings
New care, it is a loving pain,
That broods instead of sings.

IV.

Blow on me, wind, from west and south;
Sweet summer-spirit, blow!
Come like a kiss from dear child's mouth,
Who knows not what I know.

The earth's perfection cometh soon;
Ours lingereth away:
We have a spring-time, have a moon,
No sunny summer-day.

Rose-sprinkled eve, gold-branded morn,
May still poor Nature's sighs;
To us a higher hope is born—
We rest in that we rise.

But at the last a sapphire day
All over us will bow;
And man's heart full of sunlight, say,
"Lord, 'tis Thy summer now."

I.

THE flush of green that dyed the day
Hath vanished in the moon;
The strengthened odors float and play
A soft unuttered tune.

The tideless sea lay in my view,
Once, under such a sky;
The moon hung half-way from the blue,
A globe to every eye.

Light-leaved acacias, by the door,
Stood up in balmy air,
Clusters of blossomed moonlight bore,
And breathed a perfume rare.

The gold-flakes of a southern sky
Fell flashing on the deep:
One scent of moist earth floating by
Had almost made me weep.

II.

Those gorgeous stars were not my own;
They made me alien go;
The mother o'er her head had thrown
A veil I did not know.

Those dusky fields that seaward range,
Behind, those moon-lit glades,
Were full of flowering grasses strange,
Not slender, spear-like blades.

I longed to see the starry host
Far off, in paler blue;
For grass to lie in and be lost,
And see them glimmer through.

The homely glories of my birth
Lay far across the foam:
Then came that odor from the earth—
I knew the world my home.

III.

The stars exult in darksome space;
Friendly is night to them;
From day's deep mine, with growing
grace,
The night lifts every gem.

A thing for faith mid work and war,
The blinding day-flag furled,
To us, then, shines a distant star,
To God, a home-filled world.

"What boots it in this busy scene
For such a fancy grope?"
Revealing darkness comes between—
It dawns a star of hope;

Yet but a star with glimmer and glance
Down stairless deeps to shine:
A hope to our poor ignorance—
To God a truth divine.

IV.

The night is damp and warm and still,
And full of summer dreams;
The buds are bursting at their will,
And soft the half moon gleams.

My soul is cool, as bathed within
By dews that silent weep;
Like child that has confessed his sin,
And now will go to sleep.

A childhood new, Lord, thou dost set;
Each season for a sign;
Lest, old in this world, we forget
That we are young in Thine.

A child, Lord, make me ever more;
Let years fresh sonship bring,
Till, out of age's winter sore,
I pass into Thy spring.

Evening Hours.

HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF THE "WOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE morning before Galbraith's departure the postman had only two letters for the Berlin Bazaar; one directed to "Sir Hugh Galbraith, Bart.;" the other to Miss Lee, in Tom Reed's well-known writing. It was not a lengthy epistle, nevertheless it evidently gave both pleasure and amusement, for Fanny's face was dimpled with smiles as she read. Mrs. Temple glanced at her kindly and sympathisingly, as she poured out the tea.

"I think, Fan, you have dropped something out of your letter," she said.

"Have I?" starting, and picking up a small note that had been enclosed in Tom's missive. "To be sure! He says it is for you."

Mrs. Temple took and opened it. It ran thus: "The day of miracles is not quite over yet! Trapes called here this morning, and absolutely repaid me a sovereign I had lent him last week, and which I had fondly hoped would have kept him at a distance for months. Though stunned, I remembered your desire for his address, and recovered sufficiently to procure it: 'J. Trapes, Esq., care of W. Bates, The Red Boar, King Street, Islington.' One word more: by no means communicate with this fellow except through myself or somebody equally devoted to your interest."

"This is very curious! It is a good omen," exclaimed Kate.

"What?" said Fanny.

Kate gave a short explanation, the shorter because she saw Fanny glance from time to time at her letter, which she evidently wished to re-peruse.

When breakfast was over, Kate went to their best sitting-room to lock away Mr. Trapes's address, with her evidence book, and a few other papers of importance; and after turning the key, stood a moment in thought. She did not know

why she permitted the idea of this man to associate itself in her mind with Ford. She could not help believing that his tale of Ford's resemblance to some one who owed him money was a blind, and that Ford himself was the object of his search. What Ford's acquaintance with such a character had to do with her own history she could not tell. She fancied, if she could only see this Trapes, she might get some clue. Now his unexpected restoration of the sovereign looked like having extracted money from Ford! She must think it all over coolly and clearly. "I must not let imagination fool me; yet imagination is the pioneer of discovery." Here the sound of Galbraith's deep, harsh voice caught her ear. He was down in the hall at that early hour, speaking to Mills—asking for herself. "I am here," she said, coming to the open door of the drawing-room.

"I beg pardon for intruding on you at such an hour, Mrs. Temple," said Galbraith, turning to her; "but I have had a letter which I am very anxious to answer by to-night's post. May I once more trouble you to act as secretary? Your labors in that line are nearly over! Any hour before nine will do."

"I shall not be free before seven, and, as it seems a letter of importance, I had better not attempt it till I am safe from interruptions."

"Thank you, thank you!" returned Galbraith, earnestly. "I shall expect you, then, at seven." He paused a moment as if on the point of saying more; then bowed, and retreated upstairs.

Mrs. Temple was struck by the animation of his look and manner. "His letter is not a disagreeable one, I am quite sure," she thought. "It is quite as well he is going; this secretaryship would not raise me in the estimation of my fellow-townpeople, if it were known! What would not Lady Styles say? For-

tunately, poor Miles is deaf and incorruptible; and Sarah leaves so early, she sees nothing. I wonder, shall Hugh Galbraith and I ever meet again? That our courses will cross or clash I feel quite sure!"

So thinking, she went slowly into the shop and threw her attention into her business. Still, sudden, sharp conjectures respecting J. Trape, Esq., would dart through her brain, and also respecting Hugh Galbraith's letter. It came so naturally to her to call him Hugh! In the various conversations in which she had urged his claims upon her husband, they had always spoken of him as "Hugh;" and now, had she not always been on guard when speaking to him, the name would certainly have escaped her. "I shall really be glad when he is gone, and the odd excitement of his presence removed;" so honestly thinking, she attended to the many demands of her customers, the day went quickly over, and seven o'clock came round.

For the first time Mrs. Temple had to pause and reason away a slight tinge of embarrassment before she presented herself for the performance of her task. "This is the fruit of Fanny's foolish talk," she thought, as she stood before her glass; "but I am no stupid school-girl, to be affected by it! Life has been too real for me not to have steadied my nerves beyond what the implied admiration of an accidental acquaintance could disturb," and, with a faint increase of color, a shade more of hauteur in her bearing, Mrs. Temple followed Mills, whom she had sent to inquire if Sir Hugh was ready.

He was, quite. The curtains were drawn, and the lamp lit; for, through daylight had not quite faded, there would not have been enough to finish a letter by.

Galbraith had put his writing materials in readiness on the table, and was leaning against the chimneypiece, holding an open letter, and evidently in a state of expectation. "You are really very good," he said, earnestly, coming forward to meet her, and placing a chair at the table.

His manner put Mrs. Temple at her ease. His business, whatever it was, appeared to occupy him, to the exclusion of any other idea; and Mrs. Temple mentally accused herself of conceit and

stupidity for listening to Fanny's suggestions. She accordingly took the offered seat, and dipping her pen in the ink, looked up to Galbraith for the words.

He dictated slowly and thoughtfully, often looking at the letter in his hand: "Dear Sir,—I have yours of the —th. I regret to find you are out of town, and that you have been unwell. The price asked for the property I wish to buy back is much beyond its worth, quite a third more than my father sold it for. I am aware that it is of more value to me than to any other purchaser, but I am not at all inclined to pay a fancy price, and I know that in its present condition much of the land is scarcely worth two pounds an acre. You are quite right in trying to keep me out of sight, though I fear you are too well known as my solicitor. Could you not find some respectable local man who might act for you in ignorance of your client's name? If the upland called Langley Knolls, which is very good land, be included in the sale, or you can manage to get hold of it, I will go as far as ten thousand for the whole—as much under as you like; but I have this sum at hand, as you know, and I will not go beyond it."

At this point Mrs. Temple stopped short, and placing her elbow on the table, instinctively shaded her face from Galbraith by placing her hand over her eyes, for the words she had just written stirred her deeply. That ten thousand pounds—she knew exactly where it came from, how it was placed, and why it was available. Little more than a year ago it was hers, and she had her own plans respecting it; now she was writing directions for its disposal in a way that, whatever happened, would put a large portion of it out of her reach. And more, she felt a strange sensation of shame at the sort of treachery she was involuntarily practising; for, if she succeeded in making good her claim to the whole of Mr. Travers's property under the original will, Galbraith would be placed in a position which, from all she could observe of him, would be unspeakably degrading and distressing to his unyielding nature. So far her acquaintance with him had softened her towards her enemy that she could wish to spare him unnecessary humiliation, if she had ever, even in her angriest mood, wished it;

and now, to let him run blindly into the snare — was it honorable or right? "What can I do?" she thought.

But Galbraith had gone on dictating, and stopping to let her pen overtake his words, observed, with a little surprise, that she was not writing. His pause recalled her.

"Excuse me," she said, in a low voice, not venturing to look up; "but are you wise to allow an utter stranger to know so much of your affairs? If you leave us to-morrow, shall you not soon see your solicitor, and talk over your business? How do you know that I am not a friend of whoever wants an exorbitant price for this land, and will let him know who the purchaser really is? If there are any more very personal topics to come, had we not better stop here?"

Galbraith looked at her in great surprise. "Do you know the man who wants to sell?" he asked sharply.

"No, I do not; but—"

"You are not the material traitors are made of," said he, after an instant's pause and a searching gaze at the downcast face before him. "I have no secrets. I must write to Layton, for he is away at Scarborough. He has been ill, and has gone for change to his native place. You may write on with a safe conscience; I want to end it, for I am giving you a great deal of trouble."

Mrs. Temple was at the end of her resources, and silently, nervously resumed her pen as Galbraith continued to dictate.

"I am very glad you have found some traces of poor Travers's widow, and beg you will lose no time in following them up. I feel infinitely annoyed to think she is wandering about unprovided for—perhaps subsisting by doubtful means!"

"Have you that down?" asked Galbraith, who began to think Mrs. Temple was not quite up to her mark this evening.

She bent her head, and, with a cheek that first glowed and then turned very pale, wrote on with a beating heart. Traces of herself! What traces? She would make him talk, and so find out.

"Just add," continued Galbraith, "that I beg his attention to this. I should write to the partner about it, only I wish to keep the inquiry as quiet as possible."

Mrs. Temple wrote on in silence, trying, and successfully, to recover her composure and presence of mind. In a few moments she handed him the letter to read, which he did carefully, and then managed to scrawl his signature with his left hand. He returned it to her with an envelope, showed her the address on Mr. Payne's letter, and rang the bell. "Tell my man to post this at once, and that I want nothing more to-night," said he, when Mills appeared; and he proceeded to pace once or twice to and fro between Mrs. Temple and the door.

"Stay a little," he said as she made a movement to rise: "so far from having secrets, I feel inclined to tell you something of my history, such as it is; but first, tell me, why did this letter disturb you?—for you *were* disturbed."

"Well—you see ten thousand pounds is such a quantity of money," said Mrs. Temple, settling herself again and shading her face with her hand; "at least it is to me; you are accustomed to large sums no doubt."

"By Jove, I am not! I have been a poor devil all my life till the other day."

"I should have thought you only knew one half of life, and that the half in which, as the children say, 'We go up, up, up,'" replied Mrs. Temple, looking at him with an encouraging smile.

"I have had considerable experience in being hard up," said Galbraith, who, in his desire to prolong this last interview, was ready to tell anything and everything that could detain his companion. "You must know that for years I considered myself heir to a rich cousin, who, when I was away in India, thought fit to marry a girl young enough to be his daughter, and low enough to be his housemaid! Not content with this piece of folly, he left her all his money—cutting me off without even the traditional shilling. I came back awfully disgusted, when, to my own and every one's surprise, another will turned up, making me the heir and cutting her off without the shilling. I suppose the old man had some reason that has never come out. Still, I do not think it was right to leave the woman who bore his name unprovided for. I wanted to make up the deficiency, but, by Jove! she would not accept a sous, declares number two will is a forgery, that she will have all or

nothing, and has disappeared. Now the information I wanted from Payne is about her. He thinks he is on her track, somewhere in Germany, he says," looking at the letter, "that there is a girl's school lately started at Wiesbaden by an English woman, a Mrs. Talboys—heard of it quite accidentally—and that she seems to answer the description of Mrs. Travers."

"Your story interests me," said Mrs. Temple, as he paused. She had quite recovered her self-possession and raised her eyes fully and calmly to his as he stood opposite to her, holding the back of a chair with his left hand. "And I hope all will come right," she added, with a meaning smile, which, looking as he was into her eyes, he did not heed.

"You see," he resumed, "one must always admire pluck in prince or plebeian; besides, she offered me a tolerable income out of the estate—but that might have been to keep me quiet."

"Was she pretty?" asked Kate, looking down again.

"That I cannot say; I never saw her. I believe she has red hair; so Ford told me."

"Did Ford say that?" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, with irrepressible indignation. Then checking herself, "I mean, it is surprising your cousin should have fancied so plain a person."

"And his landlady's daughter, by George!" said Galbraith, who had walked to the fire just to get his eyes away from the fascination of his companion's, and now laid hold of the chair-back again. "Now, poor Travers was rather a fastidious man, but I suppose she was determined to have him. It was a great catch for her, no doubt; still it is always revolting to see a girl sacrifice herself to age."

"I suppose it is," said Mrs. Temple, pushing back her chestnut-brown hair, which was often loosened by its own weight, with a natural, unconscious action, and then clasping her hands, leant them before her on the table, while she yielded to the temptation to plead her own cause to the enemy whose somewhat rugged, generous honesty appealed strongly to her sympathies, her fair face and soft earnest eyes uplifted to his with a sincere purpose that banished every shadow of embarrassment. "I suppose it is;

but did it ever strike you what a terribly hard lot it is for a woman to be poor and alone? perhaps suddenly bereft of those who surrounded her youth with tenderness, if not with luxuries! I do not think any man can quite realise *how* terrible it is; but, if you could, you would understand what a temptation an honorable home and the protection of a kind, good, even though elderly, man offers—an irresistible temptation! And if a woman's heart is quite, quite free, believe me, warm, hearty gratitude is no bad substitute for love." She stopped a moment, a little ashamed of the emotion with which she had spoken, and added, in an altered tone, "So I imagine it is in my world. I do not pretend to understand the shibboleth of yours."

Galbraith's words did not come very readily, so absorbed was he by her look, her voice. "I understand *you*," he said at last; "and if you will not consider my interest impertinence, I should say your description is drawn from experience—your own marriage was something of this?"

"Something," she returned, looking down and arranging the paper and envelopes before her a little nervously.

"Well," returned Galbraith, closing his large, lean, sinewy, sunburnt hand tightly on the chair-back, "an elderly husband might be satisfied with gratitude and all that sort of thing, but, by heaven, I should not! I should want throb for throb as tender, if not as passionate, as the love I gave, or I would be inclined to cut my throat!"

Surprised at his tone, Mrs. Temple looked up and met his eyes all aglow with such passionate adoration that she grew paler, and her heart beat with undefined fear at the fire with which she had been playing. Here was something more than she had bargained for, or had ever before met. Moreover, whatever Hugh Galbraith's intellectual powers might be, he was evidently a man whose pertinacity and resolution were not to be trifled with. Had she created trouble for herself, and brought upon herself possibilities of insult far worse than anything she had yet sustained? could she at that moment have borrowed a conjuror's wand she would have instantly transported Galbraith to a London hotel safe out of her way; but, as she could

not, her best plan was to rally her forces and retreat in good order.

"It is growing late," she said, coldly.

"I must wish you good-night."

"One moment," returned Galbraith, eagerly, his invention quickened by his ardent desire to keep her a little longer; "it is my last chance of having so good a secretary. May I ask you to write a few lines to Upton?"

"They will scarce be in time for the post."

"No matter, they will go to-morrow."

Mrs. Temple replied by taking some note-paper, and dipping her pen in the ink. Galbraith dictated a few incoherent ungrammatical lines, telling his friend of Lady Styles's visit and invitation, and adding his London address, requesting Upton to join him there.

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Temple, writing on rapidly, anxious to end the interview.

"Yes." Her pen ran on: suddenly she half uttered a quickly suppressed "Oh!"

"What is the matter?" asked Galbraith, who was again pacing the room.

"Nothing; only I have stupidly made a blunder——" She stopped.

"Let me see," he said, snatching up the paper before she could prevent him.

"You have signed your own name! Kate! I have always wanted to know your name. Kate! It's the best name of all—there is something sweet and frank about it. Kate!" With a quick, eager glance at her face, he pressed his lips greedily on the writing, and then, crushing the paper in his clenched hand, dashed down his arm to its length as if furious with himself.

Mrs. Temple changed color, but to deeper paleness; and rising quietly—swiftly, though without hurry—left the room. Galbraith stood still for a minute or two, and then burst into half-uttered curses on his own despicable want of self-control. He had betrayed himself, he had startled and offended the woman he passionately admired, yet could not ask to be his wife. He had altogether behaved like a weak, purposeless block-head. He was glad he was going away; yet he would not like to sneak off like a poltroon, without making things right. What should he do?

The next morning before twelve the widow's tenant was ready to decamp.

"He is just going, 'm," said Mills, putting her head into the shop, "and he says he wants to speak to you."

"Go, Fanny," was Mrs. Temple's reply.

"Won't you? Well, I suppose I must."

The door of the dining-room was open, and as Fanny approached she could see Galbraith standing near the window.

"I wanted to shake hands with you before I left," said he, not without a little embarrassment; "you have all been very good to me. I was most fortunate in finding such care and help. If there is anything I can do for you at any time, Miss Lee, there's my card—you will be sure to hear of me at my club, and—where's Mrs. Temple? I want to bid her good-bye."

"She is busy; but I will tell her," and Fanny left the room, but soon returned. "She is very sorry, but she is particularly engaged. She desires her best wishes."

Galbraith stood a moment gazing at Fanny in deep thought. "I will not keep her an instant!" he exclaimed. "Go and ask her again. Make her come, like a good girl."

Very much surprised by this appeal, Fanny went; but on a fruitless errand.

"She can't come, indeed."

"I am exceedingly sorry that I gave you such useless trouble," said Galbraith, sternly. "Good-bye, Miss Lee! Stay—I had almost forgotten," and he took up a small morocco case he had placed upon the table. "Do me the favor to wear this sometimes in memory of your secretaryship. Good-bye," and he was gone.

"Well, I do declare it is a bracelet—a beautiful, solid gold bracelet!" exclaimed Fanny, eagerly peeping into the case. "Now this was intended for Kate; but she would not come. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"Just see what you have lost!" she cried, running into her friend, who had retreated to the parlor, leaving the shop to take care of itself for a few minutes, lest Galbraith, seeing her there, might persist in making his personal adieux. "Look! isn't that a lovely bracelet?"

"Did Hugh Galbraith give it you?" asked Mrs. Temple.

"Yes! that is what he wanted to see you so much for; he intended to give it to you."

"Impossible!" she returned, coloring deeply. "I do not think he would have ventured to offer *me* a present. Let me look at it, Fanny." It was more massive than pretty, and had a raised ornament in the centre which opened in the centre for hair or a miniature, and, holding it out to Fanny, Mrs. Temple pointed to the initials "F. L." inside. "It was meant for you," she said. "I thought he felt I was not a person he could offer presents to."

"Well, I am," said Fanny; "so he showed his sense! I tell you what, Kate—when you are really going in for your battle, we will sell this and pay some lawyer to plead against him! That is what Tom would call poetical justice."

"You little traitor!" cried Kate; "the rack would be too good for you."

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was a few days before Easter, when Galbraith found himself at L—s Hotel. The town was full and busy, yet he had never, even in the dreariest of outposts, felt so desolate as when he began "to take his walks abroad." Society he found, to a certain amount, at his club, but he was rather an uncommunicative man; he had never given or received much sympathy until accident had placed him within the influence of the first woman who had ever made a real impression upon him. Now he missed the quiet, home-like comfort and care which had surrounded him for the last two months. His full strength had not quite returned, though he found he could manage his own correspondence, now that the occupation of dictating had been robbed of all the charms which pervaded it at Pierstoffe.

Of course, as soon as his return to the haunts of civilisation became known, invitations poured in. His sisters were quite kind in their attentions, having found him much more endurable than he used to be.

"I really think Hugh has been more seriously injured than he believes," said Lady Lorrimer to her youngest sister, as they sat together after a friendly little dinner of about a dozen dear friends, which Galbraith had been persuaded to join. "He is as silent and morose as if

he had lost a fortune instead of coming into one. Now, he was not like that last summer, when he first came back. He was wonderfully bright and amiable, for *him*. I really thought I had never seen any one so improved by good fortune before. Now he is worse than ever. He often does not seem to hear what you say."

"Deafness," said the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt, arranging the lace on her upper skirt, "often proceeds from concussion of the brain. Poor Hugh! some one really ought to induce him to make his will. The life of a hunting man is so precarious."

"Oh, he is exceedingly likely to follow us to the grave!" said Lady Lorrimer, sharply; "but I wish he would stand for Middleburgh. Lorrimer says there will be a vacancy before the session is over, and it would be well for him to represent what used to be a family borough. The more members of a family are in the House the better. In short, the tendencies of the present age are such, that, politically speaking, peers are nobodies."

"Of course he will stand!" cried Mrs. Harcourt, thinking of the possibilities of patronage and her own fledglings. "Has Lorrimer spoken to him?"

"Yes, and can get no decided answer—in fact, he thinks Hugh far from being himself. However, he has nearly arranged a rather extensive purchase of the property my father sold; and that is a step in the right direction."

Here a mutual dear friend, who thought a close confab between two sisters would not be the worse for an interruption, broke in with some queries touching their disposal of the Easter recess.

"We are going to Paris," returned Lady Lorrimer. "I rather wanted my brother to join us; but he is asked to join the Helmsford party, which is much better for him. Lady Elizabeth G—, and Miss Dashwood, and some very nice people will be there, and we are naturally anxious he should marry into a good set."

But Galbraith was not made of malleable materials, and quietly threw aside his sister's efforts to guide his career. She was by nature and adoption a *manœuvrer*—a politician, she would have called it. Having no children of her own, she bestowed her care and thoughts

on her husband's party, and the unmarried members of her own family.

Lord Lorrimer was a Whig of the old school, and his wife, considerably his junior, and one of the most exclusive women in London, affected a more advanced Liberalism. She was always attempting to create a party, a *salon*, a *côterie*, and failed signally. It requires a woman of no ordinary calibre to construct such a fabric out of the unsuitable elements of English social life, and the tattle of his sister and her familiars, with their storms in tea-cups, and ministerial crises that never stirred the ministry, excited Galbraith's profoundest contempt. However, he was not deaf to the voice of the charmer, when the charm whispered a political position, and to the suggestions of Lord Lorrimer he did seriously incline.

It was the only line of thought in which he found relief from a constant gnawing sense of loss and disappointment of something gone out of his life, that he was perpetually feeling after and longing for. It was all the more idiotic on his part, he told himself, to allow such weakness to master him, as it was evident that Mrs. Temple, if she had any feeling towards him beyond profound indifference, had an unaccountable aversion. Why, he could not divine. Galbraith was by no means inclined to overrate his own attractions; he was too strong a man to be conceited, and honestly believed he was not the sort of fellow women cared about—a conviction which did not in the least disturb him. But he perhaps exaggerated to himself the advantages which fortune had tardily bestowed upon him, and was quite ready to think himself acceptable to most undowered women on the score of position. Not that he resented this; it was the ordinary course of things, and Hugh Galbraith was not the sort of man to set up an ideal standard, and fret himself because society fell below it. But in Mrs. Temple he had met something different from all his previous experience. She was so frank and firm, so well bred in her bold opposition or ready agreement; her very reserve was natural, unstudied, and flecked with gleams of feeling and tenderness, suggesting possibilities that made Galbraith's rather inexperienced heart beat fast. Then, in his eyes, she was the

most beautiful woman he had ever met—beautiful, with a rich, queen-like beauty, that touched the senses as well as the intellect—and as he recalled every look and gesture of hers in their last conversation, every varying modulation of her low, clear voice, he understood how men—aye, even men of his mature age—have lost or renounced everything for some fair-faced bit of humanity. But he, Hugh Galbraith, would not make a fool of himself about a woman of whose antecedents he knew nothing, and had no right to inquire, unless, indeed, he committed himself beyond retraction, and she was not a woman to be mocked by shows, without the reality of devotion; besides—and in this probably lay the secret of his prudence—she did not care a rap about him: perhaps she was attached to some other fellow! He could never forget the air of cold, self-possessed disapprobation with which she rose up and left the room when he kissed her name, showing none of the fluttered feeling, half fear, half pleasure with which the first approach of a lover is regarded. He had kept that note, with "Kate" hurriedly written at the foot of the page. He had taken it out of his desk several times with the intention of destroying it, but invariably restored it to its hiding-place, not always without committing the boyish folly of bestowing kisses upon the name, which he would fain have pressed upon the lips of the writer!

However, Galbraith fought gallantly against the terrible madness which had seized him. He rushed to and fro to his solicitor, to his club, to dinners and receptions—he tried hard to find some suitable woman to drive the unsuitable one out of his head. But the plan would not succeed.

Lady Elizabeth G—, whom he had found very nice, quite the correct article, in short, last season, now appeared an inane doll. The animation of some women, the quiet of others, all seemed alike unreal, forced, distasteful. Politics, and the preliminaries of his purchase, alone brought him relief and distraction.

"Mr. Ford was here yesterday," said Mr. Payne to him one morning he was calling at the office when he had been about three weeks in town. "He wished to ascertain if you had any tidings of Mr. Travers's widow. I simply said you had

not. If I remember right, we had a suspicion at the time the matter was fresh (suggested by the omission of Ford's name from Mr. Travers's last will, coupled with disinheriting his wife), that he might possibly have imagined there was some tie between his wife and his clerk which he did not approve. And though Ford tried to be very cool and business-like, I could see he was deeply interested in finding her whereabouts."

"Does he not know?" asked Galbraith, carelessly.

"No, I do not think he does."

"Well, I scarcely believe that. You are a shrewder man than I am, Mr. Payne, but I fancy I could make out if he was shamming. I should like to see this Ford. Have you his address?"

"I have."

"Give it to me, then. I want to talk to him. I always fancied he was in communication with the widow. What is he doing?"

"I think he has started as a stock-broker."

"I never could understand why he declined to remain as manager with me. I think I should have kept up the house if he had."

"He acted unwisely in my opinion. He is too quiet, too respectable a man for his present occupation. It requires a bolder, rougher, readier man. I do not mean to say there are no respectable men on the Stock Exchange, but they are not of Ford's type." The lawyer wrote down the address as he spoke, and handed it to Sir Hugh.

"Thank you. By the way, you have not heard anything more of the widow?"

"Nothing."

"I do not quite believe that report about the school. How did it originate? She can't be fit for such an undertaking."

"I beg your pardon; I believe she is a well-educated woman. The report originated thus: a nephew of mine, who is articulated to me, was over in Germany a week or two ago, to bring home a sister of his who was at school at Wiesbaden, and he says the lady with whom his sister was at school complained to him of the competition which was increasing yearly; that only last autumn a young English widow had opened a new school, and succeeded in drawing away two

pupils who ought to have come to her. My nephew, a shrewd young fellow, pricked up his ears at this, and made some inquiries, which informed him that the widow's name was Talboys, that she was tall, with reddish hair, and generally answered the description of Mrs. Travers."

"But why is she Mrs. Talboys—married again?"

"Possibly," returned the lawyer; "but more likely changed her name, if she wished to cut off all connection with her past life, and she would, for obvious reasons, choose a name that would not change initials."

"I don't see her object in changing her name. Why should she evade me? Concealment almost always means wrongdoing."

"Perhaps so. I do not like her vanishing in that way—looks like working a masked mine. But then she can do you no serious harm: that will cannot be contested; and if she has married privately, why, then, it will be evident that Mr. Travers had some reasons, of which we know nothing, for disposing of his property as he did."

"Did your nephew see this woman?"

"No; and it would have done no good if he had. He never saw Mrs. Travers."

"Are there no photographs of her anywhere?"

"I think not. All such things—her clothes, books, jewels, personalities of all kinds—she was entitled to remove, and did. It was from Mr. Wall (Mr. Travers's solicitor) that I first heard of her disappearance. He says she told him it was her intention to open a school in Germany, and I think he is rather offended by her concealing herself from him, for he seemed very friendly towards her. In fact, he resents your employing any firm but his own, having known you so long."

"That is absurd!" exclaimed Galbraith. "How could I put my affairs into the hands of my enemy's solicitor?"

"True, quite true; and a somewhat bitter enemy, from what I hear."

"Then Wall knows nothing of Mrs. Travers?"

"Nothing."

"Who does?"

"Oh, a young fellow, connected with the press (I believe he writes for some

wretched Radical twopenny paper), called Reed. Ford knows his whereabouts."

Galbraith twisted his moustaches in deep, silent thought.

"By-the-way, Sir Hugh, I think we have found a tenant for your house in Hereford Square, if you are still determined to let it. But you may want it yourself; a wife and proper establishment are almost a necessity for a man of your fortune and position!"

A fixed, haughty stare, a sternly spoken "I wish it to be let," was the only reply Galbraith vouchsafed to this piece of presumption.

"Very well, Sir Hugh," returned Mr. Payne blandly, while he inwardly chafed at being put down in that way by the insolent soldier, whom twelve months ago he would not have trusted with a hundred pounds! After a little more talk, and a promise that the deed of sale should be ready, and the purchase completed by the following week, Sir Hugh Galbraith rose, wished his solicitor "good morning," and descended the stair. He paused on the door-step, and drawing forth the slip of paper on which Mr. Payne had written Ford's address, read it over, thought for an instant, and hailed a hansom. "To Size Lane," he exclaimed as he sprang in, and cabby, turning sharply round, directed his horse Citywards. Since Galbraith's return to England, and obtaining possession of the fortune he had so nearly lost, his feelings towards his cousin's objectionable wife had been considerably mollified, and Mrs. Temple's words had sunk deep into his heart. His original idea of a tawdry, handsome, pushing, unscrupulous, vulgar adventuress had, he knew not how, dissolved into the portrait of a quiet, simple, though not well-bred woman, only anxious to exist comfortably, but liable, from credulity or ignorance, to be the tool of some designing man. He regretted that he had been harsh. He suspected she had had hard times with old Travers; and if she had a weakness for some fellow of her own station, could he, Hugh, blame her? Not when he knew how hard a battle he had to fight with himself, though he had a force of all arms, in the shape of self-respect, reason, and resolution, which a poor half-educated timid woman could not be supposed to possess. "I wish I could find

her, and know what she is doing. If she has fallen into the hands of a blackguard, it would never do to give him money through her."

"Here you are, Size Lane," cried the cabby, peering down through the square hole at top. "What number, sir?"

"No matter! I will get down here."

Mr. Ford's office was small, but smart and bright with highly polished mahogany, brass, and plate glass. The smell of fresh varnish had not quite vanished. Sir Hugh was asked to sit down while a clerk took in his card to the private room.

Presently a busy-looking man, with a parcel of papers, came out quickly, and Sir Hugh was asked to walk in. Tall, gaunt, erect, with his ordinary cold, stern expression, Galbraith entered, and found himself face to face with Ford, whom, if he had ever noticed in those distant days when he used occasionally to visit his cousin's place of business, he was inclined to dislike as a feline kind of man.

Ford was well and accurately dressed, and his room was duly furnished with all the appliances right and proper for the private room of a high-class business man, but he looked very pale, perhaps yellow would be more accurate, very dark and wrinkly about the eyes, while the eyes themselves were painfully glittering and restless.

"Good morning, Mr. Ford."

"Pray be seated, Sir Hugh," he returned, placing himself opposite, and arranging the blotting pad and paper before him with a nervous hurried movement.

"I have called upon you," said Galbraith, dashing into his subject unhesitatingly, "to ask if you can assist me in tracing Mrs. Travers? I understand you knew her and her family previous to her marriage, and were on terms of some intimacy even after she became your employer's wife."

Ford's pale cheek colored faintly, and he passed his hand over his mouth to hide the expression he felt come to it at this abrupt speech.

"It is probable," continued Galbraith, "that although you may not know where she is, you may be able to suggest a clue, from your knowledge of her character and habits."

Ford cleared his throat, and thought how he should answer. He was in a mood of bitterest resentment, a resent-

ment half love, half hate, against the object of his devotion. Yet he scarcely liked to lose his last chance with her by aiding her enemy in his search. "Before I make any reply," said he, "allow me to ask your object in seeking her? Having been honored by her friendship and confidence for some years, I should be extremely sorry to be the means of bringing any trouble or annoyance upon her."

"You do not suppose that I have such intentions towards the widow of my benefactor?" returned Galbraith. "My object is to find out her present position, and furnish her with the means of existing comfortably according to her original station. But I must see the woman before I make up my mind what to offer."

"I cannot help you, Sir Hugh! For some reason she has chosen to conceal her movements even from me."

"Who knows anything about her?"

"Mr. Reed, a rather self-sufficient young man, connected with the *Morning Thresher*."

"Have you any reason to think that she is married again?"

"No, certainly not!" with a start that overturned a ruler, and gave him occupation in picking it up.

"Do you believe she has gone abroad?"

"I do; I am sure of it."

"Why?"

"Because one of our—I mean your—clerks saw her in a cab with luggage, going towards London bridge, about a year ago, with this very Reed, just at the time you were put in formal possession; and I have never seen anything of her since."

"Who is the clerk?"

"Poole."

"Poole! Why he was one of the witnesses to the will?"

Ford bowed.

"And you have heard nothing of her since?"

"I will not say that," returned Ford, beginning to think he would like to get the management of this search into his own hands. "I sent a letter of friendly inquiry to her more than a month ago, through Mr. Reed, and not hearing in reply as soon as I expected, I called to ask if it had been sent. Reed assured me it had, and added that he felt certain Mrs. Travers would reply, but that she was much occupied, and would not have leisure just yet; finally she did write,

during the Easter recess, which confirms the idea of a school at Wiesbaden."

"It does," said Galbraith thoughtfully. "Did she write fully? What did she say?"

"Not much, but she did mention that the undertaking in which she had embarked was so far prospering. Now the only undertaking she ever mentioned to me was a school."

"Then I am sure Payne's information is correct," exclaimed Galbraith, and forthwith repeated that gentleman's communication. Ford's eye's sparkled.

"There seems a strong probability here," he said. "Were I still in the employment of Travers and Co., I should volunteer to run over to Wiesbaden, and put the matter beyond dispute. As it is——"

"I could scarcely expect you to leave your business for mine," put in Sir Hugh. "But, Mr. Ford, I shall endeavor to communicate with Mrs. Travers through this Reed, and should I be successful, could I not send Poole to ascertain if Mrs. Talboys and Mrs. Travers are identical?"

"As you please, Sir Hugh," returned Ford stiffly, "but I need scarcely point out that Poole would be rather a rough ambassador for so delicate and difficult an errand."

"I do not see much difficulty or delicacy about it!" said Galbraith bluntly. "But I will see Reed if possible. Where is he to be found?"

"The *Morning Thresher* office, Wellington Street."

"Thank you," returned Galbraith, rising. "I shall call on my way back. Good morning;" and with a haughty bow he took his departure.

The *Morning Thresher* office was, as he remarked, in his westward route, and there he accordingly called, entering for the first time in his life one of the smaller thunder factories, whence issue the electric currents that link city to city, and unite men in the great commonwealth of thought.

A dingier, dirtier place Galbraith had seldom entered; there was a long deal counter, where grubby boys in shirt-sleeves were slapping up piles of papers together, and shoving them across to other grubby boys in jacket-sleeves. There was a generally ink-splashed

aspect about every one and everything, and when Galbraith asked for Mr. Reed, every one asked every one else if Mr. Reed was in, and finally a thin, pale, seedy young man, with inky fingers, opened a narrow door, much rubbed and marked by hands and shoulders, and ran up a crooked, dim, ladder-like stair. Coming quickly, clatteringly back, full tilt against the counter, he uttered the single word "Out," adding, with a sharp glance, "any message?" "My card," said Hugh Galbraith, writing in pencil after his name, "wishes particularly to see Mr. Reed, if he will make an appointment."

The young man took the card, read it, nodded, and darted up-stairs again.

Sir Hugh Galbraith, with a deeper feeling of disgust than ever against the offenders of the press, left the office, re-entered his cab, and drove away to the club.

It was now three o'clock, and the butters were beginning to come out; carriages were beginning to gather at the doors of Waterloo House, and Howell and James's. The steps of the National Gallery were sprinkled with gaily-attired visitors ascending and descending, for the R. A. Exhibition was open, and as Galbraith drove past he saw a well-dressed, good-looking young man, with a bouquet in his button-hole, and a grey kid-gloved hand resting on the door handle of an admirably-appointed brougham, while he laughed and talked with evident familiarity to a handsome woman, who sat arrayed in all her glory within.

Sir Hugh leant forward and gazed eagerly at him, then, throwing himself back with a sort of indignant astonishment, he exclaimed aloud—

"By Jove! it's Tom."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE first two or three weeks succeeding Hugh Galbraith's departure were very dull and uninteresting, as Fanny openly declared; but all her dexterity failed to draw any expression from her friend and partner, beyond an exclamation that she was very glad he was gone. Business was rather quiet too, and, in short, the friends had to pass through one of those dull periods—which will come now and then—when the wheels of life have slackened speed, or come to a standstill,

till some unforeseen circumstance happens to screw them up to full working condition again.

Nevertheless, Kate Travers was conscious that she missed the exciting antagonism of Galbraith's presence, although sincerely thankful that he had departed without any attempt to express the admiration which he had been betrayed into displaying. In truth, she was vexed with herself for the part she had played, or rather into which she had drifted, with no specially-defined purpose.

When first she found her enemy within her gates, the temptation to revenge herself for his expressions of contempt towards her by proving that her attractions were not to be despised, was irresistible; but she never contemplated anything serious arising out of her little game. To charm her guest, while holding him in check by her own well-bred indifference and self-possession, was the utmost she aimed at; to make her mark, in short, so that, when the *dénouement* came, her husband's insolent kinsman should acknowledge that he had in every way met his match. She did not, however, calculate on the material with which she had to deal being different from what she expected. There was an odd sort of power in the very simplicity of Galbraith's character. His wants were few, but he knew what he wanted. He was by no means intellectual, according to Kate's standard, but then his decisions were never swayed and unsteadied by seeing two or three sides to a question. He was evidently a soldier by nature—prompt to deal with what he could see and grasp, and utterly intolerant of all opposition that might weaken or retard his plan of life's campaign, which, to do him justice, was never conceived without a certain regard to the rights of others as *he* saw them. He was an aristocrat without being a fine gentleman, and the full recognition of herself as a gentlewoman, which every word, and look, and tone of his accorded, was very conciliating. There was something, too, that appealed to the chivalry of her nature in the boyish transparency of his admiration, mute though it was. She would have blushed to have hurried him, by word or glance, into any avowal he would have regretted; but she was too thoughtful an observer not to see that he

was strong enough to be master of himself; and that if he could not quite conceal the feelings she inspired, neither would he be betrayed into expressing them when they could not be addressed to her as to a woman he would seek to wed. She felt certain of his respect, but she had been greatly startled by his momentary loss of self-control. The passion betrayed by his eyes—by his gesture—was a revelation of something that might be beyond her management—something that might give him more pain than she would like to inflict, even on her enemy, especially as it was her mission to rob him of his newly-found fortune. Not altogether! She would deal generously by Hugh Galbraith, and not let him know who dealt the blow till all was settled! So strong was her anticipation of triumph that she almost shrunk from thinking of the bitter mortification she was destined to heap upon him. "How desperately he will hate me!" she thought. "That cannot be helped; but I am very glad he is gone! After all, I may have to pass my life selling wools and canvas, while he may soar away to political regions, and add one more timber to the heads that shore up the obstructions of Toryism. Hugh Galbraith would be a grand acquisition to a party. His sense of discipline would keep him steady to any chief who on the whole carried out his views. He would never split straws, and he would be as true as steel! Won't he despise me when he knows I have passed myself off to him under false colors! Great, stupid, honest fellow! What do I care—he will never cross me again!"

From these vague reflections and dreams of possible triumph Kate was rather unpleasantly roused by news from Tom. "Gregory sails to-morrow," he wrote, "for the Cape and Natal. It is well we got his affidavit in time. It would have been better if we could have produced the man, should you ever be able to make out a case for counsel. I was rather startled by finding the enclosed card on my table a few days ago. I must not meet Galbraith! for I have a strong suspicion he saw me when I was last at Pierstofte, and of course he would immediately guess the identity of his fascinating landlady. I therefore wrote a polite note, stating that I was over-

whelmed with work, but would be most happy to answer any written communication. High Presto! I received a short, sharp, decisive array of questions: but I enclose you the production. My answer distinctly says, 'I am Mrs. Travers's trusted friend, and I will neither write nor speak a syllable that can betray the incognito she chooses to preserve.' Ford called here since I wrote, but I did not see him. I feel greatly disgusted with everything to-day, especially myself. There is a report that Pennington is better, and may return to his duties here. Upon my soul I *cannot* rejoice, and yet he is such a good fellow!"

There was also a long epistle to Fanny, over which she looked a little grave. At tea she confessed she had a bad headache, and thought she would put on her hat and take a stroll along the North Parade.

"Do," said Mrs. Temple; "and as soon as I can leave I will come and join you."

It was Saturday evening, and it had been a busy day. Kate felt very tired, or rather weary; she had worked without spirit, and was in that sort of mood when even so slight a check as the not unforeseen departure of an unimportant witness appeared a mountain of misfortune.

Kate felt unusually bitter and implacable towards Galbraith. She had seen a paragraph in one of the London papers in which a report was noticed that Sir Hugh Galbraith of Kirby Grange would probably offer himself to the electors of Middleburgh, in the neighborhood of which he had nearly completed the purchase of a large property formerly belonging to his family, &c., &c. So! with her money he was building up a position of power and prominence, while she was spending her days in gathering up a bare means of existence from the obscure population of a little out-of-the-way corner. Was it to be always like this? Would the queen never have her own again? Was it her fate to be walked over? Where! where could she turn to find munitions of war, the evidence which she felt certain must exist, and which would furnish the basis of her operations? Where could she turn? Why was Tom so distrustful of that man Trape? Tom was lukewarm, because he was unbeliev-

ing. She felt on fire with indignant impatience. Next week she would go up to town to make purchases for her shop, and then, Tom or no Tom, she would manage to see Trapes, and find out what connection existed between him and Ford.

But although she was feverish and depressed, Mrs. Temple's customers were not the worse or more impatiently served, and when at last she summoned the errand boy to put up the shutters the fair widow had done a good day's business, and felt she had earned an evening stroll.

The soft summer darkness of a May evening was beginning to fold its wings over sea and sky as she sallied forth, and drank in with an unutterable feeling of relief and refreshment the delicious balmy, briny air. She paused upon the slip to enjoy it to the full, when to her surprise she saw Fanny hastening towards her.

"Returning already?" exclaimed Mrs. Temple.

"I shall not, now you are here," said Fanny, who seemed ruffled; "but it's too bad; one cannot sit down in peace by the sad sea waves——"

"What has happened?"

"Oh, that goose, Turner, junior, came and sat down by me and made a scene."

"A scene? How?"

"Oh, he said . . . great nonsense; that I was the ocean to the river of his thoughts; that I would yet regret my disregard of a blighted but devoted heart. That he knew he had rivals—a favored rival!—but that he would seek oblivion in the poisoned bowl of pleasure, and a lot more. He quite frightened me; but I fancied I perceived an odor of brandy-and-water about him, so I plucked up courage to say I was very sorry to vex him, but that I couldn't help being engaged, and that I was quite sure he would meet somebody he would like much better by-and-by. Then he jumped up and desired me not to speak in that way unless I wished to see him a mangled corpse at my feet. I just said I wished nothing of the kind, and ran right away. Did you ever know anything so stupid and provoking?"

"It is, very," said Kate, sympathisingly. "But you know, Fanny, I always warned you not to trifle with that young man, and I think you have—a little."

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"No, indeed, I have not. I never thought he was in earnest. I don't think he was now. I do not think he was sober. He will go away and forget all about it—only we will not tell Tom!"

"Yes, you had better; everything in the world comes out some time; and let Tom hear the first of everything from yourself, I would advise you."

Fanny passed her arm through her friend's, and they strolled on in silence. At last Fanny exclaimed, "I believe the world would be happier and better without men; don't you think so, Kate?"

"Certainly not, Fanny; and you would be the last to like such a world. Imagine the world without Tom!"

"Oh, I should have excepted him; but see what mischief and trouble Mr. Travers, and Sir Hugh Galbraith, and little Mr. Turner make."

"True enough—and Captain Gregory. Tom says he is obliged to go to sea again." Mrs. Temple recapitulated the contents of Tom's letter, and the friends strolled to and fro discussing it, and the possibility of Tom encountering Galbraith. "I trust they may not meet till the game is played out," said Mrs. Temple; "but I confess, Fanny, I feel greatly cast down. I do not catch a gleam of light on any side. Is it possible that I must live on always under this cloud, and never be able to assert myself? I confess that to drag out all my life in social obscurity never entered into my plans. Fanny, do you think you could manage the shop for a week, if I find I want to stay so long when I go up to town? for I am determined to utilise my visit to London when I go."

"Of course I could manage it," cried Fanny, readily; "I am not half such an ignoramus as I was; and I have got over my dread of Lady Styles. Indeed, she does not bother me half so much as she did at first. You may go, dear; and you shall see what a heap of money I shall make in your absence. When shall you go?"

"Oh, in about a fortnight; that will give me time to have everything arranged by the time the season here really sets in."

Their talk flowed on, sometimes broken by pauses of thought, but always with a pleasant confidence and oneness of purpose.

"How beautiful the stars look," exclaimed Fanny, as they turned at last to go in. "I wonder if they are really worlds, and have people in them, and if they can look down and know what the people here are doing? How they could astonish us if they sent down electric information."

"I would ask what is the connection, if any, between Mr. Ford and that man Trapes; and you would inquire about Tom, I suppose?"

"No, I should not," cried Fanny; "it would be mean, and besides, I know he is all right. No; but I should like to know what Sir Hugh is about; broiling at some grand dinner, I daresay, looking as cross as the cats, and as solemn as an owl. Couldn't he look cross, Kate?"

"Stern and forbidding, not cross."

"I daresay he often wishes himself back at Pierstoffe, whatever he is doing."

Could Fanny's wish have been granted she would, no doubt, have been greatly surprised.

The purchase of the Galbraith property had been brought to a successful termination, and Sir Hugh determined to give himself a holiday from the crowd, the rush, the perpetual round of unimportant nothings which made up the sum of town life. He would away, and refresh himself by a breath of the free moorland breeze; a glimpse of the bold craggy cliffs with their border of ceaseless foam, and setting of wide, green-blue sea. So, desiring his servant to put up what was necessary for a few days, he started without beat of drum on this same Saturday for the Great Northern Station with the intention of catching a train that started about six, and got into Middleburgh—the nearest point to his destination he could reach by rail—about eleven.

On his arrival, however, he found the time-table had been altered, and the six o'clock train now started at 5.45. He was, therefore, just in time to be too late.

"What a — blank, blank — nuisance! When is the next train?"

"Seven, sir."

"And I suppose that creeps along all night?"

"It's a fast train as far as Stoneborough, sir; after that it stops at a goodish few stations."

"It's fast to Stoneborough, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

Galbraith stood a moment in thought, and then began to walk up and down thinking, while the words "fast to Stoneborough" seemed at once to embody all his wishes. It would be a far better, pleasanter place to spend Sunday in than London. There was a fine country round. He could get a trap and drive over to Weston and see Lady Styles. Pshaw! Why not to Pierstoffe and visit Mrs. Temple and pretty little Fanny? The idea presented itself with a flood of delight. To be once more in what had been the only homelike dwelling he had ever enjoyed! To hear Kate's low voice—to look into her eyes, and puzzle himself once more over the possible interpretation of their language, even though the solution was unflattering! To be near her once more; be the risk what it might, he would risk it. Besides, he had himself better in hand now; he would make it just a friendly visit, to show her he had not forgotten them—and—but could he trust his self-control? No matter whether he could or could not, *nothing* should keep him back from that hour of happiness, for which his soul thirsted!

If Mrs. Temple would only tell him her history, and that history contained no passage derogatory to character, nothing his wife would blush to own, why should he not marry her? Whatever her origin, she was a gentlewoman; and so was Miss Lee. But this was absurd. He was only going to pay a friendly visit and get over Sunday.

With the help of a cigar, a glass of brandy and soda, and a good deal of walking up and down, Galbraith passed the time of waiting, and started for Stoneborough about an hour before Fanny Lee hazarded the conjectures respecting him recorded above.

Sunday was a calm, grey day, more like autumn than spring; and after their early dinner Fanny undertook to give Mrs. Mills a nice long walk, for Mills' ~~life~~ ^{love} was a little lonely. A walk with her mistress, or "Miss Fanny," was one of her treats; and the old lady was still strong and active. Mrs. Temple was glad to stay at home and alone. It was often a help to her to think things through—to reason herself out of her depressed moods—to

seek counsel with her own heart; and she was vexed with herself for the fretful unrest that had of late taken hold of her. Arming herself with a favorite volume of Carlyle's strange, weird eloquence, she sat down in a low chair by the open window and gazed out on the prettily-grouped flower-beds, sweet with mignonne and heliotrope and gay with verbenas. It was very still; so still that the soft dash of the waves, hushed by distance, came sleepily to her ear, and made her thoughts dreamy instead of distinct and consecutive.

"What an eternal effort life is," she thought; "a struggle for existence, and with existence; with material circumstances outside, and rebellion and treachery within!"

"All things have rest: why should we toil alone?"

We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings——"

The door opening suddenly startled her from her recollections of Tennyson. Sarah in a Sunday frock and smiling aspect appeared. "Here's the gentleman, ma'am," she said; whereupon Galbraith, hat in hand, walked in.

"Hugh Galbraith!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, thrown too much off her guard by extreme surprise to notice her own speech, and holding out her hand before she had time to collect herself.

"Yes!" returned he, gathering it up into a tight, feverish grasp for an instant, and speaking quickly. "I am on my way to the North, stopping till to-morrow at Stoneborough; so I just drove over to ask how you and Miss Lee are—and—. How is Miss Lee?" Letting Mrs. Temple's hand go and taking a chair opposite to her, his usually sombre eyes all aglow, the lines of his somewhat harsh face softened and relaxed as he gazed once more upon the eyes, the lips, the brow, which he had never quite succeeded in banishing from his mental sight.

"She is quite well," said Mrs. Temple, smiling in spite of herself, though she was quite as much annoyed as she was amused by her enemy's unexpected reappearance.

"Is she at home?" asked Galbraith,

who seemed deeply interested in Fanny's movements.

"No; she has gone to walk with Miss Mills."

"Oh, indeed!" with a hearty inward thanksgiving. "And I hope Mills is all right; she is a capital nurse!"

"Quite well, thank you." There was an awkward pause, which Mrs. Temple mercifully broke by asking politely,

"And you yourself, Sir Hugh Galbraith, I hope you are now quite restored? I see you have discarded your sling."

"Yes, thank you, I am quite recovered; but I do not feel the same in London as here. It's such a rackety, unnatural sort of place. I don't seem able to breathe there; so I am going down to Kirby Grange—an old place of mine, I think I mentioned to you. Haven't been there for years."

"I daresay the change will do you good," said Kate blandly, but coldly. "I see there is some mention of your standing for Middleburgh."

"Yes, if I give up the army. I must do something; and——"

Galbraith forgot what he was going to say, for Mrs. Temple had lifted up her eyes to his with an unusual amount of interest.

"And you will, of course, go into the House as an obstructive," said she with a smile, filling up his pause.

"Exactly," he returned. "I shall be very glad to act as a drag on the wheel, to keep the state machine from going too fast down hill."

"Or up hill," she added.

"I suppose Pierstofte is going on just as usual?" resumed Galbraith, who found this effort to talk on indifferent topics desperately hard work.

"Just the same. We are anticipating a brilliant season, and Lady Styles informs me there is really a good set of people coming. Now a 'good set' for me, means people inclined to invest largely in Berlin wool and embroidery cotton, but I am afraid the possession of ready money somehow does not seem to exercise a refining influence."

Galbraith got up and walked to the window.

"How sweet and fresh your garden is. What a relief it is to be here again! Do you know, I never felt so comfortable and at home as in your house."

"I am pleased to hear it."

Another awkward pause, and he broke out with, "You remember that property you wrote about for me? Well, I have bought it, and am now on my way to have a look at it." As he said this their eyes met, and at the same moment the recollection of the episode which concluded their last interview flashed upon them both; the yearning, passionate look came back to Galbraith's eyes, and in spite of her cool self-possession Mrs. Temple's cheek grew crimson.

"I wanted to beg your pardon for that piece of presumption," exclaimed Galbraith, answering the blush, "and you would not see me! I know it was wrong; but, I declare to heaven, I could not help it!"

"Pray say no more," said Mrs. Temple, in a low tone, and rising with a vague notion of making her escape. "It was a piece of folly better forgotten. I will not remember it—pray put it out of your head!"

"I cannot!" returned Galbraith, unconsciously placing himself between her and the door—"I cannot! and your look of displeasure is always before me! Of course you were angry! but if you think I meant anything disrespectful, you are very much mistaken; my feelings for you are more like worship than disrespect!" and Galbraith pulled himself up with a short scornful laugh at his own imbecility in thus betraying himself to so indifferent a listener, and yet the surprise and embarrassment of the moment brought a varying color to Kate's cheek—a tremor to her voice—a something soft and deprecatory to her manner, that completed the spell. Galbraith did not exactly lose his head, but experienced the kind of intoxication which strong drink, rarely indulged in, exercises on a man of sound health and powerful frame, urging his brain to greater activity and his will to daring deeds, often resulting in success, such as he would never have attained in complete sobriety. He now stood still, his shoulder against the window-frame, all hesitation and reserve gone, his eyes fixed tenderly yet defiantly upon his companion.

"You astonish and distress me!" said Mrs. Temple, hesitatingly. "I beg you will not talk in such a strain! You

must know"—gathering firmness as she proceeded—"you must know that such words from a man in your position to a woman in mine mean—well, certainly not respect! I wish you would still let me think well of you, and go away."

"Why do you refuse to hear me? What have I done to make you dislike me? The first moment I ever saw you, you looked as if you could murder me! I wish to heaven you would tell me your history! You might. I am certain there is nothing in it you need be ashamed of."

"This is, indeed, presuming too far! What right have you to ask such a question?" said Kate, turning very pale.

"The right that loving you as I never thought I could love, gives!" cried Galbraith, coming a step nearer. "Give me the right! Will you be my wife, Mrs. Temple?"

This point-blank question seemed suddenly to restore Kate's self-command. "No, Sir Hugh, I will not!" she replied, uncompromisingly, and there was a moment's silence, Galbraith looking fixedly at her.

"I suppose," he resumed, "I ought to be satisfied, and go away! I know that I am not a lovable sort of fellow; I don't believe any one ever cared a straw for me; but I should like to know your special objections!"

"I have no special objections. You have always behaved well and kindly while in my house," returned Kate, a little touched by his unexpected humility; "but I am the last woman in the world you ought to think of! Believe me this is a whim, for which, were I fool enough to accept you, you would soon think you had paid too high a price!"

"You are mistaken, Kate."

"I am not, Sir Hugh! Your voice said as much just now, when you asked me what *might* have been a fatal question for you! Besides, we are unlike in habits, opinions, and antecedents. Let us forget all about this temporary insanity"—smiling pleasantly, and trying to give a lighter tone to the conversation—"do not fancy you are not lovable because I do not love you in the way you want. I hate having to speak so ungraciously," interrupting herself with a sweet frankness terribly trying to her hearer. "You will find plenty of

women of your own grade who will love you—and make you very happy; and let us forget all about this!”

“You said that hearty gratitude was no bad substitute for love,” said Galbraith, gloomily, walking slowly towards the door and back again. “Not that you would have anything to be grateful to me for; but you once married for a home! Am I such a disagreeable fellow that a miserable shop is preferable to a comfortable home if I shared it?”

“And *you* said, if I remember right, that if your wife did not love you as warmly as you loved her, you would put an end to yourself!”

“Better half a loaf than no bread!” exclaimed Galbraith. “Give me your friendship—your confidence, to begin with, and let me try to win the rest!”

“Pray, pray say no more!” said Kate, greatly surprised and moved at his perseverance. “You grieve me beyond measure. It is quite impossible that you and I ever could be anything to each other, even friends! Do leave me. I am not ungrateful for the feelings you express. I am so sorry to cause you pain; but, indeed, it is utterly impossible for us to be even friends.”

She held out her hand to him, and, to his decided gratification, he observed her eyes were full of tears. However, he drew himself up a little stiffly.

“Forgive me, Mrs. Temple. It would be unmanly to intrude any longer upon you; though we must not be friends, I trust we shall never be enemies.”

He took her hand as he spoke—at first gently, but with a tightening grasp, looking into her eyes, and then laying his other hand over the one he held.

“I hope not,” she replied, falteringly; “but what will be, will be.”

“I shall never be *your* enemy, at all events,” continued Galbraith, still holding her hand; “so good-bye, Kate! I will do my best to forget you. Though you are the only woman in the world to me *now*, I will not be such a poltroon as to let you spoil my life!”

“God forbid!” said she. “I trust there is plenty of work, and love, and happiness before you! Life can give nothing better.”

Galbraith made no reply. Pressing her hand hard, and releasing it so suddenly as to have almost the effect of

throwing it from him, he turned and left the room. The next moment Kate heard the front door shut hastily.

The most extreme surprise—the most sincere regret—were Kate’s only distinct sensations as she ran hastily to her own room to recover herself before Fanny’s return.

She thought she could perceive that Galbraith had allowed himself to be hurried into one unguarded speech after another until he felt compelled to make all consistent by asking her to be his wife. She had certainly said or done nothing to lead him on, and he had seemed painfully in earnest. He would get over his fancy for her, of course. Men are, fortunately for themselves, seldom constant; but there was a certain intensity about Galbraith’s nature that was likely to render all struggles severe to him. And then the future—what mortification it would be her lot to heap upon this man, who, whatever he might be, had certainly offered himself and his whole life to her! She absolutely contemplated the idea of her own possible success with a shudder. She had wished that his life should have plenty of love and happiness. Where was it to come from if she was to reduce him to poverty and to debt? for how could he ever refund the ten thousand pounds he had taken from her property? She was quite ready to deal generously by him; but how would he like to be always in her debt? And yet she must go on; she must disprove that will, be the consequence what it might. “How I wish Hugh Galbraith had never come here! How I wish he had been in England when I was married first! Had he known me all through he would not have despised me so much, and things might have come right;” but with this reflection came a sudden thought that made her heart beat for a moment—a consciousness that if she had known Hugh Galbraith before her marriage, neither poverty nor loneliness would have driven her to be Mr. Travers’s wife. Not, she thought, that she felt any tendency to reciprocate his feelings, but the interview she had just had seemed to have revealed what love was—what it might be to herself—more than all the volumes of poetry and romance she had ever read. Well, that episode was over, and it was not likely

that Hugh Galbraith and herself should ever meet again. He would, no doubt, keep out of her way. If so, then why need he ever know that Kate Temple and Catherine Travers were identical? Then he need never be mortified by knowing he was under obligations to the woman who had refused him. And she need not be lowered in his estimation as having played the part of a traitor—written his letters, and let him confide in her and love her—she! his enemy.

"I daresay he will marry somebody soon, and then if it is some commonplace fine lady, how will it be for Hugh when the trouble comes? I really must ask Tom to give him some notice that I don't intend to keep quiet always, just to rouse him from his security—Alas! what chance have I really of the success I dream about? According to Tom, none whatever. It is all very puzzling!"

Fanny's wonder and exclamations and conjectures may be imagined when she heard of Sir Hugh's visit. She bitterly regretted her own absence when she found that no satisfactory information was to be extracted from Mrs. Temple. "Had I been here I could have seen with half an eye what had brought him back."

After this somewhat painful break in the routine of her life Mrs. Temple and Fanny settled once more into the ordinary course of their existence, sold their goods, and balanced their books, undisturbed even by Turner Junior, who disappeared at intervals. Gossip said he had been seen at the Stoneborough races, and other scenes of wild dissipation. He was certainly absent during the Derby

week, and Mrs. Turner reported the "governor" as "that cross" there was no doing anything with him.

Miss Fanny, too, had her sip at the bowl of pleasure (poison omitted). Kate and Tom Reed had contrived three glorious days for her in London. A married sister of Tom's had come up from Devonshire with her husband to see the horse show, and she was very pleased to have their pretty little relative (who cost them nothing) for a guest. She only knew that she was employed in some capacity by a Mrs. Temple, and shrewdly suspected she was to be Mrs. Tom Reed. But Tom, from having been the object of head-shakings and lugubrious prophecy, had progressed into "a fine young fellow that may be in Parliament one of these days," and with his choice no sister dared to interfere. So Fanny saw *the* play and the pictures, and had some charming *tête-à-tête* walks in the park, and so returned refreshed to her daily labor. Mrs. Temple had run up to town also, but only on business, and her visit was more wearisome than refreshing.

The Pierstoffe season had now set in, and the rooms erst occupied by Hugh Galbraith were tenanted by an elderly couple, recommended by Lady Styles, who were very fidgety and exceedingly economical. Still Mrs. Temple preferred them to single gentlemen, whom from henceforth she renounced. And so a fine glowing July was drawing quickly—with the quickness of monotony—to its close, when one Wednesday evening, without notice of any kind, Tom Reed made his appearance.

His tidings shall be told in due order.

[To be continued.]

DEMONOLATRY, DEVIL-DANCING, AND DEMONIACAL POSSESSION.

BY ROBERT CHARLES CALDWELL.

THE main object which I have in view in writing this paper is to elicit information. I have examined several of the phases of modern devil-worship, but must confess that I am at present in a state of considerable perplexity. I dare say that I have seen almost as much of the *cultus* of evil spirits in the East as any living man has; but still, although

I am far from being credulous, I should like to be convinced fully and finally of the unreality of several of the manifestations and phenomena which have come before my notice. The juggling of "spiritualists" never fascinated me. Home would have never been heard of if he had tried to match himself with Indian jugglers. Some four years ago I appreciated

the scornful wonderment of a Brahmin who exclaimed to me: "You English, what you call—'phlegmatic' people—people of 'common sense!' O Siva! I hear you think spirits talk in tables, and rap! When one wise man gets to be one fool, then he gets to be one very big fool!" I write this in preface, hoping that no reader will suppose, that whilst I am laying before him certain phases, too deep for me to fathom, of the influences of devil-worship on the minds of simple half-savage Asiatics, I am myself one who is ready to believe every profane and vain babbling of scientists falsely so called. I write of that I have seen. And I ask, calmly and advisedly, the strange, startling question: *Does Devil-possession, in the sense in which it is referred to in the New Testament, exist at this present time amongst the least civilized of the nations of the globe?* I have met several men of the widest learning, and deepest experience, who never would answer me fully and fairly and frankly this question. It is one of the easiest things in the world to sneer at the very mention of such a proposition. It is easy to say that the belief of old women being witches was a relic of barbarous times, which, as soon as civilization sprung up with its sweetness and light, was destroyed; and that thus, in a similar manner, any latter-day belief in devil-possession is out of date, and in the very nature of the case to be scouted by reasonable men. Yet, although I reiterate that mine is simply a perplexity, not a belief, from which I desire to be freed, I cannot help presuming that it is hardly fair to judge of peoples in their ignorant infancy of civilization by our own mature standard. England, even in the days when "witches" were burnt, was, in its enlightenment, a cycle ahead of many of those Oriental localities in which demonolatry is actively practised now.

At the outset of this inquiry a question arises which in itself is open to endless argument. What was the nature of demoniacal possession in the time of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? No doubt the simplest answer would be an absolute negation of the premiss, by affirming that there never was such a thing as devils entering into men—and indeed that devils themselves do not exist. Into such a realm of controversy it is

impossible for me to follow the reasoner. I am a Christian in my fixed beliefs, and credit the plain sense of the sacred narrative. The God Incarnate cast out demons who seem to have done their best to become themselves incarnate. Evil spirits dwelt in the bodies of men, and exercised tyrannical influence over their victims. By the mouths of men they spoke, though with them they could not become corporate. They had the power of inflicting bodily punishment. They rent some; others they made to gnash with their teeth. They hurried them hither and thither. They bore them away from the society of their fellows. They hurled living beings headlong to self-destruction. In a word, they appear to have had a distinct spiritual personality. If I believe rightly, it was not merely hysteria, epilepsy, mania, or various kinds of raving madness that Christ cured; He "cast out" evil spirits which had "taken possession" of the bodies of men. These spirits were the emissaries of Satan: as God He had power over them, and prevailed. This appears to me to be part of a Gospel which is not against but beyond reason, and must as such be humbly received.

But let my view be ever so incorrect, it only partially affects my main argument. I contend that it appears that certain demonolators in the present day, as far as the outward evidence of their affliction goes, display as plain signs of demoniacal possession as ever were displayed eighteen hundreds years ago. I hold that—as far as sense can be trusted and history relied upon—several *peyâdis*, or devil-dancers, could be produced to-morrow in Southern India who, as far as can be ascertained, are as truly possessed of evil agencies as was the man who was forced by the fiends within him to howl that he was not himself, but that his name was "Legion." Not a few of the persons I refer to are, on ordinary occasions, calm. They have their avocations, and often pursue them diligently. Sometimes they have their wives and children; they possess their inherited hut, small plantain-garden, well, and score of palmyras. They eschew *bhâng* as a rule, and the juice of the poppy, and arrack. They are quiet, sleepy men and women, who occupy much of their time in staring over the yellow drifting sands at the

quail-flocks as they flit hither and thither, or at the gaunt, solitary wolves which skulk under the shade of thorny thickets waiting for an unwary goat to pass by. But evening draws near; the sunset reddens over the Ghauts; the deep mellow notes of the wood-pigeons grow fainter, and then cease; fireflies twinkle out; great bats flap lazily overhead; then comes the dull tuck of the tom-tom; the fire before the rustic devil-temple is lit; he crowd gathers and waits for the priest. He is there! His lethargy has been thrown aside, the laugh of a fiend is in his mouth. He stands before the people, the oracle of the demon, the devil-possessed! Enough for the present—I must subsequently describe this scene more carefully in detail. Suffice it in this place to say that, about eight years ago, I was staying in Tinnevely, not ten miles distant from the scene of a tragedy on one occasion such as I have referred to. The priest appeared suddenly at the devil-temple before the expectant votaries. A caldron was over the fire, and in it was lead in a molten state. "Behold," calmly cried the priest, "the demon is in me. I will prove to you all the presence within me of the omnipotent divinity." With that he lifted the caldron, and poured the liquid lead over his head. Horns were blown, tom-toms beaten, fresh logs of resinous wood flung into the fire, and goats duly sacrificed. The priest staggered about a little, and then fell down in a fainting-fit. Three days afterwards he died in horrible agony. But his mind was clear and calm to the last. The latest words he uttered were *Nâné sattyā sâmi!* "It is indeed I who am the true God!" In the midst of his fearful torture, and even in the hour of death, he believed, with the fiercest certainty of faith, that his body was the inviolate shrine of the almighty demon he adored. That demon was to him the Supreme. With that indwelling demon he identified himself. So he died with a cry announcing his own divinity. This is terrible, but it is true. Was that man in the Scriptural sense "possessed of an evil spirit"?

• So much has been written about demonolatry that I propose to refer at present only to a few particulars concerning it, and to the chief outcome of the worship—dancing in honor of the

demon. I find that the widest diversity exists in the character of this worship. Here *Kâli* is adored with a semblance of regulated Brahminical rites; there a conical heap of mortar is anointed and crowned with flowers, and the ghost of a dead person is propitiated anyway and anyhow in the form of *Vîrti*, or *Pilivai-Kurali*. And yet between the rude pyramid of cement and the elaborate idol of the goddess with innumerable heads who is represented as eating a child, there is not twenty miles of black cotton-soil, or palmyra forest. Near Madura, and in the Pudukcotta wilds, there are stone temples raised to local demons; in Southern Tinnevely, however, a spreading banyan frequently suffices, and there, under the dense shadow of the branches, surrounded by a shuddering crowd, the devil-dancer—

"— with cymbals' ring
Calls his grizzly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue,"

having no set form of service, just as he has no fixed shrine raised to the honor of the being he worships. One of the most curious of all the devil temples in Southern India is simply a thatched hut, which rises under the shade of an enormous solitary banyan. A word, in passing, may be said concerning this remarkable shrine. In the early part of this century, when we had some difficulty with Travancore, and our troops had to storm its "lines" at the Arambooly Pass—the southernmost pass in the Ghauts of India—there was a certain Captain Pole, who was mortally wounded. The poor man appears to have tried to return across country to Madura, to obtain European medical assistance, but died on the way, in the South Tinnevely palmyra forest. The simple Shânars of the district were terrified. They opened his scanty "kit" and amongst other things found some brandy and cheroots. What was to be done? His *manes*, according to their belief, were now abroad in the neighborhood, and must be duly propitiated. A grave was dug under the banyan I have referred to, a hut was hastily erected, the services of a local devil-dancer were procured, and the ghost of the officer was duly worshipped. But he was a white man; what gift would be most pleasing to his soul? The brandy and cheroots! So almost

to this present day has continued this extraordinary worship. Alcoholic liquor, in some form or other, and cheroots, have been periodically presented at the grave of Captain Pole, under that spreading tree and before that solitary hut on the sandy waste, in order that the spirit of the departed soldier might refrain from wreaking vengeance on the simple rustics of the neighborhood. Near to this curious shrine are a number of small obelisks. The intention of these is well known. The devil-worshipper believes that the ghost of the dead man, or the local he or she devil, as it walks about, never touches the ground with its airy feet, and is therefore always on the move, seeking rest. These obelisks, therefore, please the spirits, who rest on the top of them and watch the dances in their honor, and see, with a grin of infernal satisfaction, the fowls which are being sacrificed to them have their throats cut, and go flapping and tumbling about comically in their death-throes!

The natives of Southern India believe that when any one meets with an untimely end, his soul wanders about near the locality of his death, and will make deadly mischief unless it is appeased and propitiated. This propitiation, think the simple folk, can only be effected by offering to it those things in sacrifice in which its possessor, whilst he was alive, delighted. But if, notwithstanding all precautions, an outburst of cholera, or small-pox, or other calamity overtakes the scene of the dead man's last moments, the misfortune is at once, as a matter of course, laid at the door of the wraith of the deceased. Something has angered it. It will not be laid. It must be a malignant devil, and nothing short of it. Beat the tom-tom louder! Let the fattest sheep be offered as a propitiation. Let the horns blare out as the priest reels about in the giddy dance, and gashes himself in his frenzy! More fire! Quicker music! Wilder bounds from the devil-dancer! Shrieks, and laughter, and sobs, and frantic shouts! And over the long, lone valley, and up the boulder-ed mountain-side, under the wan moon, thrills out, sad and savage and shrill, the wild, tremulous wailing of women and yells of maddened men.—“Ha, ha! I am God! God! The God is in me and

speaks! Come, hasten, tell me all: I will solace you — cure you! God is in me, and I am God! Hack and slaughter! The blood of the sacrifice is sweet! Another fowl—another goat! Quick, I am athirst for blood! Obey your God!”—Such are the words which hoarsely burst from the frothy lips of the devil-dancer, as he bounds, and leaps, and gyrates, with short, sharp cries, and red eyes almost starting from their sockets. He *believes* he is possessed of the local demon, whom he continually treats just as if it were a divinity; and the people *believe* in his hallucination. They shudder, they bow, they pray, they worship. The devil-dancer is not drunk; he has eschewed arrack, and is not suffering from the effects of *Ganjā*, *abin mayakkam*, as Pattiragiriyaṛ, the Tamil poet, calls it. He has not been seized with epilepsy: the sequel shows that. He is not attacked with a fit of hysteria, although within an hour after he has begun his dancing half of his audience are thoroughly hysterical. He can scarcely be mad, for the moment the dance is over he speaks sanely, and quietly, and calmly. What is it, then? You ask him. He simply answers, *Pēy ennei pidittatu, eiyā* (“The Devil seized me, sir”). You ask the bystanders. They simply answer, *Pēy avanei pidittat ’ākum* (“The Devil must have seized him”). What is the most reasonable inference to draw from all this?

Of one thing I am assured—the devil-dancer never “shams” excitement. He appears to me deliberately to work himself up to a state of ecstasy—*ἔκστασις*—a “standing outside of oneself,” in its primary sense. By a powerful act of volition, he almost wholly merges, so to speak, his individuality in that of the demon he worships, as that individuality shapes itself to his own mind. He calls out, “I am God,” when, by virtue of his entire possession by the object of his adoration, he supposes himself to be commingled with the demon-divinity, his nature interfused by its nature. Calmly he laughs at the gashes which his own sacrificial knife makes on his body; calmly, I say, for in the midst of his most frantic frenzy he is savagely calm. Whether this be devil-possession or not, I cannot help remarking that it appears to me that it would certainly have been

regarded as such in New Testament times.

It is an extremely difficult thing for a European to witness a devil-dance. As a rule, he must go disguised, and he must be able to speak the language like a native, before he is likely to be admitted without suspicion into the charmed circle of fascinated devotees, each eager to press near the possessed priest, to ask him questions about the future whilst the divine afflatus is in its full force upon him. Let me try once more to bring the whole scene vividly before the reader.

Night, starry and beautiful, with a broad low moon seen through palms. A still, solemn night, with few sounds to mar the silence, save the deep, muffled boom of breakers bursting on the coast full eight miles distant. A lonely hut, a huge solitary banyan tree, grim and gloomy. All round spread interminable sands, the only vegetation on which is composed of lofty palmyras, and a few stunted thorn-trees and wild figs. In the midst of this wilderness rises, spectre-like, that aged enormous tree, the banyan, haunted by a most ruthless she-devil. Cholera is abroad in the land, and the natives know that it is *she* who has sent them the dreaded pestilence. The whole neighborhood wakes to the determination that the malignant power must be immediately propitiated in the most solemn and effectual manner. The appointed night arrives; out of village, and hamlet, and hut pours the wild crowd of men, and women, and children. In vain the Brahmins tinkle their bells at the neighboring temple; the people know what they want, and the deity which they must reverence as supreme just now. On flows the crowd to that gloomy island in the star-lit waste—that weird, hoary banyan. The circle is formed; the fire is lit; the offerings are got ready—goats and fowls, and rice and pulse and sugar, and ghee and honey, and white chaplets of oleander-blossoms and jasmine-buds. The tom-toms are beaten more loudly and rapidly, the hum of rustic converse is stilled, and a deep hush of awe-struck expectancy holds the motley assemblage. Now the low, rickety door of the hut is quickly dashed open. The devil-dancer staggers out. Between the hut and the ebon shadow of the sacred banyan lies a strip of moonlit

sand; and as he passes this, the devotees can clearly see their priest. He is at all, haggard, pensive man, with deep-sunken eyes and matted hair. His forehead is smeared with ashes, and there are streaks of vermilion and saffron over his face. He wears a high conical cap, white, with a red tassel. A long white robe, or *angi*, shrouds him from neck to ankle. On it are worked, in red silk, representations of the goddess of small-pox, murder, and cholera. Round his ankles are massive silver bangles. In his right hand he holds a staff or spear, that jingles harshly every time the ground is struck by it. The same hand also holds a bow, which, when the strings are pulled or struck, emits a dull booming sound. In his left hand the devil-priest carries his sacrificial knife, shaped like a sickle, with quaint devices engraved on its blade. The dancer, with uncertain staggering motion, reels slowly into the centre of the crowd, and then seats himself. The assembled people show him the offerings they intend to present, but he appears wholly unconscious. He croons an Indian lay in a low, dreamy voice, with dropped eyelids and head sunken on his breast. He sways slowly to and fro, from side to side. Look! You can see his fingers twitch nervously.

His head begins to wag in a strange, uncanny fashion. His sides heave and quiver, and huge drops of perspiration exude from his skin. The tom-toms are beaten faster, the pipes and reeds wail out more loudly. There is a sudden yell, a stinging, stunning cry, an ear-piercing shriek, a hideous abominable gobble-gobble of hellish laughter, and the devil-dancer has sprung to his feet, with eyes protruding, mouth foaming, chest heaving, muscles quivering, and outstretched arms swollen and straining as if they were crucified! Now, ever and anon, the quick, sharp words are jerked out of the saliva-choked mouth—"I am God! I am the true God!" Then all around him, since he and no idol is regarded as the present deity, reeks the blood of sacrifice. The devotees crowd round to offer oblations and to solicit answers to their questions. "Shall I die of cholera during this visitation?" asks a grey-headed farmer of the neighborhood. "O God, bless this child, and heal it," cries a poor mother

from the adjoining hamlet, as she holds forth her diseased babe towards the gyrating priest. Shrieks, vows, imprecations, prayers, and exclamations of thankful praise, rise up, all blended together in one infernal hubbub. Above all rise the ghastly guttural laughter of the devil-dancer, and his stentorian howls—"I am God! I am the only true God!" He cuts and hacks and hews himself, and not very unfrequently kills himself, there and then. His answers to the queries put to him are generally incoherent. Sometimes he is sullenly silent, and sometimes, whilst the blood from his self-inflicted wounds mingles freely with that of his sacrifice, he is most benign, and showers his divine favors of health and prosperity all round him. Hours pass by. The trembling crowd stand rooted to the spot. Suddenly the dancer gives a great bound in the air; when he descends he is motionless. The fiendish look has vanished from his eyes. His demoniacal laughter is still. He speaks to this and to that neighbor quietly and reasonably. He lays aside his garb, washes his face at the nearest rivulet, and walks soberly home a modest, well-conducted man.

It is a remarkable fact that amongst the most noted of South Indian devil-dancers is a woman. She exercises a very strange fascination over a large number of natives in her neighborhood, but there is reason for supposing that she is thoroughly mad. It cannot be disputed that many devil-dancers are utterly out of their senses. Proverbially in the East madness is respected and feared, as it is regarded as, in a measure

and in its kind, a gift, if not an attribute, of divinity. For example, Dr. Wolff would never have seen Bokhara had he not been revered as a lunatic, though I, for one, should be the last to say that that good but eccentric man was out of his senses;—and even in South India which he visited, and got himself three times seared across the abdomen with a red hot iron as a preventative against cholera! not even, I say, in South India, would he have been so universally revered had it not been that the Brahmins christened him "the very holy mad white man." Of course, impostors, too, are doubtless amongst the priests of devil-temples. Every rule has its exceptions; but I think that I am treating in main, not of the exceptions, but of the rule.

After all has been said and described, the prime question remains: Do there exist in the present day such instances of demoniacal possession as those which elicited the miraculous intervention of Christ? If the case nowadays of the demonolators of Southern India differs from that of the Hebrews, who in the time of Christ were possessed with devils, will any one point out to me the exact bound and limit of the difference? The question I raise is surely one which Christians of all creeds may fairly and calmly consider and argue. Is there such a thing as "demoniacal possession" in the present day amongst barbarous and uncivilized tribes? and if such does exist, does it materially differ from the kindred afflictions which the Great Physician, in His infinite mercy, deigned to cure, whilst He walked as Man amongst men?—*Contemporary Review*.

CAROLINE HERSCHEL.*

WHEN Caroline Lucretia Herschel was already an aged woman, living in the exile from England to which she had committed herself after the death of her beloved brother, under the idea that she should not long survive him, she began to write down her recollections—"A little History of her Life from 1772—

1788." She wrote them for her nephew, the son of Sir William Herschel, that he might know something of his excellent grand-parents, and also understand the innumerable difficulties which his father had surmounted in his life and labors. It was not to tell of herself, but of others, that she wrote these 'Recollections,' and it was with diffidence that she sent them to the one person whom she believed would care to read them.

"You must," she writes, "excuse your

* *The interesting Memoirs and Correspondence of this Sister of Sir William and Aunt of Sir John Herschel are just published by Mr. Murray.*—ED.

old aunt, who can only think of what is past, forgetting the present."

Sir John Herschel valued these memorials, and they are carefully preserved in the family along with her letters. But Caroline Herschel would have been very much surprised, and not a little angry, if she could have foreseen that her letters and recollections would ever have been printed, or that a book about herself would ever have been put together.

Writing once to the wife of her nephew, Sir John Herschel, she says,—

"I have something to remark about what you call my letters, which were to be deposited in the letter-case. I was in hopes you would have thrown away such incoherent stuff, as I generally write in a hurry, when I am sick for want of knowing how it looks at home [as she always called England], and not let it rise up in judgment against my perhaps bad grammar and bad spelling, &c.; for to the very last I must feel myself walking on uncertain ground, having been obliged to learn too much, without anything thoroughly."

Entire unconsciousness of any worth or merit in herself was one of her remarkable characteristics.

She was endowed with a royal instinct for serving others to the utmost of her powers, doing this as a simple matter of course, feeling only that all she could do was much less than what was needed. This sense of shortcoming was a constant source of regret, and effectually checked all emotions of self-complacency. The one ruling idea that governed her whole life was to work wherever she was placed and to obey those in authority over her. The daughter of a soldier, the spirit of discipline was born with her.

Her obedience, however, was not from constraint, or a feeling of servitude,—she willingly offered herself for the service of those who had a claim upon her services, and her sympathy with whatever work she had in hand gave to all she did the freedom which works from love. From early childhood she took on herself the weight of the family cares and anxieties which she only dimly comprehended, but which she felt, because they troubled her parents. This love of being helpful gave a dignity to the heavy drudgery of being maid-of-all-

work to the family. She always obediently did her best—even when, as she records, "she got many a whipping" for not being able to clean the knives and forks with brick-dust, or to wait at table so as to please the lordly eldest brother Jacob. She evidently had a contempt for him which she was too well trained in subordination to express, and a hearty detestation which is sufficiently conveyed to the reader without the help of words! But all the same; when, after the father's death, he became head of the family, she never failed in paying him due obedience; and when in later years, after everything had been arranged for her to accompany her beloved William to England, and Jacob was at the last accidentally detained in another place, she mentions with regret having to depart without the formal consent of her eldest brother.

It was her deep power of sympathy with those she loved that weighed down the natural gladness of childhood. One can scarcely read without tears in one's eyes, of the little act by which she won a smile from her mother at a moment when she was overwhelmed with the parting from her husband and sons, who had just left to join the army: the little Caroline seeing a neckerchief that her father had worn hang over a chair, took it, and putting one end in her mother's hand, took the other herself, and sat down at her feet. But the deep well-spring of love and self-devotion which lay in the heart of Caroline Herschel never went forth from its inmost depths, except towards her brother William. Her whole life and being were given to him, and throughout the record she gives of the period whilst they were together, he seems to have been entirely worthy of her love. The incidental light thrown upon his character by his sister's memoirs, reveals a nature so noble, that his grandest discoveries and great achievements in science, seem only the natural growth and outcome of the noble inner life from which they sprung.

The change from the life at Hanover to the life at Bath was like the transformation scene in a pantomime! The little maid-of-all-work, who had been allowed no education by her mother, lest it should unfit her for household duties,

who had been permitted to receive a lesson in music from her father only "when her mother was in a good humor or out of the way," was taken to Bath and told she was to prepare herself for taking part in public concerts and oratorios! She had lessons in music and singing twice a day, and was put under "Miss Fleming, the famous dancing mistress," to be drilled to move like a lady; she had ten guineas presented by her brother to buy a suitable dress; Mr. Palmer, the manager of the theatre, told her she was an ornament to the stage; the Marchioness of Lothian and other great ladies complimented her on pronouncing her words like an English woman!

In a wonderfully short time she was able to take the leading parts in oratorios and concerts, and even received the offer of an engagement at the Birmingham Festival. But she refused to appear anywhere unless her brother William was the conductor. She had no wish to be anything for herself. All her life she had been in an atmosphere of music; her father was a bandmaster, and a fine musician; her brother William was an eminent composer and musician, who if he had not become an astronomer would have been remembered as a musician; her brother Alexander, who had come to England with William, and who lived with him, was also an excellent musician. But Caroline Herschel had never before received any regular instruction; it was the spirit of willing obedience, and the well-trained habit of doing exactly as she was told, that enabled her to perform what seem almost like miracles.

Her life at Bath seems to have been very happy, in spite of housekeeping difficulties and the perplexing difference betwixt housekeeping in Hanover and housekeeping in England, the extravagance of which distressed her sense of thrift; but there was more money to go upon, for her brother William was making a handsome income by his concerts and compositions, as well as by teaching.

Another transformation was, however, in store. The love of music in William Herschel was only second to his love of science. He had already begun to invent wonderful instruments for observing and measuring the distances of stars, &c.; more and more time was gradually taken

from music to be devoted to astronomy. Caroline was quietly expected to assist him! She had to learn, as well as she could, the mysteries of logarithms, calculations how to compute distances and how to reduce sidereal time into mean time, and other things still more abstruse, which, to one unlearned, sound more like making incantations than anything else. Caroline Herschel learned to do all this, and more! In a letter, written long years after, she says, "My dear brother William was my only teacher, and we began generally with what we should have ended, he supposing I knew all that went before: and perhaps I might have done so once, but my memory he used to compare with sand, in which everything could be inscribed, but as easily effaced." It was only at odd times, and at meals, that she was able to obtain even this fragmentary instruction. She owns to never having been able to say the multiplication table, but carrying a copy in her pocket for reference. Her industry and truly German perseverance carried her through these seemingly impossible tasks. The second brother, Alexander Herschel, a man of rare gifts, both as a musician and mechanic, was a very efficient assistant to his brother, but he was not endowed with patience, and could not bear to be kept long confined to the same occupation. It was, therefore, to Caroline that her brother turned for help in the construction of the tools and woodwork for grinding and polishing lenses and mirrors, &c. It was she who made the pasteboard tube that was to hold the first large mirror, and the dexterity of her fingers, and the desire to be useful, which, as a little child, helped her to make "bags and sword-knots," made her now, as she expresses it, "almost as useful as a boy in the first year of his apprenticeship."

In all these things it was the loving sympathy with all his aspirations and efforts that gave a subtle virtue to the actual mechanical aid she afforded. She desired nothing for herself; she would be nothing of herself; all her life flowed into his life, nourishing it, and strengthening his heart under all disappointments and difficulties. She never tired, but kept pace with him in all his work, standing beside him day and night, both of them working as though bodily needs

or material comforts did not exist. She never failed him. After a time, when she was set "to mind the heavens," and began to taste the delights of discovery with her "Newtonian sweeper," she laid it aside, having time for no more than three or four opportunities to use it in the course of as many months, in order not to neglect her brother's work. This consisted chiefly in doing endless sums and acting as his secretary, noting down all he saw in his sweeps, standing by him through winter nights when the very ink froze in her pen. As before in music, so now in astronomy, she refused to be anything but her brother's helper. Throughout her life her one word was, "All I am, all I know, I owe to him. I am only the tool he fashioned. I did no more for him than a well-trained puppy-dog might have done." Long afterwards when, in very advanced life, she received the Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society, and was elected an honorary member, she energetically deprecated all mention of herself, because whatever was said in praise of her took away what ought to be given to her brother.*

What Caroline Herschel felt and thought when her adored brother took a wife nobody ever heard or knew. She seems to have confided her feelings to her diaries alone, and those she destroyed.

It was a shock and a trial, sharper most likely than even that caused in after years by his death, because it was mingled with more purely personal jealousy and bitterness. What it must have been to see another woman promoted to have the sole right of caring for his comfort and of ministering to his wants, after the many years she had lived for nothing else, must have been terribly hard to bear. Even the fact that his wife brought him an ample fortune, setting him free from all need to beg from government for the small sums needed to carry on his work, was only an additional aggravation. How to keep down household expenses had been one of Caroline Herschel's hardest problems; and the little addition she had been to his expenditure—not

ever more than seven or eight pounds a year—had been always a source of regret, which no amount of work done for him could make her feel that she had earned.

And now he was going to be rich, he would need her care and thrift no longer, and it was the woman whom he had preferred before her, who was to have the happiness of freeing him for life from all anxiety about money matters! It was a very bitter trial, and although she has not left on record anything she said, what she *did* is painfully significant—she "gave up her place as housekeeper," and went to "lodge with Sprat, one of her brother's workmen, whose wife was to wait on her, she only reserved to herself the right of access to the roof of her brother's house (which was the Observatory), and to the work-room. Here she came to work every day, "returning home for her meals."

Doubtless she was not the only one of the three who was unhappy.

In a letter, long afterwards, to her nephew, she mentions that when her brother "was about to enter on the married state," he had wished to make her independent, which she entirely refused, but requested him to ask for some small salary for her as his assistant. This he did, and obtained the promise of fifty pounds a year. She not only prepared to live but to save out of it for her relations at Hanover. The incidental mention of her numerous changes of abode, give us a glimpse of comfortless lodgings and of the long distances she had to go in all weathers to and from her work, till health and strength alike failed under the additional strain. But there is not one word of complaint. She continued obdurate, accepting nothing from the new comer. How and when she began to soften we are not told, but in one of her letters in after life she says, that when her salary "had fallen *nine quarters in arrear*" her brother and Lady Herschel insisted that she should receive from them the sum of ten pounds a quarter. The birth of her nephew and his early promise, so splendidly fulfilled, of becoming in all respects worthy of his father, helped to heal and to fill her wounded heart. By degrees she was won to love her brother's wife, and after his death she addresses her as the "dear

* The medal was awarded for her valuable work, "The Reduction and Arrangement, in the form of a Catalogue, in Zones, of all the Star Clusters in Nebulæ observed by Sir William Herschel in his Sweeps."

sister I now feel you to be," and Caroline Herschel was a sister worth winning. For some years before her brother's death they became firm friends, and whenever Lady Herschel was from home, Caroline went to be with her brother and to take care of him as of old; her labors had never been remitted, the work was a bond between them that had never been loosened.

The death of her beloved brother in 1822 was a sorrow that dislocated the remainder of her life. Broken as she was by fatigue and overwork, she believed and hoped she should not long survive him, and under the shock of her great grief she took a step which she regretted only once, but that was always—she was obstinately bent on returning to Hanover to reside for the rest of her days. To make her determination irrevocable, she made a gift of all she possessed to her youngest brother Dietrich and promised to take up her abode henceforth under his roof. Next to William he had been her favorite, and much of the motherliness of her nature had come out towards him; from the time she had nursed him as a baby in the cradle to the time when after he had run away from home, he had been found sick and destitute at a lodging in Wapping and been brought back to health by her "on a diet of roasted apples and barley water," and when later, he had come to her "broken in health, spirit, and fortune," she had always been the one to comfort and help him. He had possessed much of the musical talents of the family, and had given promise of becoming an eminent performer on the violin, but he seems never to have done much good; his sister clung to him, however, and believed in him as a man capable of advising her on all matters of business. To Dietrich she committed herself when all her happiness and hope in life went down in her brother's grave.

Everything seems to have been said and done that was possible to induce her to remain in England with those who loved her and knew her value, and amongst the friends she had made in the scientific world, but all was in vain. Dietrich came from Hanover to fetch her, and she returned with him.

From the day of her departure to the day of her death she never ceased to re-

gret what she had done, and, what was more, she owned her mistake. For fifty years she had lived in constant intercourse with men of the highest rank in science; she had spent her whole time in assisting and sharing in the grandest astronomical discoveries, not minding meaner things. In old age she returned to the city where she was born, expecting to find amongst the relations who had grown up in her absence, as many estimable persons as there were individuals. She found instead, that she was unfitted for their society as they were for hers. While she "had been minding the heavens," they had lived in narrow streets and in a narrow range of interests; she had revered and understood her brother's worth; they who had never known him, felt only a gratified vanity in owning so distinguished a relative. Shut up in a room whence she could not "see an entire constellation," nor scarcely a star; homesick, after the dear ones she had left; lonely among her stranger kinsfolk; pestered by the interference and pretentiousness of her brother Dietrich, whose faith in his sister's superiority had been altogether destroyed by the course she had taken in giving him all she possessed and making him her adviser, she found herself very unhappy indeed.

But more bitter than any personal disappointment was the consciousness which after a while made itself felt, that she had thrown up work while she had still the strength to do it; that she was letting talents which would have been useful to her brother's son rust in disuse. This was what gave bitterness to her regret; there is no remorse like that caused by the sense of talents unemployed. It was not the deficiencies or stupidities of those she had come to dwell amongst that caused Caroline Herschel to become bitter in her complaints, the fault lay in herself, and she knew it: she believed it was too late to return, and bent herself to endure and to await the end, which seemed as though it would never arrive. Lady Herschel, her nephew, and her nephew's wife, when he took one, kept up a close and affectionate correspondence.

She saw her nephew grow up to be worthy of his father, and his reputation to be as brilliant. Her nephew made seve-

ral journeys to see her, and brought with him his eldest son on one occasion.

She lived in great comfort, for the annuity by her brother of a hundred a year was affluence.

Celebrated men came to pay their respects to her.

Her own attainments and labors were recognised and honored.

She had troops of friends, from royalty downwards, who all delighted to show her honor.

Kindness and tenderness she received from them abundantly.

Amongst her own kindred there were

those who loved her and showed her unremitting kindness when the days of darkness came, and her infirmities were heavier than she could bear; but the mistake she had made in quitting England remained a mistake to the end.

Her letters and journals depict her life with a simplicity and reality that no one on the outside could give; and if the readers of them feel some of the love and admiration with which they have inspired me, they will feel that in Caroline Lucretia Herschel they have found a friend.—*Temple Bar*

GERMAN HOME LIFE.

BY A LADY.

IX.—MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN.

MARRIAGE is surely the golden key to the celestial portals of Liberty. Let us see how it has fared with our young friend since the frolic festival of the *Polterabend*. The marriage itself is, by comparison, but a tame affair. Wedding favors, marriage tours, best-man, bridesmaids, lockets, general regardlessness of expense, and *lune de miel*, sacred to seclusion and sentiment, are honored in the breach rather than in the observance; and where people have not large means, or at least cannot afford these luxuries without inconvenience, we may fairly applaud the practical common sense that decrees young people in love can be just as happy at home a month sooner as a month later. For the 'great' these post-nuptial extravagances are permissible, for the 'general' they are entirely out of the question. The bride, and not (as with us) the bridegroom, furnishes the house, plate, linen, and all that is requisite for the young couple to set up housekeeping. The gifts that flow in are, generally speaking, of the most moderate, not to say shabby, character; so that the burden and heat of the day fall upon the parents of the young lady; and if there should be half a dozen daughters, the consideration of ways and means is apt to be a rather serious one.

The knot tied, domestic life begins. To choose one's own dresses (subject to

marital approval); to have one's coffee as strong as one likes; not to be stinted in sugar; and to go three times a week to the theatre, with appropriate *variations de toilette*; to make oneself perhaps renowned as a *Hausfrau*—who would not accept such a fate with the rapture good fortune proverbially excites? And yet—and yet there have been found uncomfortable souls to whom these delights have not sufficed. Of such misguided females let us keep silence; it is ever our duty to represent the best of its type.

'Entre l'arbre et l'écorce,' says the shrewd old French proverb, 'ne mettez pas le doigt!'

We, in England, are accustomed to think that, be her lord and master never so lordly and masterful, a woman reigns, as a rule, supreme in her own house; on matters of domestic detail, be he otherwise never so despotic, he will scarcely presume to speak, nor does his voice, loud enough, perhaps, elsewhere, often make itself heard on questions of household arrangement. Meddling men are altogether exceptional and irregular in English households.

The precise contrary obtains in Germany; the husband is the king, the wife merely the prime-minister. He sits in his arm-chair smoking perennial pipes, and auditing, with all the severity of a Lycurgus, the poor little woman's abject accounts. He knows all about the butter and dripping, swears at excess in

soap and Sauerkraut, is abusive as to fuel, tyrannical as to candles and red-herrings, and terrible on eggs and bacon. A woman is no more mistress of her own house in Germany than you or I (despite the Laureate) are masters of our fate. She is simply an upper servant; nay, of many a gently born and gently bred lady it may be said that the dull drudgery of her life is such as no upper servant would endure, such as would be scarcely tolerable to 'The maid that does the meanest chars.' The maid can at least creep into dim obscurity when her hours of work are at an end; but the lady has to clothe herself in such raiment as her station is supposed to demand, and to leave weariness of the flesh and vexation of spirit in the kitchen with the pots and pans. The lady in black silk (really an 'upper-servant') who consents to superintend the Browns' gorgeous establishment, for the moderate consideration of fifty pounds a year (every thing found and no indelicate enquiries as to perquisites), would scorn to employ herself in the menial manner common to many noble ladies in Germany. Do I not, for instance, remember my neighbor, pretty little Baroness B—, like the maid in the nursery rhyme, standing 'in the garden, hanging out the clothes?' Have I not gazed with a tender admiration (of which to this day she is unaware) at Frau von C—'s fair face, as I watched her from my window, ironing her husband's shirt-fronts all through a blazing afternoon, whilst now and again a diamond-drop would roll from her brow and fall, audibly hissing, on the iron? Have I not seen, with a sadness I dared not show, the indefatigable Hauptmännin von Z— baking, boiling, stewing, pounding, sifting, weighing, peeling, with an energy that positively paralysed me at my post of observation? She would chaffer with the peasants who brought butter and eggs to the kitchen door, cheapening their already miraculously cheap offerings; she would scold the slavey (who, as we know, is no slavey at all), tap her girls smartly on the shoulders, and rap her boys over the knuckles, and never ask for change or rest. Who ate all the good things she compounded? I suppose her husband, a big burly man, with a red face, and beery guttural voice. I could hear him snoring away all the early

part of the summer's afternoon (the windows were open towards the garden), when at four o'clock he would cast his *Schlafröck* and *Pantoffeln*, get himself into regimental clothes again, buckle in his big waist, and go swaggering down to his Club, ogling every girl and woman he met by the way. I saw the other day that he had been decorated with, I know not how many, stars and crosses, and had grown into a lieutenant-colonel, and I could not help wondering how it was with his poor little wife, who had been under fire so long; had marched and counter-marched, and come to the front like a gallant little volunteer, always obedient to the word of her superior officer, cheery and uncomplaining. Has she, too, got her slow promotion, and stepped out of the ranks beyond the kitchen range, beyond the whole *batterie de cuisine*, with the order of merit on her faithful modest little breast? I doubt it. I daresay, if I could look in upon her now, she is still cuffing supplementary boys off to school, lest they should disturb the paternal post-prandial slumbers, and rating the slavey as energetically as ever.

In the households of military men, or in those of the *höhere Beamten*, the womankind gain little, comparatively little, by the promotion of their lords. No greater independence of action is granted them, no wider sphere or larger interests. Washing-days come round as before; the potatoes have to be peeled, the carrots scraped, and the slavey driven; the stockings to be knitted, the shirt-collars to be ironed, and the eternal locking and unlocking to go on, with very slight modifications, just as it did five, ten, twenty years ago. The master is decorated, he has new titles, becomes more expensive, generally ornamental, and sublime; he goes to the *Ministerium* or the *Kammer*; he sits upon the Bench, or he wrangles in Parliament, or he elaborates the *Kriegspiel*; he comes in contact with men of various shades and colors of opinion; at the club he reads the daily papers and learns how the world wags; he plays whist, goes to the theatre, and, if he have nothing to do, returns home again about nine o'clock. Having discussed, so far as was prudent, all political news at the club, he is hardly likely to begin on the state of the outer world, when he finds himself once more in the bosom of his

family. Besides, women don't read the newspapers; what is said and done in their infinitesimally small circle is more to them than all the huge disasters of humanity; the Kaffeeclack of more significance than Kings and Kaisers toppling to their ruin; the rumor of a scandal of greater interest than all the vast problems and conflicts of the social and moral universe. And so a little local talk is all that is likely to turn up, and, as it is very local indeed, and has been revolving for the last thirty years (on his) and the last twenty years (on her) part (for at five they both knew a fair amount of town-gossip), the conversation is not precisely of a nature to make them forget the time, or be heedless of the coals and candles.

We are accustomed to think of Germans that they are a domestic people. The truth is, that of domesticities there is enough and to spare, but of domestic life, as we understand it, little or nothing. Beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping under one roof, the sexes have little in common. The woman is a slave of the ring; for the wife the baking and brewing, for the husband the cakes and ale; for her the toiling and spinning, for him the beer and skittles; for her the sheep-walk of precedent and the stocking of virtue, for him the parading and prancings; for her the nippings and screwings, for him the pipings and dancings; for her the dripping-jar and the meal-tub, for him stars and garters, and general gallooning, glitter, and sublimity.

In a comic paper there appeared the other day, amongst advertisements for things required, but scarcely likely to be met with—

'Wanted, a lady-help, with deft fingers, who can open oysters, peel walnuts and prawns, and make toast.'

Now what some English wag treats as an impossible production, German home-life offers wholesale to the spectator. The woman is *there* to pick the shrimps, shell the lobsters, and peel the potatoes, of her lord and master. What wonder, then, if he be lordly and masterful? His creature comforts are materially increased, and his pocket spared by the excellent existing arrangements. The *Hausfrau* saves him a servant; indeed, she saves him unknown quantities, by her thrift and labor. She has an interest

in the firm, such as no paid hireling could have; she is to the manner born, and knows life under no other aspect; nor does she take it amiss that her sponsor swaggers and gambles with surplus coin that has been retrenched by the cheese-parings and flint-skinings that habitually exercise her frugal mind.

After visits and finery (says Hazlitt) a married woman of the old school had nothing to do but to attend to her housewifery. She had no other resource, no other sense of power than to harangue and lord it over her domestics. Modern book education supplies the place of the old-fashioned kitchen persecution and eloquence. A well-bred woman now seldom goes into the kitchen to look after servants. Formerly what was called 'a good manager' ('she is a priceless *Hausfrau*,' writes Goethe of one of his fair friends to another), an exemplary mistress of a family did nothing but hunt them from morning till night, from one year's end to another, without leaving them a moment's rest, peace, or comfort. Now a servant is left to do her work without this suspicious tormenting interference and fault-finding at every step, and she does it all the better. A woman, from this habit, which at last became an uncontrollable passion, would scold her maids for fifty years together. Now the temptation to read the last new poem or novel, and the necessity of talking of it in the next company she goes into, prevent her, and the benefit to all parties is incalculable.*

That a woman should be her husband's helpmeet as well as his housekeeper; that the noblest union is not one of supreme authority and abject submission; that the wife should 'sway level to her husband's heart'; that she is there, not only to sew on his shirt-buttons and darn his socks, but also, if needs be, 'to warn, to comfort, and command'; that her household motions may be light and free, a spirit yet a woman too; and that she may, if she be so willed, come 'at the last to set herself to man, like perfect music unto noble words,' is a view of marriage too heretical for any orthodox German lady to entertain. The subjection of woman dates from the Creation, and no new-fangledness shall obliterate the precedent of Paradise.

I remember at an æsthetic tea a quiet and outwardly insignificant little person being called upon by our host (her husband a German gentleman of ancient lineage) to produce some translations which she had made from one or other

* Hazlitt's *Tabletalk*.

of the great poets. The verses were put into the hands of a certain Dr. R—, a man whose highest ambition it was, *mirabile dictu!* to edge himself 'any way' into society. He was a person of assured standing and acknowledged merit, in his own particular circle; known as a blind Conservative, and as the recipient of several gold medals 'für Kunst und Wissenschaft,' bestowed upon him by various appreciative potentates and powers for his exertions on their behalf. He was, nevertheless, only there on sufferance; to be tolerated in consideration of prospective usefulness, and treated from that point of view, with a faint conciliatory show of shallow cordiality. He was as well behaved as the rest of the company, if his manners were not quite so easy as theirs; yet one felt vaguely that he was in, but not of, the 'world' he aspired to frequent.

The verses were read, and soon afterwards the influential editor left the room. A little stir of relief buzzed through the party; but an old *Hausfreund*, taking their host by the arm, led him apart. 'You have committed a mistake, *lieber Freund*,' he said. 'Your wife may have talents, but in your place, I would not allow her to have anything in common *mit derer Art Leute* (with that sort of people). They are only to be tolerated on account of their potential political usefulness.' Of course, persons with a pedigree are blandly permitted in Germany, as 'Royal and noble authors' elsewhere are, to dabble feebly in literature, and not to lose caste by the dabbling. It is a mania like another. But there is a general assumption in the world that is peopled by generals' wives and councillors' spouses, that literary fame in a woman is, as Lord Macaulay says, 'A blemish, and a proof that the person who enjoys it is meanly born, and out of the pale of good society.'

A woman of declared 'literary' propensities must accept the fate thrust, *nolens volens*, upon her, and sit patiently in that outer court of the Gentiles to which she is indiscriminately relegated together with Arcadians, Bohemians, boon companions, and inferior persons generally. It is, of course, out of the question that she should be a good *Hausfrau*, or that what she has in the place of a mind can be given up to the minutiae of the store-

room and exigencies of the larder. The fiat has gone forth, and she must console herself with the thought that there is justice in heaven. In the present instance it will be observed that the lady was in no wise consulted as to her views or feelings on the matter, and it is to be hoped that the blank expressive silence which fell upon the company on this unexpected revelation may, without the suggested marital coercion, have saved her from further follies of the kind.

I have seen English gentlemen, introduced, without due preparation, into strictly German circles, made miserable for a whole evening, and finally driven to the verge of distraction, by the gentle persistent attentions of the ladies of the house. When he realises that he is being waited upon by these fair damsels, the Englishman jumps wildly and apologetically from his chair, stammers confused and bashful excuses, clutches the cups and platters out of the ministering angel's hand, and subsides, red and ruffled, into his seat. He hopes it will not happen again; he devoutly trusts it is over. But, no; scarcely is his complexion recovering its normal hue, when another lovely being is 'staying him' with apples, bringing him butter in a lordly dish, or offering saucages at his shrine. Again he bounces out of his seat like an india-rubber ball, again clutches convulsively, apologises, confounds himself in horrible polyglot inarticulate excuses, and subsides exhausted into his chair. He looks round and sees that all the other men are being waited upon; he perceives that it is 'the custom of the country'; that it proceeds, not from the paucity of servants, but from a plenitude of female devotion. If servants were wanting, then surely the men would wait upon the ladies. He tells himself severely that when at Rome your behavior should be of the strictest Roman type; he reminds himself that the first condition of good breeding is, that you should implicitly conform to the usages of the society in which you find yourself; he will submit; but when the third and most beautiful daughter of the house presents him with *Härringsalat*, his feelings are altogether too much for him, and entirely overcome his good resolutions. He goes through the same frantic formula again, with the secret impression that he is making a most abject fool of him-

self, plunges wildly and despairingly at the comestibles, and subsides into a limp and melancholy condition. He is like a bull in a china-shop, the girls think and they hold firmly to the family crockery and the best glass. 'They are dreadfully restless, *die Engländer*,' said a young cousin to me; 'see how quiet and well-behaved our gentlemen are, and wait for their turn!' This was all the poor chivalrous young Briton got for his pains. Pains! they were tortures, agonies.

Elderly marriages are very rare in Germany, where a wholesome common-sense view of the relationship prevails, and designing elderly spinsters and dangerous elderly-juvenile bachelors are comparatively scarce in society. In Hungary, Roman Catholics and members of the Greek Church may marry at almost any age, males over fourteen, females over twelve; whereas Protestants may not marry until the respective ages of eighteen and fifteen. In Austria persons under twenty-four are minors, and must have the consent of parents to enter the marriage state. In Bavaria the laws vary considerably with the districts; in one the limit of valid marriage has been fixed at fourteen and twelve; in another at eighteen and fourteen; in a third at eighteen and fifteen. In Hesse Darmstadt the law of 1852 required that every man should have reached the age of twenty-five before he ventured on the rôle of a Benedick; but in 1868 the rule was modified, and marriage became legal at twenty-one years of age. Even when the legal age is attained, the consent of parents and guardians is indispensable. Runaway matches are, therefore, impossible, and much after misery is, no doubt, thus avoided; but none the less, strange complications, not here to be entered upon, sometimes arise.

Reference has already been made to the extraordinary apathy that prevails in matters sanitary throughout the Fatherland. The same obtuseness obtains with regard to all that concerns health, well-being, and happiness, if under happiness we include that first condition of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Not only does the physical education of their women tend in the wrong direction, but all that influences and determines marriage confirms and adds to foregone blunders.

In the upper classes marriage is deter-

mined, if not chiefly, yet perhaps decisively, by means. It is part of that peculiar prosaic, practical (and yet how fatally unpractical) programme which seems the law of the modern German nature—that money, if in a family, shall not be allowed to go out of it. Hence, both in the case of gold and lands, marriages and intermarriages go on generation after generation, the relationships growing ever nearer and nearer, more and more confused, and the results, as may be readily imagined, ever more and more disastrous. In no other country does one meet with the same number of goltrous throats, scarred necks, spinal diseases, hip diseases, bad teeth, and general defective bone-structure as in Germany.

No hesitation is felt in speaking openly on matters that one might, without hypocrisy, be justified in hiding under any available bushel. 'Who is that frightfully disfigured person?' asked my neighbor, a brilliant young lieutenant of hussars, at a family dinner. '*Ich leide sehr an Skrofeln*,' said the young lady in question on the other side of me, speaking in the same level, unemotional tone that she might have used in asking me to pass the salt. Alas! she had no need to tell the terrible tale; but in a week, neither more nor less, she was engaged to the critical lieutenant (he was over head and ears in debt), who, though he had not been too delicate to sneer at her defects, was not slow to discover that the *beaux yeux de sa cassette* made up for a want of eyelashes, and that sixty thousand thalers covered a multitude of sins.

In another family, where cousins had intermarried with cousins apparently since the Flood, the sole heir to a vast property was a delicate, spineless boy, a child whose bones had a cruel tendency to work through the skin, and so to slough away to the agony of the little sufferer. It was not possible that he should live, and when, after twelve years of terrible existence, death came, and mercifully set him free at last, the childless father, looking round, picked out another cousin, took her to wife, and lived to have three more children, whereof two were grievously afflicted in mind and body, but the third, a hectic boy, survived to inherit the estate.

In another family, where the estates

were considerable, and where the same immemorial marriage customs between near relatives had obtained (uncles marry their nieces in Germany), the representatives at last dwindled down to five. The son and heir blew his brains out; the second daughter drowned herself; the third daughter became a confirmed hypochondriac; the second son, tormented with a terrible complaint (*Flechte*), akin to the leprosy of the ancients, after washing in all the waters that the wells of Germany afforded, unable to find, even in religion and good works, the consolation he sought, put an end to his miserable existence. Only the eldest daughter remained; the estates went in the male line, and devolved upon a distant cousin, a mere '*Namensvetter*,' she said; but the old feeling prevailed: it was a pity to take her fortune away from the name, and when the *Namensvetter* proposed he was accepted. I saw her some years later; she was a widow, with one idiot child. There seems to be a strange insensibility to all physical defects—to all the long train of terrible consequences that these grievous inherited maladies bring with them, where interested motives counsel a prudent shortness of sight. The geographical position of Germany has hitherto been a bar to any appreciable fusion of blood or mixture of races in her population; the few French and English who find themselves settled in German towns are, for the most part, too poor to tempt the natives into matrimony (remember that 'caution' of fifteen thousand thalers).

In commercial towns, where there is more *Verkehr*, the money is chiefly in the hands of Jews; and a German Jew is doubly bound to justify his origin. The money-bags will be kept in the family. Even in smaller towns and villages, it is not the custom, as with us, for the young people to seek their fortune at a distance. *Heimweh*, the *mal du pays* of the Swiss, overcomes the wanderer who passes even into the next state (as from Devonshire into Cornwall), and a dozen droll remedies are prescribed by the old wives for this troublesome form of disease, under the influence of which the sufferer not unfrequently takes to her bed, and seeks solace in gnawing an old crust (*Weinekrust*), which she has brought from the last loaf baked at home, and

which is supposed to be an infallible remedy.

The frightful goitres which one sees in the Tyrol, and which science attributes to drinking water that flows over Dolomitic rocks, and ignorance lays at the door of snow-water, whilst the heavy weights the peasants carry on their heads are supposed by others to develop this hideous form of throat disease, are perhaps due quite as much to the fact of the goitrous marrying the goitrous gazing upon the goitrous, and living in a goitrous atmosphere from time immemorial, as to any other remote causes assigned by science. It is no blemish or defect to eyes that are used to it; the man or girl who leaves the village will return to settle there, and marry the lover left behind, and so the ghastly disease is perpetuated, and general complacency prevails.

The same may be said with regard to the awfully afflicted crétiens, who startle and horrify one in all these mountain villages. Where nature is so beautiful and grand the shock is almost unendurable when the eye falls on a row, say, of three or four of these blurred, deformed, and degraded specimens of humanity sitting ranged upon a wall, their gnome-like figures, ungainly limbs, and awfully imbecile countenances striking dismay into your very soul; deficient as they are in understanding, they yet know how to beg; and will slip down from the wall with a weird agility for which you had not given them credit, and come clamoring round the carriage with hideous gibberings and ghastly inarticulate utterances. The first time such a sight presented itself to me, I turned away with a sense of sickening disgust. 'Fie!' said a pretty German friend; 'have they not as much right to God's dear sunshine as we?' The words were so gentle that for a moment I felt abashed; but the next common sense rejected the soft optimism. It was false sentiment after all; for the unhappy loathly creatures could have enjoyed 'God's dear sunshine' just as well where they would not have outraged that reverence for the image of the Maker which causes us all instinctively to turn away from an animal out of which the god-like, the divine, has so awfully and so mysteriously disappeared. It seemed to me that the police, who

were employed in coercing us as to our *Pässe* and *Scheine*, would have been far better and more practically engaged if they had taken the helpless hideous gang of moppers and mowers under their charge, and conducted them to a place of safety remote from the king's highway. But such afflicted beings are a considerable source of income to their parents and guardians. A hasty impulse causes the traveller to plunge into his pocket for coin: a false benevolence, a sense of the awful infinite chasm between them and their surroundings, makes his strength and health and wandering so many reproaches to him; again, the desire to get rid of this awful blot on so fair a creation, an uneasiness at their very presence, produces willing specie from the depth of his garments: unless indeed he be of the placid frame of my pretty Bertha, who wished them to enjoy 'God's dear sunshine,' but did not further that inexpensive entertainment by any reckless profusion of coin.

Nor is it remarkable (though science disputes the influence of such painful phenomena on coming generations), that, with the sight of these poor afflicted beings ever before their eyes, and the knowledge that they are fertile sources of gain to their families, the inhabitants of these regions are equal to the occasion, and that the race does not die out nor the supply fail.

Let us return to the sheepfold of ordinary home life.

After a year's matrimony comes the customary baby.

A German baby is a piteous object; it is pinioned and bound up, like a mummy, in yards of bandages, which are unfolded once (at the outside twice) a day; it is never 'bathed,' but I suppose is sometimes washed after some occult manner. Its head is never touched with soap and water until it is eight or ten months old; when the thick skull-cap of encrusted dirt that it has by that time obtained is removed by the application of various unguents.

Many German ladies have assured me that the fine heads of hair one sees in Germany are entirely owing to this unsavory skull-cap. When, having some juvenile relatives staying with me, I insisted on their being 'tubbed,' all my female friends were shocked at my igno-

rance and wilfulness, and assured me that it was entirely owing to our barbaric bath system that the King of Hanover had lost his sight. 'My friends, we are not all blind,' I said; and then they were silenced, if not convinced.

To this terrible system of bandaging and carrying the child in a peculiar fashion wrapped in a mantle, that is partly slung round the hips of the bearer, something after the fashion prevailing amongst Indian squaws, may be attributed in a great degree the number of curved spines, crooked shoulders, and abnormal developments we meet with in Germany. Yet, strange to say, 'rickets,' a disease only known with us amongst the poor, who cannot afford the time themselves, or pay others to nurse their children properly, goes by the name of the *Englische Krankheit*.

The baby being born and swathed up, now gets a huge peasant girl *in loco parentis*. A mummy is not a thing to fondle, nor is a little stiff bundle of humanity (which you might stand up on end in the corner of the room without detriment to its sumptuary arrangements) an object on which to lavish caresses.

Thus the young mother is scarcely a mother at all, the maternal functions being delegated to another. The baby does not lie on the floor or crawl to the hearth-rug, crowing and kicking and curling its pink toes, trampling with its chubby legs, and fighting with its mottled arms, 'as one that beateth the air.' It does not swarm up and about its mother's neck and bosom, finding its little life and all its tiny pleasures in her arms; it does not fall at length into a slumber of rosy repletion, and with its mouth open snoosily satisfied, rejoice its mother's eyes for the beautiful little animal that it is.

No, it is out walking, tied to a feather bed, and accompanied by a tall soldier, the father of its poor little foster brother or sister, which is to grow up as it can. It comes in presently and is taken to its mamma to kiss; but its real mother, the mother that fosters and feeds it, soon carries it away again, and resumes all the privileges of true maternity for the rest of the day. The lady might as well be its aunt. 'Only that, and nothing more.'

We have already glanced at the lives

of the little men and women that we have seen trotting to and fro between home and school. The charming institution of a 'nursery,' as we understand it, is scarcely known in Germany; certainly only known in the houses of the very rich. The children eat and drink in the common *Wohnstube* and swarm generally over the premises in their hours of freedom. There will, perhaps, be a dull and dismal apartment, called the *Kinderstube*, whither the stalwart *Amme* will retire to dangle-cub the last hope of the *Katzekopfs*; but all the comfortable nursery arrangements so dear to the heart of the British matron, the unflinching tubbings and scrubblings, and systematic undeviating regularity of all that can contribute to the comfort and cleanliness of child-life, are not to be thought of.

To the ordinary English mind, the idea of the *Hausmutter* is such as the charming German wood engravings so pleasantly convey. It is in this humble domestic attitude that the poets and painters of the Fatherland have sent her out into the world; as Schiller has represented her sitting amidst her sturdy *Knaben und Mädchen*, spinning and winning, filling and willing, with presses o'erflowing and stores ever-growing; the house-mother, a humble Western replica of Solomon's great Oriental picture. It is very right and wise that she should be thus depicted. The artistic spirit has seized the quaint homeliness, the pleasant busy-ness, the simple poetry, and wholesome prose of her existence. But who knows anything of the middle or upper class mothers of Germany? We have glanced in pity rather than in blame at the inability of most mothers to undertake the primary duty of maternity; but are not the duties which, instead of lasting over a few months, extend over long years, patiently and punctually performed by them? I have often gazed with wistful eyes at the plain plodding pathetic patience of such mothers. Maternal pelicans prevail largely all over the world; but the German mother does not only pluck the feathers from her breast, and stand an emblem of bleeding maternal piety before us. She does more. She—I know no other phrase that expresses what I mean—she 'effaces' herself.

She loses vanity, self-care, and all

feminine weaknesses, for the sake of her offspring. The money saved does not go to buy her delicate laces wherewith to soften the cruel lines that time has drawn about her neck and brows; it is spent in fresh ball-dresses for her girls. No charming elderly coquetries make her picturesque or graceful. Bertha and Jertha want new hats; her gown is ill cut, her shoes are appalling, her trimmings are disastrous; she is altogether dowdy, dingy, and 'common'-looking, for the young people must have their day, and the general's temper is so short, she dare not ask him for more money; and, as for her, what does it matter? Who will look at her, or care what she wears? And in the same enduring mood she sits in ungraceful garments long hours at balls, or tramps after her offspring at picnics, bound ever to keep the betrothed vigilantly in her eye, knowing no rest, and expecting no thanks. Indeed, it is this simple unconscious selfishness that gives her a glory not otherwise her own, and makes the heart warm towards her plain hard face.

Such persevering, scrupulous economy commands our respect and admiration. A loving wife will bear her part cheerfully so long as the heat and the burden of the day be equally borne. No true woman will lament over the dinner of herbs so long as the love be there. But where the sacrifices are all on one side, and the indulgences all on the other; when the man presents a splendid front to the world, and the woman drudges away her days in sordid details, the spectator is apt to be wroth at the injustice of her situation, and to let his indignation vex him as a thing that is raw. For the country that invented the *Ewigweibliche*, this narrow view of 'woman's sphere' is, to say the least of it, a little paltry; and the quixotic spectator would prefer less magniloquent words, and more liberal deeds, in the place of them.

It has been made a matter of reproach to German women that they are, outside of their own personal affairs, incapable of enthusiasm. That they are capable of little ejaculatory shrieks and spasmodic adjectives is conceded, and how should more be expected or required of them? Ground down by sordid details, living as though perennial war-prices were an unalterable condition of things; inspired

by that dreary 'carefulness about many things' that seems to her the normal law of her being, how should the oppressed *Hausfrau* be very enthusiastic on large outside questions? And when you add famine prices to those of war, increased and ever-increasing taxation, higher house rent, nipping economies, is it any wonder if the iron of the *res angusta domi* enters into her soul, causing it to cleave to the dust, and her body to the ground? Every item of household expenditure is reckoned by the husband at its minimum cost, and no margin is left for the little feminine fleshly weaknesses in the matter of humble charities or modest finery. He knows so well the cost of everything, reckoning it at its cheapest, that she cannot (despite her culinary abilities) 'cook' her poor little household accounts. Is this a state of things likely to take a woman out of herself, and make her enthusiastic for the glory of the Fatherland? She has given uncomplainingly her husband, her sons, her brothers; and she has her reward in a united Germany, in gaps in the family circle, and black gowns on the family clothes-pegs. She trembles at wars and rumors of wars; what is material in her shrinks from further and crueller economies; what is spiritual trembles at the thought of fresh sacrifice, and weeps—weeps tears of blood, it may be, remembering past bereavements.

Yet, should you venture to let your pity become vocal, she will fly at your throat, true woman as she is, hug her chains the tighter, and call upon you loudly to witness the rapture of those huggings. You will be in the usual enviable position of the unwary sympathiser who enters into matrimonial differences. The couple will reappear shortly enlaced lovingly in intertwining arms, and politely ignore your existence. Such is gratitude; but I, who love those gentle German ladies, will not heed their cold look, if my words may haply, against their will, do them service. 'Entre l'arbre et l'écorce ne mettez pas le doigt!'

German physicians will tell you, with jeremiads prolonged and sonorous, that the women of their country—the women of the upper classes that is—are totally unfitted for the fatigues and duties of maternity. By inheritance, by education, by prejudice, by continued intermar-

riages, by defective diet, poor nourishment, horror of exercise, hatred of fresh air and cold water, the German lady has persistently enervated herself from generation to generation. 'Look at our prettiest girls,' cried an eminent physician to me; 'they are like those flowers that bloom their brief hour and fade, and fall, to make room for fresh blossoms, who, in turn, will bloom, fade, and fall also. They are all *bleichsüchtig*; they cannot fulfil the functions that nature intended every mother should fulfil—not one here or there, but all; they have no constitution, no stamina, no nerve, no physique, no *race*.' The type is indistinct and blurred, marred by certain constitutional defects that you point out to them in vain; there is a want of lime deposit in the bone system, hence the terrible teeth that mark a German woman's nationality nine times out of ten. How can they have '*pluck*' and nerve, and sound firm flesh, strong muscle and healthy bone, if they have no fresh air, no regular exercise, no proper nourishment, and, above all, no desire to change, alter, or amend the order of their unhealthy lives? For with *them* the question of reform in matters hygienic principally lies; but they turn a deaf ear to warning, think they are more comfortable *as they are*, and don't disguise the impatience they feel at our professional pratings.

'But perhaps it doesn't matter so very much, apart from individual comfort; for look at your men, what a stalwart race they are.'

'That is true; the man's education helps him over the stumbling-block of inherited maladies; he nourishes himself well, lives in the open air, and assimilates his food. For the rest, a man's neck and shoulders are not bared; and if he loses his teeth, provident nature hides the gaps by an opportune moustache. 'No!' cried the hopeless Reformer, 'if ever Reform be feasible, it will be feasible only through German women themselves, and no German woman will ever see it, and to no other woman would they for a moment consent to listen!'

I shall be asked, are German women never pretty, then?

German girls are often charmingly pretty, with dazzling complexions, abundant beautiful hair, and clear, lovely eyes; but the splendid matron, the sound,

healthy, well-developed woman, who has lost no grain of beauty and gained a certain magnificent maturity, such as we see daily, with daughters who might well be her younger sisters, of such women the Fatherland has few specimens to show.

The 'pale unripened beauties of the North' do not ripen; they fade. 'The style is the man,' says Buffon; and what style is to literature, taste to dress, and refinement to manners, distinction is to beauty. There must be a certain line, certain proportion, a healthy development, a harmony, grace and strength, before we can acknowledge that a greater than the mere passing prettiness of youth, freshness, and good looks is there.

Polish, Hungarian, and Austrian women, whom we in a general inconclusive way are apt to class as Germans, are 'beautiful exceedingly;' but here we come upon another race, or rather such a fusion of other races as may help to contribute to the charming result. Polish ladies have a special vivid, delicate, spirited, haunting loveliness, with grace, distinction, and elegance in their limbs and features that is all their own; you cannot call them fragile, but they are of so fine a fibre, and so delicate a coloring, that they only just escape that apprehension. Of Polish and Hungarian *pur sang* there is little to be found; women of the latter race are of a more robust and substantial build, with dark hair and complexion, fine flashing eyes, and pronounced type; and who that remembers the women of Linz and Vienna will refuse them a first prize? They possess a special beauty of their own, a beauty which is rare in even the loveliest Englishwoman; rare indeed and exceptional everywhere else; a beauty that the artist eye appreciates with a feeling of delight. They have the most delicately articulated joints of any women in the world. The juncture of the hand and wrist, of foot and ankle, of the *nuque* with the back and shoulders, is what our neighbors would call 'adorable.' But, alas that it should be so! the full gracious figures—types at once of strength and elegance, the supple, slender waists, the dainty little wrists and hands, become all too soon hopelessly fat, from the persistent idleness and luxury of the nerveless unoccupied lives of these graceful ladies.

But marriage, interesting as it may be

from a personal point of view, means more than this. It means, from the politico-economical standpoint, population, and Malthus notwithstanding, within certain limits, national prosperity. We have seen the lets and hindrances, the just causes and impediments, that make marriage in Germany a matter of difficulty; these are so manifold and multi-form that it has become a jesting habit of speech to say, before the knot can be tied, a man must produce not only his baptism and confirmation *Scheine*, but vaccination, chicken-pox, nettle-rash, and every other sort of certificate, to prove that he has passed through those unavoidable forms of infantile suffering to which even sturdy German flesh is heir. In fact, the restrictions laid upon the holy estate are as numerous as though it were a state of vice, rather than a state of virtue.

The latest statistics tell us, that marriage, which is reckoned at thirty-nine per cent. in England, and at thirty per cent. in Ireland, only reaches nineteen per cent. in Germany, and some uneasiness is felt in the Fatherland at the manifest signs of a decreasing population.

The subject is one to claim the gravest consideration of her busy legislators. The hatred of compulsory conscription, a hatred which the late wars have now and again fanned almost into frenzy, produces a serious efflux of population. Hans Michel turns restive, escapes to convenient neutral ground, evades conscription, and in America or Australia is free to marry, to become a house-father and prosperous citizen. The returns of the last census show that, in Prussia proper, the decrease of population is little short of alarming.

Between 1861-64 there was an increase of 8,409; but between 1864-67 there was a decrease of 12,922, and between 1867-71 of 56,440. Allowing for the loss of life in the last two wars, and for the Prussian soldiers quartered in France at the time of the census, the loss of population in ten years amounts to 52,000. And as these figures are derived from authentic German sources, it is only fair to presume that they are, approximately, correct.

Having witnessed the obstructive regulations restricting persons from entering upon the married state, a certain

blank wonder falls on the mind of the outsider, when he recognises, on the other hand, the fact that the knot, so difficult to tie, can be loosed with extraordinary ease. The bonds that required fifteen thousand thalers before they could be recognised as authentic, the chains that called for such assiduity in forging, are slipped with the calmest and most careless ease, should any motive sufficiently strong arise to suggest the desirability of such slippings. There need be nothing very scandalous or exceptional in the case. Alexander unsheaths his sword; 'Our tempers are incompatible,' he says; a swirl, a swing, and a slash, and the Gordian knot is severed. Adelheid discovers an elective affinity with the sympathetic soul of her husband's *Jugendfreund*, whose manners and moustache are more congenial to her fastidious sensibilities than those of her lawful spouse. 'Bring the fateful scissors,' she sighs faintly, to the three old immemorial ladies in waiting; snip, snap, the uncongenial bonds are severed in a second! The matter creates gossip or rather confirms it, but can scarcely be said to provoke scandal; it is less than a nine days' wonder, indeed, it is no wonder at all, and a lenient society prudently abstains from judgment. It is said that divorce is now-a-days looked at askance from high places: the official tone of the Prussian Court being ostentatiously correct on matters domestic (witness the now historic 'Dear Augusta' telegrams); but the elasticity of German views on such points is not likely to be materially affected by a stern masquerade in the interests of morality, and socially the parties concerned suffer no injury whatever.

We have glanced in a former chapter at the extraordinary licence that illustrates German society of an earlier epoch. The histories and biographies of that and subsequent times are filled with unedifying examples; we see a king of Prussia with four 'legal' spouses, a preposterous formula of approbation and consent being wrung from each retiring lady in turn. Royal and Serene persons present a no more dignified aspect in matters matrimonial than the courtiers, statesmen, and whole cluster of irritable geniuses by whom they are surrounded. The husband faithful to one wife, and

the wife faithful to one husband, are the exceptions, not the rule; no scruple was felt by an 'incompatible' pair in speaking freely of the desirability of a dissolution of partnership. Why they should have gone through successive marriage ceremonies is the chief mystery; but the honorable thing was to confide your *penchant* to the wife or husband of your bosom, receive his or her confidence in return, exchange benisons, and go on the flowery way of freedom rejoicing. The mark of such morals is stamped plainly on the very front of German society. The matter is generally felt to be one that concerns only the chief actors in it. You do not meddle when a man buys a house, lets a farm, changes his banker, or dissolves partnership; a sociable acceptance of accomplished facts, an abstention from any unnecessarily severe criticism, a stretching out of the elastic mantle of charity, which covereth a multitude of sins, is supposed to be the appropriate tone. Any other would savor of superfluous and malignant hypocrisy. You are not to judge, lest your turn come to be judged also; be cautious how you throw the invidious stone; besides, why disturb the merriment in hall, and dash the general beard-waggings by your stilted niceties of objection? Toleration is our first duty to our neighbor, and to *afficher* such super-squeamishness is simply to sin against good-fellowship. The mantle of Cato has fallen in vain on your censorious shoulders, and 'private judgment' cannot be allowed to meddle with private matters.

To persons who have lived long in Germany, the examples of spouses who have dissolved their union, and after years of estrangement have been remarried, cannot be altogether unfamiliar. The writer remembers a case of two brothers marrying two sisters (they were from the German provinces of Russia), changing partners, and on death removing one of the husbands and one of the wives, the original pair (now widowed) were for the second time united in the holy bonds of matrimony. It is quite true that the case was exceptional, but it was told with infinite cackling delight and amusement by an admiring circle of indulgent friends.

In the family of the writer a great-uncle seemed to have reached the acme of

skilled practice in this matter of the dissolution of matrimony. He sat down every evening of his life to play a rubber of whist with his three divorced wives; they 'cut for partners, shuffled, and talked of tricks and honors' with all the gay philosophy of folks for whom words had no meaning, and facts no moral. No one bore animosity to anybody else; the three ladies had all tried their hand at it, but they had held bad cards; the luck was against them, and they each successively threw up the game and awoke to the conviction that their terrible old general (he was a Waterloo man) was much more practicable as a partner at the card-table than as a companion for life. It was merely a matter of mutual accommodation; there was no ill-will and no resentment; the arrangement was conducted in the most business-like and least emotional manner imaginable, and the result proved to be eminently satisfactory to all parties.

The subject of marriage cannot be dismissed without a brief glance at that supreme sham called the 'morganatic' marriage—a miserable shuffling compromise, supposed to have been invented for the preservation of youthful royalties from matrimonial indiscretions. Nine times out of ten a morganatic marriage means the left-handed infatuation of a grand-duke for a ballet-dancer, but not always; and the English mind is apt to feel intense disgust when an English

duke's daughter marries a small Serenity, and is not allowed to go to court in her husband's name. Nor can we admire the position, when a remote prince of the blood, marrying a lady of most ancient lineage, brings the 'bar sinister' into the coat of arms of his children. No matter that the mother was noble; she ought to have been royal; fidelity, purity, and truth avail nothing, her children cannot inherit their father's styles and titles; other titles and styles must be invented for them. According to the gospel of heralds' offices, and the jargon of ceremonials, they are not officially recognisable. Neither is it a very pleasant spectacle when a poor young princelet, insignificant among insignificancies, marrying modestly, with his only available hand, the maiden of his choice, is snatched from the hearth that was bright, and the home that was vocal with shrill piping trebles, to give the legal dexter palm to the princess fate imposes on his obscure royalty. The sinister union is at an end; it is in vain that the illegal left hand is bedewed with loving faithful tears, and clasped with close clinging kisses; he waves it in the wild despair of final farewell, and the curtain falls on the poor little domestic drama, to rise on one where only right hands count, and hearts are not included in the bargain.

END OF 'GERMAN HOME LIFE.'

PAPAL CONCLAVES.

No elections, we imagine, have ever called into service so much subtlety, craft, and diplomacy as those which have made the Popes. As, however, it is now twenty-nine years since the occurrence of the last election, it may reasonably be suspected that the members of the Sacred College are not so well practised in the electioneering arts of the Conclave as those of past times, when two elections would take place in a year, and even four have been recorded as having taken place in eighteen months. Nevertheless distinguished Conclavists, as the electioneering agents of the Conclave are called, have drawn up treatises on the art of Pope-making—founded on and illustrated by their own experience—in

which the theory of the tactics for managing Conclaves and electing Popes is minutely set forth, and which, we may be sure, are not wanting in the library of many a Roman cardinal. Originally, as is well known, the clergy and people united in the election of the Pope, until Nicholas II., in 1059, restricted the quality of elector to the body of cardinals, and Alexander III., in 1179, declared that a majority of two-thirds of their number should be necessary for the election of a Pope. The cardinals are of three orders—bishops, priests, and deacons. There are, as a rule, six bishops, fifty priests, and fourteen deacons. The whole number of the College of Cardinals ought not, according to a

Bull of Sixtus V., to exceed seventy, though the Bull has not been rightly observed; and indeed Paul IV. meditated increasing their number to a hundred. The custom of locking up the cardinals *cum clave*, from which the Conclave gets its name, dates from the long-contested election of Gregory X., and became law by a Bull of that Pope after his election to the Papacy in 1270.

The Conclave of Gregory X. lasted two years, during which time the Church of Rome was without an infallible head. Clement IV., the predecessor of Gregory, died at Viterbo, and the cardinals, not being able to agree upon the choice of a successor, were preparing to leave the town, when St. Buonaventura, the disciple of St. Francis of Assisi, persuaded the inhabitants to shut their gates, and not to let the cardinals go till a Pope was made. The people took the Saint's advice, and not only shut the gates of the town, but set a guard over the cardinals at the doors of the palace in which they met, and informed them that they could not even leave the palace until they had elected their Pope. However, even then the cardinals could come to no agreement; they went on from month to month and month to month still voting without producing the requisite majority, till one day the Cardinal del Porto exclaimed that the Holy Ghost could never come down and inspire their choice as long as they had a roof over their heads. The people of Viterbo took this profane joke seriously and unroofed the palace. This measure, again, was still ineffectual, and the cardinals, it seemed, would never have arrived at any determination had the device not been hit upon of diminishing the supplies of their tables. This measure succeeded. Hunger effected more than rain and wind had done, and Gregory X. was elected. Gregory X., on his election, issued the Bull that all future Popes should be elected in conclave—that is, by any assembly of cardinals locked up together and subject to specified restrictions as to diet and attendance until the election was over. Everybody shut up in the Conclave is a Conclavist, but all Conclavists are not voters. In fact, the word Conclavist is more especially applied to the attendants on the cardinals, who are of two kinds—those particularly

attached to them, two attendants to each cardinal, and those who are the general functionaries of the Conclave, such as the physician, the notary, the prothonotary, the theologian, the confessor, the chaplain, and the secretary of the Conclave. The Conclavists attached to each cardinal are his private secretaries or agents, and as through them most of the intrigues and negotiations of the Conclave are carried on, a good, astute, wily, and cautious Conclavist is of invaluable assistance to his cardinal. It will thus be seen that if the body of the cardinals in conclave be sixty in number, the whole body of Conclavists who must remain shut up together till election will be close upon two hundred; and the inconvenience of such a life, especially at certain times of the year, must be very considerable. The Conclave is now ordinarily held in a wing of the Palace of the Vatican, which is arranged for this purpose in separate cells. Each cardinal has an apartment composed of two cells, one for himself and one for his Conclavists. Each cell is numbered, and the numbers of the cells are drawn for by lot by all the cardinals before entering into conclave. After this they furnish them as they please, and the furniture of the cell of the Pope elect belongs by custom to the first who can lay hands on it after his election, and therefore generally falls, of course, to his own Conclavists. The windows which may happen to be in each cell are walled up, and when the gate of the Conclave is closed, the Dean of the Conclave keeps its keys inside; and the Marshal of the Conclave, whose office is hereditary in the princely house of Savelli, keeps the keys without. At the gate of the Conclave, however, there is a wicket (*rota*) which is carefully watched by five Papal masters of the ceremonies, by the foreign ambassadors, and sometimes by delegates of the city of Rome. All the meals of the cardinals are passed through this wicket, and communications from or to the cardinals pass likewise through this wicket, and are subjected to the scrutiny of its guardians, who stop all unlicensed communications. When the bell of the Capitol announces the death of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Cardinal Camerlingo goes to inspect the body of the Pope, and to take the fisherman's ring

from his finger, while the Dean of the Sacred College sends out the summonses for the Conclave. The Conclave does not begin till the obsequies of the late Pope are over—ten days after his decease—previously to which time, however, the cardinals meet in congregation and swear to observe the Pontifical institutions. On the tenth day after the decease of the Pope the cardinals hear High Mass at St. Peter's, and then go in procession to enter into conclave, singing the *Veni Creator*. They pass on their way through two lines of Roman people, who give them advice, or jokes, or threats, or prayers, according to the humor of the day. On the first day the cardinals have liberty to return home to dine, if they will; but at one o'clock the bell of the Conclave is rung, by orders of the Dean, for all visitors to depart; at two o'clock the second signal is given, and at three the great door is shut, not to be opened again till the Conclave is over, except that a cardinal who has not entered the Conclave may do so at any time. There is a way from the Conclave to the Capella Paolina, and in that chapel, on the morrow of the tenth day, the whole body of the Conclavists, or attendants of the cardinals, are passed in review previous to the Conclave. The cardinals must each dine alone in his own cell till the Pope is elected. There are three methods of election—election by compromise, by adoration, and by ballot. In the election by compromise the cardinals, if unable to agree, nominate one or more members of their body to designate the new Pope. Election by adoration or acclamation takes place when a number of the cardinals, amounting to two-thirds at least, acclaim the Pope without preliminary ballot. The ballot, however, is the method now regularly adopted, and the method of taking it has been fixed by Gregory XV. and Urban VIII. Two-thirds of the votes of the cardinals present are, as we have said, necessary for election, and the vote is secret. The act of voting is performed in the Capella Paolina, and the votes are taken twice a day. Each cardinal writes on a little table in the corner of the chapel the name of the Pope he would elect in a feigned hand in the centre of the voting-ticket. The voting-tickets are of an oblong form, prepared

according to the directions of the Bull of Gregory XV. In the centre of it are the printed words "*Eligo in summum Pontificium R^m D. nomine D. Cardin.,*" after which the voter inscribes the name of the Pope he would elect. The ticket is so made that the ends above and below these words can be folded down and sealed, leaving the centre inscription visible. In the upper fold the writer signs his name, and then seals down the fold with a small seal which each voter has expressly made for this purpose, and which he prevents others from seeing. Within the lower fold he writes a motto in Latin from the Bible and a number, and this he seals up likewise. The cardinal then folds the ticket in two without again sealing it and approaches the altar, on which is placed a chalice covered with a paten. At the foot of the altar the voter lifts up his hand and exhibits the ticket between his thumb and finger. He then kneels and prays for a moment, after which he takes oath that he is about to elect him whom, according to God, he thinks ought to be elected: he then puts the ticket on the paten and slips it from thence into the chalice, which he covers up. Then he makes anew a reverence before the altar and returns to his place. If the cardinal is infirm and cannot walk, one of the scrutators goes to his place to receive the ticket on the paten, after the cardinal has taken the prescribed oath. If he is sick in his cell three cardinals appointed for that purpose go to his cell with a closed box—like a money box—to receive his vote and bring it to the chapel. When all the cardinals have voted, the three scrutators, who are chosen by lot each day among the cardinals, carry the chalice covered with the paten to the middle of the chapel. They turn the voting-tickets out on the paten and count them and commence the scrutiny. The first scrutator takes a ticket and opens it, and reads in a low voice the name of the cardinal written thereon, and passes the ticket on to the second scrutator, who reads it in the same way and passes it on to the third. The third scrutator proclaims in a loud voice the name inscribed on each ticket as handed to him, and as he does this the cardinals, who are all seated in their places, with a printed list of all the members of the Sacred College

before them on paper ruled with red lines, score one by one the votes obtained by each cardinal, and the third scrutator files the tickets as he receives them on a string. If any cardinal has received two-thirds of the votes of those present in conclave, he is Pope. *Papa factus est.* If no one unites this number they pass immediately to the ballot of the *per accessum*, to the second turn of the ballot. In the ballot *per accessum* each cardinal has the faculty of voting anew for a different candidate from the one for whom he voted the first time, and for this purpose, by the aid of the number and his motto from the Bible, the scrutator examines his first ticket in order to see that he does not vote twice for the same cardinal. If in this second round of the ballot any cardinal gets a number of votes which are sufficient when added to the number he obtained in the first round to make up two-thirds, he is a Pope; and generally the Popes are elected in the second round. After each ineffectual scrutiny the voting-papers are burnt, and the populace of Rome have sometimes divined that the election of the Pope has been completed by the non-appearance of the smoke from the chimney of the Conclave, which they watch every day at the appointed hour of voting in the morning. But at last the Sacred College has decided. The Pope has been chosen. *Papam habemus; Papa factus est.* There he sits still among the cardinals, pale with emotion; those who are near him retire to a distance; all fall upon their knees, they arise and encircle him. The Dean and the senior cardinal priest approach him and ask if he accepts the dignity, and what name he will take. The Pope elect consents and gives out the name under which he will be known as Pope. He is led behind the altar, where Pontifical robes of white are in readiness, and the slippers embroidered with the cross of gold. He is placed in the chair of St. Peter. The Cardinal and Dean kneel and kiss his foot and his right hand; the Pope lifts them up and kisses them on both cheeks (*osculum pacis*). The other cardinals follow and chant "Ecce sacerdos magnus." This is the ceremony of the first adoration. After this the Dean, preceded by the sacristans and the cross, proceeds to the loggia

of St. Peter and announces to the assembled people the name of their new Pope. "Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum, habemus Pontificem eminentissimum et reverendissimum Dominum—N.N. qui sibi nomen imposuit—M.M.," after which the cannons of the Castle of St. Angelo salute their new master, and the bells of Rome ring throughout the city, while the house of the new Pope is thrown open to feast all comers. The Pope is then anew placed on the altar, and the cardinals proceed to a second adoration, after which he is carried from the Capella Paolina to St. Peter's, and adored by the cardinals there a third time, and with the mitre on his head he gives benediction to the people. He then descends from the altar and is carried in a chair to the Vatican. In the evening the streets of the Papal capital are illuminated, and a display of fireworks inaugurates the new reign.

II.

As has been said, in no electioneering contests since the beginning of time has such subtlety and strategy and tactics been displayed as in the Conclaves.

The Court of Rome has always been considered an unrivalled school for fine diplomacy, and the wily old cardinal, with the bland exterior of the dove, has interiorly all the stealthy, gliding wisdom of the serpent. Nor have the contests for the Papacy and the Conclaves been always carried on in quiet fashion. Often in the middle of the night have the shouts and clamor of rival factions been heard by the guards without, as was especially the case in the election of Pius V. For crises grow up from time to time in the Conclave; each party is afraid that their adversaries will make the Pope without them, and they pass the night in watchfulness, suspicious of every movement on the part of their opponents. Treatises have, as has been said, been written by ancient Conclavists, such as Azzolino, Lottino, Gaultiero, on the art of managing Conclaves, and are excellent subjects for diplomatic study. The cardinals may be divided into four classes—(1) those recognised as *papabili* at present or for the future—that is, cardinals with a present or future chance of the Papacy; (2) the cardinals who are recognised as the heads of factions—the

cardinal nephews of the last Pope, and the cardinals of his creation, his creatures as they are called; (3) cardinal princes, or cardinals nearly allied to royal houses; (4) cardinals who are simple electors. The factions in the Conclave are made up of the factions of France, Spain, Italy, and Austria, the faction of the nephews and creatures of the deceased Pope, and the faction of neutral cardinals, who are independent. The factions of Spain, France, and Austria are necessarily not now so strongly marked as in former times, when these countries contended for the empire of Europe; nevertheless, in the case of a new election at the present time the Italian faction will undoubtedly play a great part. As for the faction of the nephews and creatures of the deceased Popes, this, too, is not of such importance as was once the case, since nepotism is no longer practised in the shameful fashion of former times; when it did exist its main object naturally was to get such a Pope elected as would not inquire too nicely into the affairs of the last Papacy, but allow all sinecures and favors and dignities to remain with those on whom they had been bestowed. This faction rarely made any effort to get a Pope elected from their own members, since the Sacred College made it almost an invariable rule to break with the system and connections of the late Pope, so that the papal bounties might be diverted into fresh channels. The aim of each cardinal naturally was, first, to get himself elected Pope if possible, and next, if that were not possible, to get such a Pope elected as would confer upon him the greatest amount of advantage with the least prospect of disfavor. What promises would a Borgia not be willing to make to the one lacking vote necessary for the assumption of the tiara?

When Spain and Austria had large possessions in Italy, the object of each Power was not only to have a Pope who should serve their own policy, but also to have one of feeble character, who would give them no trouble in the Peninsula in respect of their own dependencies there. France desired a Pope naturally of opposite leaning, yet without too much of that zeal of which M. de Talleyrand had a horror, so that she might escape as far as possible from Ultra-

montane influence. The chiefs of factions play a great rôle in the Conclave, their object being continually to keep their party together and to break up that of their adversary, so as to ensure the due number of votes to a candidate of their own nomination. Their usual plan is to keep artfully back the candidate whom they would fain impose upon the Conclave till the most opportune moment; therefore their first precautionary measure was to assure themselves of the exclusion of the candidate whom they would wish to keep out of the Papacy. For this reason the chief of a faction will often at first put up mere men of straw, who will not, he is sure, be elected, in order to get them to form what are called the "parties of exclusion," which are leagues against particular candidates. As it can reasonably be supposed, the parties into which the Conclave finds itself divided at starting have been prepared outside the Conclave. In former times the monarchs and princes of Europe tried every diplomatic manœuvre and art of seduction, with a liberal addition of gifts and promises, to win over a party of the cardinals to their side, so as to form a compact body on whom they could rely.

When the Conclave, nevertheless, has once met, however strictly the parties may at first hold together, yet the intensity of present hopes and fears has soon a dissolving effect, and a small incident in the Conclave will often assume a prodigious importance, and operate marvelously on the voting, while motives which were all-powerful without lose their force within the walls of the Conclave. In the seclusion and rigor of the Conclave life small grievances, the want of address of one cardinal or the neglect of another, a mere oversight or a trifling mistake, assume gigantic proportions; past favors and promises are forgotten in the absorption of the moment, and the candidate who was rejected yesterday may be accepted to-day by acclamation; for defection is often contagious in the Conclave, and a crowd of cardinals sufficient to form the necessary majority may be carried away by a sudden impulse. It has even happened that a body of cardinals would be carried away by such an impulse in the middle of the night and bring their Pope down to the chapel, and

that their brother cardinals, on hearing of the fact, would rush from their beds in their night-dresses in order not to be behindhand in adoring the new Pope.

In all these internal measures of the Conclave the Conclavists or attendants of each cardinal are of great use; they are ever on the watch, noting narrowly the movements, the interviews, the change of features, and the expressions of the opponents of their own cardinal, and not omitting to keep an eye on those of his own party. It is the business of the Conclavist to take note of every whisper and feel every breath of air in the Conclave, and report his observations to his master. But whatever is done, whether it be done by Conclavist, papable or other cardinal, should be done with perfect courtesy, both as regards friend and foe; nothing is more dangerous than to let your adversary think you despise him, for his increased enmity will double his activity, and you may, moreover, still have need to approach him in the way of compromise. If the conduct of the chief of a faction requires subtle circumspection, still more is this the case with the papable cardinal; his first care is not to expose himself at all, and therefore he puts himself forward as little as possible; he affects a modest and indifferent air. Patience is an indispensable virtue in such a candidate, which no discovery of treacherous dealing on the part of friends, nor any cause of irritation coming from his enemies, should disturb for an instant; he must learn to watch and to wait, and to endure without discouragement, and wear the same smile of content under the gaze of envious and prying eyes at every passing discomfiture. But from the chiefs of factions, if they would carry their own man to the Papacy, hardly less dexterity of conduct is expected. Above all and the chief of chiefs is the nephew of the last Pope; he has a difficult game to play. Accustomed to adulation, and often to a share of sovereign power, he must learn at once to dispense with all the homage and obsequiousness to which he has been habituated, and the first Conclave in which he sits will determine his future. He can trust to no one; he must himself sound the depth of the conscience of each cardinal. Of all those created during the late Pontificate he probably

knows more than anybody else the reasons which decided their nomination to the cardinalate, their social and financial position and their intellectual worth, their family and social relations, their public and private characters, what prospects are to be looked for from their gratitude and the depth of their religious feeling. As for conversation, the chief of a faction will enter into that merely for the sake of discovering the secrets of others and disguising his own; silence is for him often more significant than words, and clumsy dissimulation is easily to be seen through. The first care of the chief of a faction, then, is to study his own party, after which he proceeds to study that of his adversaries. This man is to be avoided as dangerous; another may be won by fair words; another may be induced by promises to desert; another, perhaps fearful and undecided, may be marked out as likely to yield at the last moment. If he is briefly informed that the election of the Pope is about to take place, and is certain without him, he will be troubled all of a sudden, and will most probably vote with precipitation in the desired fashion. But as a rule, as we have said, the cardinal chief of a faction keeps back the name of the cardinal whom he especially desires to elect until the last moment. He begins by proposing one cardinal after another who have small chance of success, and then when the Conclave is tired out, when the chance of the required number of votes seems desperate, he puts forth his man and manages to set forth the superior qualities which he possesses over previous candidates; he distributes with sagacity and tact among his partisans the parts to be played in each, and puts forth all the resources at his command with energy and promptitude. All the previous candidates in such case will but have been mere experiments—straws tossed up to see which way the wind blows. However, to play this game without danger and with success it must be seen at once that the most artful diplomacy is necessary; the trick is a well-known one, and will be suspected without the exercise of supreme discretion, and in case of premature suspicion of his real game the vanity of the cardinals thus used as experiments will be wounded, and the activity

and mistrust of the opposite parties dangerously increased. Every evening each cardinal chief makes a sort of review of his partisans, and endeavors to appreciate from their reports, looks, and movements what is the present state of the atmosphere of the Conclave. Nothing, however small, but becomes a sign and index of the state of the Conclave mind in the judgment of a competent cardinal chief. Like the veteran leader of a herd of deer on the mountain-side, he scents the approach of danger in the slightest breeze, and an innocent, quite secondary question becomes for his purpose like one of the delicately prepared test-papers of the chemist; he makes use of it to sound the condition of the opinions about him. One of the most crafty devices invented in the management of the Conclave has been to force your man as a conjuror does a card on the choice of the opposite party, and get him to be proposed by them, as though he were the object of their own free choice. This has succeeded several times. The most effectual way of managing this is to contrive that the cardinal you wish to be named shall seem to be presented to the opposite party out of courtesy and not out of necessity. The Cardinal Farnese, who, though never Pope himself, made the Popes in five different Conclaves, and was a master in the art of managing Conclaves, contrived to force his favorite on the opposite chief in the Conclave which named Gregory XIII. precisely in the way we have suggested of a conjuror forcing his card. After various unsuccessful tentatives he proposed to the Cardinal Alessandrino that he should select the Pope out of three whom Farnese should name. Alessandrino, who was beginning to tire of Conclave confinement and solitary feeding, accepted the proposal, and Farnese named Buoncompagni and two others. As the two other cardinals named with Buoncompagni had much less chance of succeeding than Buoncompagni, Alessandrino chose him, and Buoncompagni became Pope under the title of Clement XIII. And Alessandrino seemed to have the merit of electing Farnese's own candidate. In such nice play as this it is clear that universal, unfailing politeness is your best ally. Even to your most in-

verate enemies be civil and polite to the last degree; you can thus always approach them and make one of them at any time. Above all, do not let even the least influential member of the Conclave see that you set small value on him; all violence, all signs of discontent at temporary defeat, all rudeness of attack, and all obstinacy must be carefully disregarded. Azzolini among other Conclaves cites two which he considers models of dexterous management; one was that of Gregory XIV. Azzolini draws from it the moral that if your adversaries keep on persisting in voting in a body for a man of bad antecedents, the way to frighten them off from their choice is to put forward a candidate of a worse character. They will hesitate at once in their votes, and fear will have more effect upon them than probity of purpose, and they will end by putting forward a better man. In the Conclave which named Gregory XIII. the Spanish cardinals kept on backing Cardinal Paleotto—a very dark horse indeed—till Cardinal Montalto backed the Cardinal of Verona, a still darker one, against them, and then the Spaniards abandoned their game on Paleotto. The other Conclave was that of Marcello II., but Marcello had the advantage of a little knot of firm friends. These collected together in secret with the list of all the cardinals in their hands; they discussed each cardinal one by one, considered his career, his present position, and how and by whom he could be won over. When every cardinal had been thoroughly discussed, and the ways of bringing him over, each member of this secret inner Conclave chose his own man to attack, and among them all they conducted affairs with such skill and secrecy that Marcello was elected. Azzolini considers this conclave a masterpiece.

III.

A thing of wiles and stratagems, we see, and of incalculable subtlety, is the Conclave; this, however, will be made still clearer by example. Let us take the case of the election of Eugene IV., which was an instance of how over-finessing may spoil the game of the whole body of cardinals at once.

Martin V., of whom the boys at Florence sung under his windows—

Papa Martino
Non vale un quattrino,

had died on February 20, 1430. All Italy was at war. The States of the Church were overrun with invading armies, and everywhere in Europe things were in a critical way. A Pope of energy, it was agreed on by the Sacred College, was required by events. A Roman party intrigued in favor of the Cardinal Colonna; a Venetian party intrigued in favor of the Cardinal del Porto; a Florentine party wanted the Cardinal Orsini; and the Spanish party wanted the Cardinal San Paolo. There was but one cardinal about whom all were agreed as utterly unfit for the Papacy, and this was the Cardinal Condolinieri. The Conclave met on this occasion in the convent of Santa Maria della Minerva; and the factions of Orsini and Colonna, of Florence and of Rome, since they could not agree upon the Pope to be elected, desired to gain time, in order to come to an arrangement. The Bulls, however, required that two ballots should be taken each day; and the cardinals, therefore, of each faction looked about for a man to whom they could give their votes for a few times without danger. Each faction, without the knowledge of the other, by a sort of unanimous spirit of contempt fixed upon the Cardinal Condolinieri, and Condolinieri was unanimously elected in the very first round of the ballot. Here were the artificers all caught in their own snare with a vengeance. Condolinieri became Pope Eugene IV. The election of Nicholas V. took place on the death of Eugene IV., on February 23, 1447. The Conclave was on that occasion prepared in the sleeping-chambers of the Dominican convent of Minerva. The cells of the cardinals were made, not of wood, but of cloth, and they were lit up with tapers. The cardinals were on this occasion only eighteen in number; twelve votes were therefore necessary for election. The Romans again desired for Pope the Cardinal Prosper Colonna. In the first turn of the ballot Prosper Colonna had ten votes, and his election seemed almost sure. On the second day of the Conclave the Cardinal still possessed his ten votes in the ballot of that day, but two more votes were wanted; if he could obtain them in a second turn of the ballot he was Pope.

The French faction then got up and addressed the cardinals, exposing the critical state of Rome and the necessity of a speedy decision. "Since the Cardinal Colonna has ten votes, let us make him Pope. If but one cardinal rises to vote another will follow." After some hesitation Thomas de Sarzana, Cardinal of Bologna, who had already three votes given to him, got up to vote for Colonna. The Cardinal of Otranto stopped him, saying, "Wait; don't be in a hurry. We are doing a great thing; we see so little when we see quickly." The Cardinal of Aquileia cried out, in a rage, "What thou sayest is to prevent Colonna from winning." The Cardinal of Bologna said, "You are right, Cardinal of Otranto. I will vote for whom you please." "I will vote for you, then, Cardinal of Bologna," cried Otranto. "I will follow you," said the Cardinal of Aquileia. "And I, too," cried another, till eleven votes were counted, when the Cardinal of San Sisto arose and said, "And I, Thomas of Sarzana, make thee Pope on this day, which is the vigil of St. Thomas." The windows of the Conclave were then opened, and the Cardinal Colonna announced the new Pope to the multitude under the name of Nicholas V.

After the death of Nicholas V., in 1455, Calistus III. was Pope for two years, and died; and another Conclave was formed, which resulted in the election of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who took the title of Pius II. This Conclave met in the Apostolical Palace, near St. Peter's, where there were two blocks of buildings with chapels. In the one cells were made for the cardinals; in the other were constructed chambers for deliberation and for the ballot.

The cardinals in conclave amounted again to eighteen; the necessary majority was therefore twelve. The Cardinal de Rohan, the candidate of the French faction, on the second day obtained eleven votes. Efforts were made in the course of the following night to induce Piccolomini to vote for the Cardinal de Rohan; but he refused, and called together the Italian cardinals, and exhorted them to frustrate the machinations of the French party, upon which seven of the Italian cardinals at once offered him their votes. On the morrow it so happened that the Cardinal de

Rohan was himself a scrutator of the ballot, and as Piccolomini was descending from the altar after voting, the Cardinal de Rohan said to him, "Have you given me your vote?" "What matters it what such a worm as I do?" replied Piccolomini; and it was found on examination of the tickets that Piccolomini had nine votes and Rohan only six. Then came the time for the *per accessum*. The cardinals took their places in silence, watching each other with anxiety. Rohan crumpled the lace fringe of his rochet; Piccolomini made cocked hats of paper, fixing on the undecided cardinals looks in which were expressed an infinity of promises. Rodrigo Borgia replied to one of these looks, and got up and said, "*Cardinalem accedo*, I give you my vote;" and then dead silence and anxiety came again upon the assembly. Piccolomini had ten votes. Two cardinals, in order to prolong matters, got up and left the hall. But the ruse was of no avail; another cardinal rose and gave his vote to Piccolomini. But one more vote was wanting. The tension of expectation was universal when the Cardinal Colonna rose. Both Rohan and Bessarion pulled him by his robe to stay him—one on each side—but without avail, for Colonna cried out from his seat, "*Et ego Senensem cardinalem accedo, papam facio!*" ("And I too give my vote to the Cardinal of Sienna, and make him Pope!")

It was, however, in the middle and towards the end of the sixteenth century that the art of managing Conclaves was brought to the greatest pitch of perfection and art. Spain and Austria and France were then contending for the supremacy of Europe. The Farneses and the Medicis were disputing for preponderance in Italian affairs, and the College of Cardinals were so much increased in number by the nomination of successive Popes—one of whom, Clement

VIII., created fifty cardinals—that sometimes the Conclave consisted of fifty or sixty members.

Moreover, from September 1590 to January 1592, for a space of sixteen months, the Conclave was almost *en permanence*; for the Sacred College was summoned together four times during that period, four Popes dying within its limits. The first Pope elected during this time, Urban VII., was made Pope on September 15, and he died on the 27th of the same month. Gregory XIV. lived only ten months after his election. Innocent IX. was Pope but one month, while Clement VIII., the last elected of the four, lived fourteen years; after which Leo XI. was elected by the Conclave, and was Pope only twenty-one days.

Most of these conclaves were battles fought out with intense ardor on both sides; not only ruse and cunning and stratagems of every kind were brought into play, but force itself was occasionally made use of to drag along a recalcitrant cardinal. The chief actor in these Conclaves was Cardinal Montalto, the nephew of Sixtus V., and Montalto generally succeeded in getting his candidates seated in the Papal chair. A minute study of these Conclaves could not be made without diverging far and wide and diving deep into the troubled stream of European politics; but even a cursory inspection of them teaches one thing—that it is for the most part beyond the power of all calculation to divine beforehand who will be the Pope of a Conclave. If you put fifty eels into a basket, he would be a bold man who would wager on any particular eel getting a firm place on the top of his fellow. Indeed, for the most part the Pope who has been the least thought of before the Conclave has come out Pope after it.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ENGAGED.

AH! woman! Miss! Madam!
 Eve's daughter by Adam—
 What pixies or fairies
 Can match your vagaries?
 When mischief's your mission,
 Men rave of perdition:

If you fall to caressing,
 The fools dream of blessing—
 Thus I vow'd to eschew womankind.
 But as strange luck would have it,
 Ere I made affidavit,
 With a smile debonnaire,

One dark rose in her hair,
 In tript cousin Carry,
 Singing, 'Whom shall I marry?'
 This girl, I may mention,
 'Twas ne'er my intention
 To seek for a wife:
 But now, odds my life!
 She looked so bewitching,
 And her furbelow switching
 Had caught by a nail—
 Bird of paradise tail,
 'Twas well that I knew my own mind.
 There she stood, brave as Juno,
 Jove's better half, you know,
 While over all dangled,
 With flounces entangled,
 Mauve, magenta, or vert,
 Her Swiss-muslin skirt—
 What the plague should I do?
 Couldn't say now, could you?
 If I let her alone,
 I were nether-millstone.
 If I sprang to assist her,
 Perchance I had kissed her!
 I, her guardian, though young,
 That were every way wrong.
 I felt puzzled to make out my duty.
 So I just lit a weed,
 As a friend in my need;
 Then, leisurely rising,
 "It's really surprising
 How you could be so rash,
 With your panier and sash,
 And soft 'Eau de Nil'—There!
 You're once more free as air—
 See, in swinging your hat,
 You've knocked down my bat.

And look! here's your locket
 Dropt into my pocket.
 Now I'm off to play cricket,
 Don't *you* bowl my wicket!"
 Thus I parley'd with this queen of beauty.
 A true woman, they say,
 Must still have her way—
 In chess, that brief tourney
 Which hints at Life's journey.
 The moves, as we know,
 Alternately go;
 So I waited to learn
 What she'd play in return.
 It was not long in coming:
 'Twixt warbling and humming,
 She plucked from her girdle
 What made my blood curdle,
 And curtseying, said, "Pardi,
 A proposal, dear guardy!"
 Was I moonstruck, or merely enraged?
 A square billet impress'd
 With huge arms and a crest!
 Yes, that wretch Baron Stoffer
 Had made her an offer:
 An old man, and funny,
 Half a million of money.
 Little doubt but he'd win her,
 Whilst I—dawdling sinner!
 I dashed down his letter,
 My cigar fared no better—
 Then my Carry's mien alter'd,
 Lip trembled, voice falter'd!—
 Was it love in quaint fashion,
 Chok'd her accents with passion?
 "But, Dick!—can't we say, I'm engaged
Temple Bar.

MAZARIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MIRABEAU,' ETC.

THERE are not two biographers that agree as to the parentage of Cardinal Mazarin: a Jew, a fisherman, a banker, a Sicilian gentleman, have in turns been accredited with his progenitorship. It is generally understood, however, that his father was an artisan of Sicily, who, coming to Rome to seek his fortune, attracted the notice of the Constable Colonna. This nobleman appointed him to be his steward, and held him in such high favor that he gave him his niece and god-daughter Ortensia Bufalini in marriage.

Giulio Mazarini—such is the correct

form of his name, and the one in which he always wrote it until his naturalisation in France—was born in the year 1602, while his mother was journeying in the Abruzzi. He was educated in the Roman College, which was under the control of the Jesuits, and rendered himself so remarkable by his talents that, when he was only sixteen, Grassi, the astronomer of the college, selected him to sustain public theses, in the presence of the cardinals and the most eminent literati, upon the great comet which appeared in that year; and he acquitted himself with an eloquence and strength

of argument which won universal applause. The sons of Colonna were the companions of his studies and his intimate associates. Strikingly handsome, gifted with a marvellous power of insinuation, and a natural aptitude for intrigue, received on terms of equality in the palace of his patron, he acquired at the same time the distinguished manners and the vices of the great. While yet a youth, he was a confirmed gambler. Fortune—some say finesse—usually favored him, and filled his pockets with gold; but sometimes a reverse turn of the wheel left him without a sou: "The free-handed has Heaven for his treasurer," was a favorite saying of his.

The young Colonnas being sent to Spain to complete their education, his parents, hoping to divert him from such evil courses and evil associates, solicited that he might accompany them; which he did, ostensibly in the capacity of a *valet de chambre*, but in reality as a companion; no menial offices were ever performed by him, he had separate apartments, and studied in the same college. In all learning and accomplishments he made rapid progress, and won the heart of every person with whom he associated. Upon his return to Rome he took the degree of doctor of laws.

But in 1624 we find him a captain in the Pontifical army stationed in the Valtelline, and employed in several political negotiations, his skill and address in the conduct of which won him the favor of Pope Urban.

"He was," says his biographer, Benedetti, "a veritable Proteus, speaking Spanish with the Spaniards, French with the French, and agreeable to all by his politeness and engaging manners; he seemed gifted with ubiquity; he was everywhere, according to the need of the service, at Turin, Venice, Milan, in the Valtelline."

But always observant, always studying the situation, always, as it were, instinctively divining the proper course; under the patronage of the powerful Cardinal Barberini, he played an important part in Italian politics.

In 1629 he was attached to the legation sent by Rome to mediate between France and Spain. The conference took place at Lyons, and it was here that he came to the turning-point of his career, his introduction to Cardinal Richelieu. "I

have just been speaking to the greatest statesman I have ever seen!" Such was the great minister's emphatic declaration after his first interview with Giulio Mazarin. These words were probably a sincere tribute to an intellect whose subtle power he could peculiarly appreciate; but at the same time they expressed the satisfaction of the speaker in having found a valuable instrument for future use. There seems to have been an immediate *rapprochement* between these two men, who had something in common. Mazarin saw in Richelieu a patron who beyond all others could advance his fortunes, and by skilful flattery, to which no man was ever more susceptible than the Cardinal, at once won his favor; while Richelieu discovered in the young diplomatist a clever, unscrupulous adventurer, whose services might prove of incalculable value to him.

From that time Mazarin's French sympathies were gradually manifested. The treaty between France and Savoy (1630), which detached the latter from Spain, was the first result of these proclivities; after this he cajoled the Spaniards into restoring Pignerol on conditions, not fulfilled, of corresponding value on the other side. Upon his return to Rome he was accused of having betrayed the cause of Spain; but Cardinal Barberini defended him from all attacks, and Richelieu wrote the Pontiff a letter teeming with his praises, and soliciting that he should be appointed Nuncio to the Court of France. This recommendation was not complied with until 1634, although he was named Vice-Legate of Avignon two years previously. His mission was to demand the re-installment of the Duc de Lorraine in his possessions.* Soon after his arrival in Paris he was attacked by a severe illness; Richelieu overwhelmed him with benefits and attentions, installed him in his own *château* at Ruel, solicited for him a cardinal's hat, and sent him as his own representative to the baptism of the Dauphin. The hat was refused, and Spain, which could not be blind to this diplomatic comedy, was so

* Orleans had, without the King's consent, secretly married his sister; for which an army was sent against him, and Nancy seized.

loud in her complaints that the Pope determined upon his recall.

Although his family now held a distinguished position in Rome—he himself had been created Monsignore—his mother being dead, his father had remarried into the noble house of Ursins, and his sisters had formed alliances almost equally distinguished—he resolved to renounce the service of the Papal Court, return to France, and place himself at the disposal of Richelieu. It was doubtless a prearranged affair; at all events, he was quite certain of being received with open arms; and it so happened that the Cardinal's *alter ego*, Père Joseph, died about this time, thus leaving the field entirely clear for the new favorite. In 1639 he was naturalised a French citizen, "on account of the praiseworthy and important services he had rendered in divers negotiations." From that time he was employed in various diplomatic affairs, and in 1642 was created Cardinal, the hat being placed upon his head by the King's own hands.

In the last month of that year died the great Richelieu. On his death-bed he strongly commended his *protégé* to the King; his commendation was not neglected—a circumstance as much owing to Mazarin having already secured the royal favor as to respect for the dead servant's request,—he was at once admitted to the council; and, as a further honor, was selected to stand godfather to the Dauphin, whose christening took place about this period.

The sinking state of Louis' health, and the extreme youth of his successor, turned all men's thoughts towards the inevitable regency, which lay between the Queen and the Duc d'Orléans: the respective claims of the two candidates divided the court into opposing parties. Although the servant of Richelieu, Mazarin had never taken part either against Anne of Austria or any of her favorites, and too wise to lean upon the arch-traitor Gaston, he now turned towards her, and used every means to win her confidence. This he compassed through her most trusted councillor, the Bishop of Beauvais, an imbecile old man, whom it cost him little pains to overreach. About the expiring monarch gathered the two cabals, with fluctuating hopes. Louis had never truly pardoned the Queen

her supposed share in Chalais' conspiracy—never fully exonerated her from the dishonoring suspicions of the Buckingham affair; yet, whatever might have been his prejudices, he could scarcely have decided in favor of his infamous brother; and besides which, since the birth of her two sons, Anne had become highly popular. So at length, after long hesitation, he finally determined to appoint her regent after his death; but the opposite faction obtained for Orléans the presidency of the council, with the Prince de Condé for deputy; upon which Mazarin prevailed upon the King to appoint him second deputy. These restrictions upon her absolute authority were viewed by the Parlement, which was wholly devoted to her, with great disfavor, and from the moment that the decree was recorded upon its registers, it busied itself with the consideration of how it could be formally annulled. For some time the King fluctuated between life and death—one day he was seemingly *in extremis*, the next he was playing the guitar, and apparently in a fair way to recovery. News of his approaching end brought the exiles flocking into Paris; news of the favorable change drove them out again faster than they came. At length, on the 14th of May 1643, the long expected, hoped for event came to pass. Under the protection of the Duc de Beaufort, the young King and his mother started immediately from Saint-Germain, and proceeded to Paris, where they were received with the utmost enthusiasm. So overawed was the poltroon Orléans by these demonstrations, and by the attitude of the Parlement, that he voluntarily resigned all power into her hands. Mazarin, finding himself in the background, resorted to a ruse; he begged permission of the Queen to return to Italy, but mingled his request with the strongest protestations of devotion to her person. Greatly concerned, and taking his request in a literal sense, the Queen laid the matter before the Count de Brienne, who, having a better understanding of the Cardinal's motives, replied that if she offered to restore to his Eminence what he had lost by the annulling of the late King's will—namely, the deputy-deputy presidency of the council, there was no doubt that he would gladly remain in her ser-

vice. She followed this counsel with the result foretold.

From that day Mazarin's star rose rapidly; he was appointed superintendent of the King's education, and began to gain that absolute ascendancy over the mind of Anne of Austria which terminated only with his life.

"His wit and gentleness," says Madame de Motteville, "pleased her from the first conversations she had with him, and frequently, speaking to those in whom she confided, she had testified that she was not displeased to see him in order that he might instruct her upon foreign affairs, of which he had a complete knowledge, and in which the late King employed him." After he had obtained an authority "which those who were believed to possess it entirely did not imagine that he dared even to think of, he became in a little time master of the council, and the Bishop of Beauvais diminished in power as his competitor augmented; his new Minister from that time used to come to the Queen in the evenings and have great conferences with her."*

Mazarin was now in the prime of life, strikingly handsome in person, graceful in demeanor, insinuating in manners, and court and city were soon rife with scandals upon this close intimacy.

Were we to implicitly accept the testimonies of Madame de Motteville and La Porte, we should content ourselves by ascribing every doubtful passage of the Queen's life to that excess of gallantry, which still stopped short of crime, that distinguished the Spanish manners of the period. But, valuable and authentic as are the memoirs bequeathed to us by those faithful servants, we must regard them, where their mistress is concerned, as partisan; they were both her devoted friends, and would certainly, even if they had had proofs of her guilt, which is by no means probable, have declined blackening to posterity the name of one whom they regarded as the most amiable and injured of women. Yet, notwithstanding, they have recorded many suspicious facts, and much indirect evidence, against her. Whether she merited the cruel doubts and persecutions with which the King her husband harassed her throughout his life, is a problem that it is not the object of this paper to solve. *If* we are to believe a

certain passage in De Retz's 'Memoirs,' suppressed in the first editions, her guilt with Buckingham is beyond dispute. But if she were guilty, few could ever plead more excuses. Young, beautiful, reared in the most gallant and romantic court of Europe; married to a man whom, if half the scandals of the time be true, she could not but loathe as well as despise, and who from the first treated her with profound indifference; licentiousness all around her; tyrannised over by an imperious mother-in-law; her every action spied upon by the malignant eyes of Richelieu or his creatures, and subjected at times to indignities that would have debased the meanest scullion of her palace—strong, indeed, must have been the rectitude or *pride* of her nature did it pass immaculate through such circumstances and temptations. But these things belong to a period anterior to the events with which this article is concerned—it is simply the question of her relations with Mazarin that I propose to examine, and I will begin with an extract from De Brienne's 'Memoirs,' in reading which it must be borne in mind that he was a believer in the Queen's innocence. His mother, in a private interview, has informed her of the scandalous rumors which are rife in Paris:—

"When she had finished, the Queen, her eyes suffused with tears, replied to her: 'Why, my dear, hast thou not told me this sooner? I confess to thee I love him, and, I may say, tenderly. But the affection I bear him does not go so far as love, or if it does it is without my knowing it, my senses have no part in it; my mind alone is charmed by the beauty of his. Would that be criminal? If there is even in this love the shadow of a sin, I renounce it now before God and before the saints whose relics are in that oratory. I will speak to him henceforth, I assure thee, only of affairs of State, and I will break off the conversation when he speaks to me of anything else.' My mother, who was on her knees, took her hand and kissed it, and placed it near a reliquary which she had just taken from the altar. 'Swear to me, Madame,' said she, 'I beseech you, swear to me upon these holy relics, to keep for ever that which you have just promised God.' 'I swear it,' said the Queen, placing her hand upon the reliquary, 'and I pray God to punish me if I am conscious of the least evil.'"

"This is very strong," says Victor Cousin, in commenting upon this passage, "and would altogether persuade us if we did not remember that in 1637, leaving the communion table, Anne swore

* La Porte also speaks of these long tête-à-têtes.

upon the holy Eucharist, which she had just received, and upon the salvation of her soul, that she had not once written to Spain, while later she made confessions quite contrary to her first oaths." Here, at all events, we have a distinct confession of her love, and an admission that Mazarin did not always confine the conversation to State affairs. It was impossible for so acute an intellect as his to be ignorant of her disposition towards him, and it is almost equally impossible that so unscrupulous an adventurer, and one notorious for gallantry, should not have availed himself of her weakness to enhance his influence. Those who believe in the possibility of platonic affection under such circumstances are beyond the reach of argument.

The deaths of Richelieu and Louis the Thirteenth had opened the prisons and frontiers of France to all the great cardinal's enemies and to all the Queen's old adherents, who now swarmed upon the court like locusts, greedy to devour all favor. Chief among these was the Duc de Beaufort, son of the Duc de Vendôme, and grandson of Henry the Fourth, *le roi des halles*, as he was called, from his popularity among the market-women, whose manners and language it was his pleasure to imitate; the Duchesse de Chevreuse, the married widow of Albert de Luynes, the most intriguing and licentious woman of her age; Madame de Hauteville, whom Richelieu had banished because his royal master had looked upon her with eyes of favor; these, and many others, who called themselves the Queen's party, formed a cabal, which was nicknamed the *Importants*. Upon their arrival at court they had believed that hatred of her old enemy the Cardinal and the memory of old friendships would give them the first place in the Regent's confidence and counsels. At first there seemed every probability that their expectations would be realised; they were received with open arms, and Mazarin, who, unlike his predecessor, always temporised with an enemy, while secretly undermining their influence, openly courted their friendship. To Madame de Chevreuse he was most profuse in his offers of service; but she, over confident in her power, treated his advances with mockery and con-

tempt, and resolved upon his destruction. One of the means adopted for this end was to repeat to the Queen the sayings of every scandalous tongue in Paris, hoping thereby to force her pride to his dismissal. This course produced the very opposite effect to what they had intended: it only strengthened the ties which united Anne and her Minister, and as their insolence increased so did her friendship for them cool. The arrogance of Beaufort exceeded all bounds, he abused and threatened the Cardinal and grossly insulted the Queen, and to bring affairs to a crisis, the cabal formed a plot for the Minister's assassination. The conspiracy was detected, and on the 2nd of September 1643 Beaufort was arrested, and Madame de Chevreuse and the other leaders of the *Importants* banished from the court and capital.

"It is in the last days of the month of August," says Cousin, "that we must place the certain date of the declared ascendancy, public and without rivals, of Mazarin over Anne of Austria. . . . Those attacks to which the Minister had just been exposed precipitated the victory of the happy Cardinal, and the day after the last nocturnal ambuscade in which he was to have perished, Mazarin was the absolute master of the heart of the Queen, and more powerful than Richelieu had been after the Day of Dupes.

"On the 19th of November she represented in council that in consequence of the indisposition of M. le Cardinal Mazarin, and of his being obliged, with great pain, to pass daily across the garden of the Palais Royal, and seeing that at all hours he had new affairs to communicate to her, she found it necessary to give him accommodation in the Palais Royal in order that she might conveniently converse with him upon affairs."

From that time he was only an occasional visitor to his own magnificent residence.

"The National Library," to again quote Victor Cousin, "contains, enclosed in a chest, called the chest of St.-Esprit, numbered upon the back 117,826, divers papers relative to Mazarin, among which are some letters under this title, 'Lettres originales de la propre main de la Reine Anne, mère du Roy Louis XIV., au Cardinal Mazarin.' The authenticity of these letters cannot be for a moment contested; we undoubtedly recognise in them the hand of Anne of Austria, her bad writing and bad orthography. There are eleven letters, all autograph. It seems that formerly

* The Princess Palatine, many years afterwards, used to point out the secret passage by which Mazarin gained access to the Queen's chamber.

there must have been more, from the great space of time over which these letters extend, from 1653 to 1658, and we know that during those five years the Queen and the Minister were several times separated, and would have much to write about. The first of these letters is at the end of 1652 or the commencement of 1653, when Mazarin with Louis the Fourteenth was with the army, and Anne of Austria remained in the centre of the government, at Paris, Fontainebleau, or Compiègne. The intimate connection, commenced in the middle of the year 1643, had already existed ten years at the commencement of this correspondence; it had then lost its early vivacity. On the other hand, Mazarin was all but victorious over all his enemies both within and without; his dangers, which had animated and sustained the Queen, were dissipated. She was also obliged to express herself with a certain circumspection, her couriers running the risk of being intercepted. In fine, according to the fashion of the age, she employed a jargon only intelligible to Mazarin and herself, and of which the key has not been found, so that all which related to private affairs escapes us entirely, as there are also lines which cannot be read. Notwithstanding, however, the time, which would have deadened them, notwithstanding the circumstances which restrain expression, notwithstanding the mysterious cyphers in which they are veiled, the sentiments of Anne of Austria yet appear impressed with a profound tenderness. She sighs for Mazarin's return, and impatiently endures his absence. There are words which betray the trouble of her mind and almost of her senses. It seems, too, almost impossible to misunderstand the language of an affection very different to simple friendship and an attachment purely political."

I have not space to present extracts from these eleven letters, which the reader may consult himself in the appendix, pp. 471-482, of Victor Cousin's 'Madame de Hautefort;' but will give instead a letter that speaks volumes, and which M. Valckenaer has subjoined to his 'Mémoires sur Madame de Sévigné,' the original of which he asserts to be in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

"Saintes, June 1660.

"Your letter has given me great joy. I do not know if I shall be happy enough to make you believe it, and if I could believe that one of my letters would have pleased you as much I would have written it with a good heart, and it is true that to see the transports with which they were received and read brought strongly to mind another time of which I am almost always thinking. Although you may believe or doubt, I assure you that all my life shall be employed to testify to you that there never was a friendship more true than mine, and if you do not believe it, I hope in justice that you will some day repent of having doubted

it; and if I could as easily make you see my heart as what I write upon this paper, I am assured you would be content, or you would be the most ungrateful man in the world, and that I do not believe."

The licentious press of the Fronde period teemed with scandals against the Queen and her favorite; several pamphlets more than hint that there had been a marriage between them, and one or two even go so far as to name the priest who performed the ceremony.* Michelet favors this supposition; nor does it appear at all improbable that Anne of Austria, who was much of a devotee, should have resorted to such a means of quieting her conscience, more especially as, according to all the memoirs of the period, she had more than once been taken to task by the religious sisterhoods whom she was constantly in the habit of visiting. It will be objected that Mazarin, being a churchman, could not marry, but it is extremely doubtful whether he was ever ordained a priest, at least he never officiated as one.

Whatever might have been the relations which subsisted between Queen and Minister, it is certain that his control over her, the young King, and the government of the nation, was, throughout his life, absolute. While he lived in the pomp and luxury of an Eastern potentate, Louis was kept in a state of absolute penury; he was suffered to grow out of his clothes, even the sheets upon his bed were in rags, and his carriages were mouldering with age. The civil wars which desolated the capital and many of the provinces for years were wholly directed against Mazarin, and these, together with all the odium which throughout that time the nation cast upon her, might have been suppressed by dismissing him from her councils. Of his brutal rudeness towards her during the latter years of his life, and even upon his death-bed, where a scene was enacted† which can bear but one ex-

* In 'La Suite de Silence au bout des Doights' occurs this passage: "Why so much blame the Queen for loving the Cardinal? Is she not obliged to do so if they are married, and Père Vincent has ratified and approved their marriage?"

† "Quelques jours avant sa mort elle (la reine), elle l'alla visiter pendant qu'il était au lit, et lui demanda comment il se trouvait.

planation, all contemporaries bear witness, and, to conclude with a most significant fact, although previously notorious as a man of intrigue, from the commencement of his close relations with Anne of Austria, not even the most scandalous pamphlet ever accused him of an amour.

With the overthrow of the *Importants* commenced that period which is known in French history as "the fair days of the Regency." Never, even during the reign of Richelieu, had France held so dominant a position in Europe. At Rocroi the young Condé had crushed the power of Spain, and, together with Turenne, marched from victory to victory, until the culmination at Lens and the peace of Münster. But while war raged without, all within was peace and tranquillity, taxes were repealed, largesses bestowed with a liberal hand, and the popularity of the Regent attained such a height that a courtier one day remarked that the whole French language was reduced to five words, "The Queen is so good!"

In the days of his advancement Mazarin had sought by clemency and a humility of demeanor to win popular approbation, and the change from the stern and pompous Richelieu was so striking that the very contrast secured his success. But from the fall of the *Importants* and the consolidation of his power all this was altered. He sent for his nephews and nieces from Rome and placed them in high positions about the court; he raised a guard for the protection of his person, and began to assume a style of regal splendor; he reduced the Council of State to two persons besides himself, the Prince de Condé, father of the great general, and the Duc d'Orléans, and between these he craftily sowed the seeds of dissension by opposing their interests; by the aid of cajolery, large promises, and small ful-

filiments, and a fostering of selfish jealousies, he contrived, for a time, to preserve perfect tranquillity and hold the balance between all parties. De Retz gives an admirable description of this state of things in the following paragraph:—

"Monsieur (Orléans) thought himself above taking warning; the Prince de Condé, attached to the court by his avarice, was willing to believe so likewise; the Duc d'Enghien was just at the age to fall asleep under the shadow of his laurels; the Duc de Longueville opened his eyes, but it was only to shut them again; the Duc de Vendôme considered himself too happy *only* to have been exiled; the Duc de Nemours was but a child; the Duc de Guise, newly come back from Brussels, was ruled by Madame de Pons, and believed that he ruled all the court; the Duc de Bouillon fancied every day that they would give him back Sedan; Turenne was more than satisfied to command the army in Germany; the Duc d'Épernon was enchanted to have got into his post and his government; Schomberg had been all his life inseparable from everything that was well with the court; Grammont was its slave, and Messieurs de Retz, de Vitri, and de Bassompierre, believed themselves to be absolutely in favor, because they were no longer either prisoners or exiles. The Parlement, delivered from the Cardinal de Richelieu, who had kept it at a very low ebb, imagined that the age of gold must be that of a minister who told them every day that the Queen would be guided only by their counsels."

But this contemptible and temporising policy could not succeed for ever. Posts promised to doubtful friends were treacherously bestowed to mollify certain enemies; no favor was granted without some pecuniary equivalent being wrung from the recipient; every man's pride was outraged by the sense of being befooled, and sullen murmurs swelled into howls of execration from every class of the community. There was no lion's hide beneath the fox's skin. Mazarin was a coward; when cunning failed him, he was lost and had to yield; he never dared to boldly dare his foes, and, conscious of his impotence, foes soon began to swarm around him in ever increasing numbers.

During "the fair days" Anne had emptied the treasury in bestowing largesses upon her friends; the effects of an empty exchequer soon began to be felt: magistrates, governors of towns and fortresses, officers, and even soldiers were unpaid, and but for loans from the

'Très-mal,' repondit-il, et, sans dire autre chose, il jeta ses couvertures, sortit sa jambe et sa cuisse nues hors du lit, et les montrant à la reine, qui en fut fort étonné, aussi bien que tous les spectateurs: 'Voyez, madame,' lui dit-il, 'ces jambes qui ont perdu le repos en le donnant à la France!' En effet, sa jambe et sa cuisse étaient si décharnées, si livides et si couvertes de taches, que cela faisait pitié. La reine jeta un grand cri et se prit à pleurer."—
'Memoires de Bienne.'

commanders of the army it would have been impossible to have sustained the war then raging. The finances were under the superintendence of Emery, a name which his contemporaries have sent down to posterity loaded with execrations. Bussy Rabutin describes him as "harsh, proud, clever, intelligent in matters of business, ingenious in the creation of new subsidies to provide for the expenses of the war; he exercised a rigorous inquisition upon property of all kinds, and was never tired of trampling upon the subjects of the King." He had a difficult task to perform, and he performed it iniquitously; he created new offices of the most extraordinary character, such as the Comptroller of Faggots, the Criers of Wine of the King's Counsellors, and sold them to the highest bidders; he plundered the public funds, and granted the most infamous monopolies of public food. In 1548 there had been passed a law for limiting the growth of the capital within certain bounds, and this *lois* as it was called, he now revived, exacting from those who had built beyond the prescribed limits a heavy fine to redeem their property from demolition; the people rose in riot against the surveyors, who could carry out their orders only under the protection of a body of troops. This oppression was succeeded by another still worse—a new and exorbitant tariff upon all articles of food brought into Paris. The outcry of the people aroused the spirit of the Parlement, which had been crushed by Richelieu and cajoled by Mazarin, and it refused to verify the edict without certain modifications. Too timid to force an open rupture, Mazarin withdrew the tariff, but through his agent Emery revived a number of ancient imposts, which, although obsolete, having been sanctioned by former Parlements, could not be rejected. Six new edicts, however, which the King placed before Parlement at the opening of the year 1648 were so violently opposed that Mazarin, in an access of cowardly fear, yielded everything. Perceiving its own power and the weakness of the Minister, the legislative assembly from that time took the upper hand, disputing even the just and reasonable demands of the government; the provincial Parlements followed the example of the metropolitan; De Retz

was stirring the people to revolt, and, to culminate the confusion, the leader of the *Importants*, De Beaufort, was suffered to make his escape from Vincennes. Ere the disturbances assumed dangerous proportions, Mazarin, the Queen, together with the young King, contrived to get out of Paris and take shelter at Saint-Germain. As I have described the Fronde period in a previous article,* I shall pass it over here with brief notice; indeed, throughout that memorable struggle Mazarin was a passive rather than an active person, a quintain at which all parties tilted; De Retz was the real hero of the civil war, and after him Condé and Beaufort, Madame de Chevreuse and Madame de Longueville, played the principal parts. A full description of the innumerable and tortuous intrigues of this extraordinary revolt would fill a whole number of the magazine, would prove exceedingly dull to the general reader, and would throw very little additional light upon Mazarin's character; his policy throughout was but a repetition of that which had gone before—it was false, temporising, and cowardly. Three times was he obliged to quit Paris, and twice the kingdom, to save his life; once the Parlement declared him guilty of high treason, placed him beyond the pale of the law, and commanded all persons to put him to death wherever he might be found, offering one hundred and fifty thousand livres for his capture alive or dead. And yet, notwithstanding, upon his return from his third and last exile, on the 29th of March 1653, he was received with every mark of enthusiastic affection; the great nobles, many of whom had been his most virulent enemies, cast themselves at his feet, and jostled each other for the distinction of being first to crouch there; a grand festival was given in his honor at the Hôtel de Ville, and the multitude gathered about the building in crowds, and rent the air with acclamations whenever he appeared at the windows.

Such is the value of popular hate—and popular favor.

De Retz was in prison, Condé and Beaufort were in exile, the party of the Fronde was shattered, the populace were weary of civil strife, and Mazarin still

* See "De Retz," TEMPLE BAR, July 1873.

remained master of Queen and King. There is something marvellous in the tenacity with which through years of discord, hatred, rebellion, and exile, this man clung to power; France could no more shake him off than could Sinbad the Old Man of the Sea. "I and Time," was a favorite expression of his, and the two certainly wrought wonders for him. He lived down all hate and all enemies, and that with little or no assistance from the headman's axe, and passed the latter years of life in tranquillity, absolute authority, and a general toleration almost amounting to popularity. This it is which has given to posterity an exaggerated estimate of his talents. His rule from first to last was a vicious and unhappy one for France, the success which attended her arms was due to her great commanders, Condé and Turenne, and these were her only off-sets against the oppression, exaction, and the wretched condition of her people which marked the whole period of his administration. Nothing could be more deplorable than the management of the finances. What it was under Emery has been already referred to; Fouquet appropriated and squandered the national money with a magnificent generosity that half blinds us to his faults; it was reserved for the great Colbert to redeem the crimes and errors of his predecessors. While commerce was almost extinct, the people famishing, and justice dead, Mazarin had but one thought, the aggrandisement of his power, and the increase of his enormous wealth. "Sire," said Fouquet to the King, "the exchequer is empty; but his Eminence the Cardinal will lend you what you want." The magnificence of his state far surpassed that of royalty itself. When he left Paris for Spain to arrange the Treaty of the Pyrenees and the King's marriage, he took in his train sixty churchmen and nobles of the first rank, accompanied by their retinues; his household attendants were three hundred in number, besides a guard of three hundred foot and one hundred horse; his baggage was conveyed in eight wagons, each drawn by six horses; in addition to these were twenty-four mules, and a great number of led horses. His re-entrance into the capital with Louis and his bride is thus described in one of Madame Scarron's letters:—

"The household of Cardinal Mazarin was not the ugliest. It began with seventy-two baggage-mules, of which the first twenty-four had housings, simple enough; the others had more beautiful, finer, and more brilliant housings than the finest tapestries you have ever seen. The last were of red velvet with gold and silver embroidery, and silver bits and bells, all of such magnificence as caused great exclamations. Then passed twenty-four pages, and all the gentlemen and officers of his household; after that, twelve carriages with six horses each, and his guards. In short, his household was more than an hour in passing."

Although usually grasping and avaricious, Mazarin could be magnificent at times. It is related that at one of his great *fêtes* he led his guests through a suite of apartments, in which they were shown furniture, mirrors, cabinets, candelabras, plate, jewels, and other costly articles worth five hundred thousand francs, and that when they had done admiring these riches, he informed them that he intended to put them all into a lottery for which each person should be presented with a ticket.

The means by which he had accumulated his riches were various, and mostly base: sales of offices, fines, peculations, gambling, plunder of all kinds. Gambling was the all-pervading vice of the age, and the especial favorite of the Minister, who, probably, to draw men's minds from State affairs, carefully fostered and encouraged it at court. The King was early initiated into the custom, and staked and lost the little money he was allowed most royally in the Cardinal's or Madame de Soisson's *salons*. Every mansion was a gaming-house, where scores of thousands of francs were lost and won every few minutes. From the court the passion descended to the city, and spread universal corruption.

Nevertheless, Mazarin did much to soften and polish the manners of the nobility, rendered rude and savage by generations of civil war. He introduced a taste for music, and brought singers and operas from Italy. Until his time the royal orchestra was limited to violins; he brought into use various other instruments till then unknown in France. Dancing was also greatly cultivated, and the ballet, which assumed such magnificent proportions during Louis the Fourteenth's reign, became a principal entertainment in all the court festivities. In fine, he initiated all the

luxury, splendor, and refinement which ultimately degenerated into the sybaritism that distinguished the second half of the seventeenth century.

In the meantime he carefully excluded the young King from all State affairs, inclining him to frivolous and vicious pursuits, keeping from him all good books, and diverting his mind from all studies of an ennobling character, or which would instruct him in the art of government. In consequence of this training, the future Augustus grew up very ill educated. La Porte, who was the King's personal attendant during his boyhood, has, in addition to this, brought an accusation against the Cardinal too terrible to be repeated in these pages, the veracity of which is seemingly confirmed by the fact that, although banished on account of the assertion during Mazarin's lifetime, he was afterwards recalled and taken into favor, which would scarcely have come to pass had his story been false. After all, there must have been something truly great in Louis' nature that it could emerge so well from such a training.

Mazarin had married one niece to the Prince de Conti, and a second to the Duc de Mercœur; two others, Marie and Olympia Mancini, were unmarried; these the Cardinal kept at court, and threw constantly into the young monarch's society. Madame de Motteville tells us, when Olympia first arrived in France, she was remarkably plain, but as she grew to womanhood a great improvement took place in her personal appearance. Her eyes were always fine, but from being exceedingly thin, she became plump; her color was high, but delicate; her cheeks were dimpled; her hands and feet small and exceedingly beautiful, and she possessed wit, talents, and grace. Such charms, thrown constantly in his way, could not fail to make some impression upon the heart of a boy of seventeen. They read, sat, talked, danced together, and Louis studied Italian for the express purpose of conversing with her in her own language. But the impression was not lasting; a rival, her own sister, Marie, who has been described as being positively ugly, after a time usurped her place in the King's affections; and took a far firmer hold upon them than Olympia had ever possessed.

She reciprocated his tenderness with an all-absorbing passion. Madame de Motteville relates that Mazarin actually entertained the idea of raising his niece to the throne. "I very much fear," he said to the Queen one day, "that the King too greatly desires to espouse my niece." The Queen, who knew her Minister, comprehending that he desired what he feigned to fear, replied haughtily, "If the King were capable of such an indignity, I would put my second son at the head of the whole nation against the King and against you."

"Mazarin," writes Voltaire, "never pardoned, it is said, that response of the Queen, but he adopted the wise plan of thinking with her; he assumed honor and merit in opposing the passion of Louis the Fourteenth. His power had no need of a Queen of the blood for its support; he feared even the character of his niece; and he believed that he strengthened the power of his ministry by avoiding the dangerous glory of elevating his house to too great a height."

Mazarin now resolved to at once remove Marie from the court; upon his declaring this intention, and forbidding any further intercourse between her and the King, her grief and despair was so heart-rending that Louis offered to break off the marriage then negotiating with the Infanta, and make her his Queen. How admirably the wily Cardinal could act a noble and self-denying part, is manifest in the reply he made to this offer: "Having been chosen by the late King, your father, and since then by the Queen, your mother, to assist you by my councils, and having served you up to this moment with inviolable fidelity, far be it from me to misemploy the knowledge of your weakness which you have given me, and the authority in your dominions which you have bestowed upon me, and suffer you to do a thing so contrary to your dignity! I am the master of my niece, and would sooner stab her with my own hand than elevate her by so great a treachery." In two of his letters he threatened the King with resigning his office, and quitting France forever, unless he relinquished all thoughts of his niece. There are historical writers who have held these heroic effusions to be the expression of his real sentiments, and have praised them accordingly; but such a judgment is in direct contradiction of the whole life of

the man. He who could systematically endeavor to debase a boy's mind, and to unfit a young monarch for all the duties of good government, *must* have been wholly destitute of the nobility of character pretended to in that speech and those epistles. Besides which, the concluding *gasconade* about stabbing his niece with his own hand is so opposed to his cold and timid nature, that it would alone suffice to throw discredit upon the whole. It all meant what Voltaire says it did—he found it wise to think with the Queen.

Orders were given that Marie should be placed in the convent to which poor Olympia had been already consigned. With tearful eyes the young Louis conducted her with his own hand to the carriage which was to take her away. "You weep, and yet you might command," were her parting words.

There had been several brides proposed for the young monarch—Henrietta of England, Marguerite of Savoy; but as both countries were desirous of cementing a peace, policy determined the Spanish alliance, and at the end of February 1660, after several months of negotiations, the Treaty of the Pyrenees was signed, which gave France Alsace, Roussillon, and a large part of Flanders. "Mazarin has one fault," remarked Don Louis de Haro, the Spanish ambassador; "he suffers his design to cheat to be constantly apparent."

Although Louis was now twenty-two years of age, Mazarin still held absolute power over the State; the King presided over his councils, but his was but the shadow of authority; and those who would obtain favors from him must solicit them through the Cardinal. The Queen Mother was a mere cypher, who could obtain nothing for herself or her adherents without his permission. A painful and fatal disease, however, was hurrying him fast to the grave; anxious to conceal its ravages from strangers, when he received foreign ministers, he had his cheeks covered with rouge. Death found him seated in his chair, dressed in his full cardinal's robes, and his beard carefully trimmed, as if for a *levée*; he continued to sign despatches while his hand could grasp a pen; power passed away only with life. To the last he was consistent with his old hypocrisy; a few hours before his decease he sent a message to the

Parlement, in which he declared that he died its very humble servant. The event took place on the 9th of March 1661.

The character of Mazarin is fully portrayed in the events of his life: how poor it appears beside the Satanic grandeur of his predecessor! it is all mean and mediocre. "Eight years of absolute and tranquil power from his return until his death were marked by no establishment, either glorious or useful," remarks Voltaire. With all his cunning and subtlety, his knowledge of human nature was very shallow. Judging from himself, he believed interest to be the ruling passion of all men, and seldom or never in his calculations made allowance for vanity, pride, self-love, and woman-love, which determine more than the half of human actions. Self-interest is the usual goal we propose upon starting, but we so often wander out of the straight road into enticing-looking by-paths, in the mazes of which we sometimes lose ourselves, and never find the way back. It is said that Mazarin completed Richelieu's work; truly he followed up the policy of his great predecessor as far as his own dissimilar nature would permit him; but the one was an oak that braved every tempest unflinchingly, the other a reed that bent before the storm, and, when it was past, rose up straight and supple as before. Richelieu was half lion, half fox; Mazarin was all fox and no lion. Richelieu had given an impetus to his work that carried it resistlessly on to its appointed end; he would have crushed the Fronde in fewer weeks than it existed years, and but for what he had done it would have assumed proportions terrible as the League, but he had crippled the hands which would have made it so, and his mighty genius asserted itself even in the grave.

Mazarin possessed one amiable virtue—clemency. His whole career is unmarked by one vindictive or sanguinary act; never had minister caused so little blood to flow by the axe, and never had minister enemies more numerous and bloodthirsty. This is rare and unique praise for a man of that age. But we must remember that the Italians were at least a century in advance of the French in civilisation. Let us not, however, begrudge him this virtue, for he had few others.—*Temple Bar.*

SOME PERSONAL TRAITS OF COMPOSERS.

At a time when art and literature are daily taking a stronger hold on all classes of society, and are obtaining by degrees their proper recognition and position, it follows naturally that a steadily increasing interest is felt in the personal history of great artists and authors, and that people who delight in their work should wish also to know something of their lives, their habits, and modes of working. In this there is nothing but what is most just and reasonable. Few men can see a work of art without caring to know who or what like was the man that made it: few can resist the spell of sympathy that is exercised by the artist; and the first consequence of yielding to the charm is a very natural curiosity about the artist himself. No details of his life or tastes seem too trivial to his devoted admirers; his words, on small as well as on important occasions, are remembered; his looks, his actions, are observed and carefully set down; and anecdotes, more or less authentic, are recorded to gratify the appetite of the curious. Locks of his hair, his shoe-buckles, or lace-ruffles, are treasured as though they retained some portion of the personal charm of their former wearer. That his portrait, or his letters and manuscripts, should be scrupulously preserved is yet more natural; and from the latter, of course, a new light is very frequently thrown upon his works, as we before possessed and knew them. To understand an artist's character cannot but help us to understand his works more thoroughly than they could be understood without some such knowledge of himself: for, as no human action can be properly valued for good or bad, unless we clearly see the motives which dictated it, so no work of art can ever be truly appreciated except with a clear comprehension of its author's purpose. It is, perhaps, not too much to say, that the habits of life, the health, the circumstances, and the *consequent* temperament of an author, must surely influence the tone and spirit of his compositions, and stamp upon them the result of the multitudinous causes which have affected his own disposition. From a man like Beethoven, leading a life of retirement, a prey to ill-health and the con-

stant worry of domestic troubles, and struck down in middle life by the catastrophe of deafness; having but few, and perhaps not desiring to have many, friends,—from an artist so situated, who would expect the production of music of a generally gay and cheerful character. And, indeed, though relieved occasionally by strains of heavenly joy and brightness, the clouds of melancholy and gloomy grandeur are never broken for very long by such gleams of sunshine. The strongest characteristic, on the other hand, of Mendelssohn's music is the exact opposite of this: and we constantly perceive in it the counterpart of his bright, loving, and lovable nature, his buoyant spirits, seldom-failing gaiety, and even his occasional petulance, tempered as were those qualities by profound study and the methodical application of its results.

To such, therefore—and we believe they are the majority among lovers of art—as feel this desire to become acquainted with the peculiarities of character that mark the masters whose works they never read or hear without a new delight and enjoyment, a few facts relating to their habits and mode of composition will not be unwelcome.

The first masters, writing as they did for the service of the Church, drew their inspiration in the seclusion of the cloister, and gave appropriate music to the hymns in daily use, composed in seasons of fasting, prayer, and meditation. Beyond this, little is known of their habits.

Allegri, Anerio, Palestrina, Leo, Bai, and Durante, who founded Church-music and enriched its next succeeding era, are known to us by their works chiefly, and of their lives we have but few particulars. It is impossible to separate our sense of the beauty and earnestness of Stradella's music from the memory of his romantic history, his devoted attachment, and tragic end. Being engaged in the service of the Republic of Venice to compose operas for the carnival, he achieved a great success, both with his compositions and his splendid voice. A Venetian noble, whose mistress was a passable singer, invited Stradella to give her some lessons; and between the mas-

ter and his lovely scholar there soon sprang up an affection which led eventually to their escaping together one night, and setting out for Rome. The noble, enraged beyond measure, immediately hired assassins to follow the fugitives and put them to death. The ruffians soon found Stradella at Rome, where he was on the point of giving an oratorio in the Church of St. Giovanni Laterano; and, as the story goes, waited through the performance for fitting opportunity for putting their purpose into execution, but were so melted by the wonderful beauty of Stradella's voice and music, that they relented; and, with many tears, confessed to him what had been their mission, and protested that they were incapable of the crime of robbing Italy and music of so great a genius. Warned by this adventure, the lovers fled to Turin, whither they were pursued by the implacable vengeance of the Venetian; and Stradella was attacked and wounded by three assassins. From these injuries he ultimately recovered, and perhaps thought himself safe from further danger; but the anger of his persecutor was not to be so easily appeased, and, shortly after, Stradella having taken his *Ortensia* to Genoa on an excursion, the pair were barbarously murdered in their apartments, about the year 1681. "So perished," says his biographer, "the most excellent musician of that day in all Italy."

In Germany, only three or four years later, was born the greatest of the next century of musicians, John Sebastian Bach, who wrote more, perhaps, than any other man of that or any age. The number of his works is prodigious; and yet he never wrote anything that he did not correct as often as he had to recopy it. Hence it is by no means uncommon to find copies of his compositions which differ very essentially from all the other known versions of the same. He seems to have spared no pains to render as absolutely perfect as he could all that flowed from his pen, voluminous and elaborate as it was. His great contemporary, Handel, though he frequently resorted to what he had written on previous occasions and for other purposes, and used over again subjects, and often whole movements of his own—or of others'—compositions for the work before him,

was an exceedingly rapid writer. Pages of his original MSS. still show from top to foot the sand with which he dried them, proving that they were wet all over at the same time. His handwriting was sometimes very fine and delicate, the heads of the notes being no bigger than pin-points; while, at other times, it was massive and large, with heads like bullets to the crotchets. He too, like Bach, frequently reviewed and amended his work; he rewrote four times, for instance, the air "How beautiful" in the *Messiah*. At his death, few of his works were found as he had originally written them; scenes, and even bits of recitative were altered, scored through, or covered with pieces of paper, gummed on, and bearing a new version of the passages so concealed. In composing, he wrote with the greatest facility, beginning to set the words of an oratorio before he had received more than the first act of it. When engaged on the *Rinaldo* of Aaron Hill, Rossi, the translator of the libretto, was unable to do his part quickly enough to keep pace with Handel, who set his translation to music faster than he could write it down. "The Signor Handel," he says, "the Orpheus of our age, in setting to music this lay from Parnassus, has scarcely given me time enough to write it; and I have beheld, to my great astonishment, an entire opera harmonized to the last degree of perfection, in the short space of a fortnight, by this sublime genius. I pray you then, discreet reader, to receive my rapid work, and if it does not merit all your praises, at least do not refuse it your compassion,—I would rather say your justice,—remembering how short a time I have had to write it in."

Handel's celebrated countryman, Gluck, on the other hand, is said never to have put pen to paper until the whole work which he was about to write was completely finished and elaborated in his own mind. This is also the case with Monsieur Gounod, whose prodigious memory enables him to retain a whole opera in his head without making sketch or memorandum until every detail is in its place and ready for committing to paper. But to return to Gluck. "He has often told me," says M. Corenses "that he began by going mentally over each of his acts; afterwards he went over the entire

piece; that he always composed, imagining himself in the centre of the pit; and that, his piece thus combined and his airs characterized, he regarded the work as finished, although he had written nothing; but that this preparation usually cost him an entire year, and most frequently a serious illness. 'This,' said he, 'is what a great number of people call *making canzonets*.' Miss Hawkins, in her *Anecdotes*, relates of Handel that, being asked about his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, he replied, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself." He would frequently burst into tears while writing, and is said to have been found by a visitor sobbing uncontrollably when in the act of setting the words "He was despised." Shield tells us "that his servant, who brought his coffee in the morning, often stood in silent astonishment to see his master's tears mixing in the ink, as he penned his divine notes." The story of Handel repeatedly leaving his guests at the dinner-table with the exclamation, "I have one *thought*," and repairing to another room to regale himself privately, ever and anon, with draughts of champagne from a dozen which he had received as a present, may probably be dismissed as unworthy of serious belief, opposed as it is to the genial and hearty disposition of the master, who would not be likely to keep to himself the enjoyment of any delicacy, especially when friends were dining at his table. That he was a large eater is highly probable, if we consider the heavy amount of both mental and bodily fatigue that he constantly endured, and which must have made a proportionate supply of food necessary, to keep up his health and energy to the normal pitch. When he became blind, he grew depressed and low-spirited, his appetite failed, and he not long after died.

Gluck, again,—of whom Handel said that he knew no more counterpoint "as mein cook,"—"in order to warm his imagination," says Carpani, "and to transport himself to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with his piano before him, and a bottle of champagne on each side, he wrote in the open air his two *Iphigenias*, his *Orpheus*, and his other works." This re-

minds us of the famous *bon-mot* of the witty Sophie Arnould, who one evening, when Mlle. Laguerre, more than half drunk, was playing in *Iphigénie en Aulide* at the opera, said, "Tiens,—c'est *Iphigénie en champagne*!"

Sarti, on the contrary,—a composer born in 1729 at Faenza, in the States of the Church, as cultivated as he was charming in the suavity of his airs and his sentiment of scenic effect,—required a spacious, dark, dimly lighted room; and it was only in the most silent hours of the night that he could summon musical ideas. In this way he wrote *Me-donte*, the rondo "Mia speranza," and his finest air, "La dolce compagna." Cimarosa was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he worked. It was thus that he composed his *Orazii* and his *Matrimonio Segreto*, for long the finest serious, and the first comic, opera of the Italian school. He would write in a single night the subjects of eight or ten charming pieces, which he afterwards finished in the midst of a circle of friends. It was after doing nothing for a fortnight, but walk about the environs of Prague, that the air "Pria che spunti" (*Matrimonio Segreto*), one of the loveliest ever penned by any composer, suddenly entered his mind, when he was not thinking of his opera.

Sacchini, the author of *Lucio Vero*, *Il Cid*, and a host of other works for the Church and for the stage, delighted when composing to have his mistress at his side, and his cats, of whom he was very fond, playing about him. Paisiello composed in bed. It was between the sheets that he planned his *Barbiere*, the *Molinara*, and many other *chefs d'œuvre* of ease and gracefulness. The same strange practice is ascribed to Brindley, the great but eccentric engineer. After reading the Bible, or a page of some holy father or classic author, Zingarelli would dictate, in a few hours, a whole act of *Pyr-rhus*, or *Romeo and Juliet*. Anfossi had a brother of great promise who died young. His taste was to write surrounded by roast fowls and smoking sausages! As for Haydn, solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring which Frederick the Great had sent him, and which he considered necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down, says Carpani, to his piano, and in a few moments

"soared among the angelic choirs." Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt; he lived entirely for his art, exempt from cares. A singular effect of this retired life was that he, who never left the small town belonging to his prince, was for a long time the only musical man in Europe who was ignorant of the celebrity of Joseph Haydn. As if fate, says Carpani, had decreed that everything ridiculous in music should originate in Paris, Haydn received from a celebrated amateur in that city a commission to compose a piece of vocal music: some select passages of Lulli and Rameau were sent with the letter as models. These he returned, replying with simplicity that "He was Haydn, and not Lulli, nor Rameau; and that if music after the manner of those great composers was desired, it should be demanded from them or their pupils: that, as for himself, he unfortunately could only write music after the manner of Haydn." "*Les choses ne se repèlent pas*," says the proverb; but a very similar thing is said to have happened to Beethoven when in the latter part of his life he received a commission from an English amateur to compose something "in the style of his second symphony or his septett." Beethoven's answer—if he made one at all—was probably not so civil as Haydn's.

Haydn's life—continues Carpani—was uniform, and fully occupied. He rose early in the morning, dressed himself very neatly, and placed himself at a small table by the side of his piano, where the hour of dinner, then a very early affair, usually found him still seated. In the evening he went to the rehearsals, or to the opera, which was given four times a week in the prince's palace. Sometimes, but rarely, he devoted a morning to sport. The little time which he had to spare, was divided between his friends and Mdlle. Boselli. Such was the course of his life for more than thirty years, and this accounts for the astonishing number of his works. Like Haydn, Mozart most willingly devoted the morning to composition, from six or seven o'clock till ten, when he got up. After this, he did no more for the rest of the day, unless he had to finish a piece that was wanted. He always worked very irregularly. When an idea struck him he was not to be drawn from it. If taken away from

the piano, he continued to compose in the midst of his friends, and passed whole nights pen in hand. At other times, he had such a disinclination to work that he could not complete a piece till the moment of its performance. In the well-known case of the famous sonata for piano and violin, which he wrote in hot haste at Vienna in 1784 for Mdlle. Strinasacchi, Mozart had time only to write out the violin part, and performed the work the next day, without putting his own part on paper. The autograph manuscript—seventeen pages in length—is now in England and confirms the truth of the story. Mozart had before him the violin part, with the accompaniment staves below it, mostly blank, but with here and there a few bars to indicate a change of figure or modulation, &c. These occasional bits of accompaniment, like the violin part, are in pale ink. The remainder, which he filled in afterwards, is in black ink. Thus the original state of the paper can be clearly made out, and the feat appreciated. A similar story is told of himself by our lately-lost composer, Sterndale Bennett, who played his caprice for pianoforte and orchestra in London and at Leipzig, and sold it to the publishers at the latter place. "When he sent them the score, they found out that he had left out the pianoforte part, which in fact he had never written!" The overture to *Don Giovanni*, perhaps the best of Mozart's overtures, was only written the night before the first performance, and after the general rehearsal of the opera had taken place. About eleven o'clock Mozart retired to his room, begging his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him in order to keep him awake. She accordingly began to tell him fairy tales and funny stories, which made him laugh till the tears came into his eyes. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could only go on while she continued to talk, and whenever she stopped he fell asleep. The efforts which he made to keep himself awake, together with the work in which he was engaged, so fatigued him, that he allowed himself to be persuaded at length by his wife to take some rest, on condition that she should wake him again in an hour's time. He slept so heavily that she suffered him to repose for two hours; at five o'clock she awoke him. He had

arranged that the copyists should come at seven; and, by the time they arrived, the overture was finished. They had, however, scarcely time to write out the orchestral parts before the performance, and the players had to execute it without a rehearsal. Some critics profess to point out in this overture the passages where Mozart fell asleep, and those where he suddenly woke again.

Beethoven used to sit for hours at the piano, improvising the thoughts which he afterwards jotted down on paper, and subsequently elaborated into the music with which he astonished the world. If he discovered that he had been overheard at such times,—as happened once when Cipriani Potter called upon the great composer, and was shown into an adjoining room,—he was incensed to the highest degree. In another mood, and especially after he had become deaf, while working out a subject in his mind, he would leave his house at night or in the early morning, and walk for many hours through the most remote and solitary places, through woods and by lakes and torrents, silent and abstracted. In this way he sometimes made the circuit of Vienna twice in a day, or, if he were at Baden, long excursions across the country. When engaged on his magnificent *Sonata Appassionata* he one day took a long walk with Ferdinand Ries, his pupil. They walked for hours, but during the whole time Beethoven spoke not a word, but kept humming, or rather howling, up and down the scale. It was the process of incubation. On reaching home, he seated himself at the piano without taking off his hat, and dashed into the splendid Finale of that noble work. Once there he remained for some time, totally regardless of the darkness, or the fact that he and Ries had had nothing to eat for hours. His appearance became perfectly well known to people of all classes, who exclaimed, "There is Beethoven," when they saw him; and it is related that once, when a troop of charcoal burners met him on a country path, they stood on one side, heavily laden as they were, to let him pass, for fear of troubling the great master's meditations. When composing in his own room at home, he would sometimes walk about in a reverie, pouring cold water over his hands alternately, from jug after jug, till

the floor of the room was inundated, and the people came running upstairs to know the cause of the deluge. At his death he left, besides his finished works, a quantity of rough sketches, containing doubtless the germs of many more works, which never passed the stage in which they appear there. The first draughts of his well-known compositions show the successive alterations which their subjects suffered before they pleased him; and these form a most interesting study, as exposing his manner of working. One of his sketch-books has been published *in extenso*, and, besides a host of matters of minor interest, it contains three separate draughts, at length, of the finale of one of his Symphonies—a striking proof of the patience with which this great and fiery genius perfected his masterpieces. Even when completely finished, and perfected to his own satisfaction, his MSS. presented many difficulties to the reader, and his copyists and engravers are said to have had a hard time of it. In one of his letters, in which he gives his publishers the corrections of some proofs of a stringed quartett, he concludes by saying that "It is four o'clock. I must post this: and I am quite hoarse with stamping and swearing!"

The handwriting of Mendelssohn was beautifully neat, and his manner of correcting the proofs of his printed works excessively careful and painstaking. The same may be said of his very extensive correspondence. Few men, probably no composers, ever wrote more letters—they must have been a tremendous tax upon his time and patience—and yet the smallest note is as accurately expressed and carefully written as if it were a State paper. In composing he made few sketches, but built up the whole in his mind, and then, when writing down the score thus mentally prepared, rather invited his friends' conversation than otherwise. "Pray come in," said he on one such occasion, "I am merely copying." On the other hand, he was fastidious to a fault in allowing his music finally to leave his hands for the publisher. The beautiful Italian Symphony was kept back by him till his death, the *Walpurgisnight* nearly as long, and some of the finest numbers in *Elijah* and the *Hymn of Praise* were added after the first performance. No musician more thoroughly appreciated the maxim that

what is worth doing is worth doing well, or more consistently carried it into practice.

It was in a dream, or more properly speaking, a nightmare,—that Tartini composed his famous sonata for violin, called the *Trillo del Diavolo*. Rossini, if report may be believed, could not compose at any time so well as immediately after supper. When he was young, as the story goes, he was once writing an opera for the carnival of an Italian town; and the weather being bitterly cold, and his purse absolutely empty, he remained in bed, in order to keep himself warm while he wrote. Just as he was finishing a duet, the principal *morceau* in the opera, the paper slipped from his hands, and floated and fluttered under the bed. He reached out as far as he could without quitting the bed, first on one side and then on the other, but without being able to recover the piece. He therefore resigned himself to his fate, and wrote it over again. A friend came in presently, and hearing what had happened, fished up the first duet, which proved to be altogether different from the second version.

Meyerbeer's imagination was powerfully excited during thunderstorms; at such times he would retire to his room and write with freedom and spirit. Halévy, with more domestic tastes, when his inspiration failed him, would put a kettle on the fire; and as it simmered and boiled, his mind gradually recovered its usual activity, and his ideas flowed again in abundance. Auber loved being on horseback, and while the animal was galloping his thoughts came with facility and speed. Mozart confessed a similar thing. "It is when travelling in a carriage or walking after dinner," writes he to Baron V., "that my ideas flow best and most abundantly." Many persons of less eminence

than Mozart or Auber have experienced the same effect from the motion of a handsome cab. But while Auber was happy on the gallop, Adolphe Adam, on the other hand, when at a loss for ideas, loved to bury himself, with his cats, under a thick quilt of eider-down.

Readers of Mr. Forster's biography of Charles Dickens will remember his nocturnal expeditions, and how, when putting together the plot of a story, he would pace the deserted streets of London at night for hours. Many a page of his novels, teeming with punch-bowls and joviality, was thus soberly imagined. On the other hand, Ben Jonson, according to an entry in his own manuscript journal, preserved at Dulwich College, wrote best when drunk:—"Memorandum. Upon the 20th of May the King (Heaven reward him!) sent me 100*l*. At that time I often went to the Devil Tavern, and before I had spent 40*l*. of it, wrote my *Alchymist*. . . . I laid the plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it after a present of ten dozen of palm-sack from my very good Lord T—. That, I am positive, will live to posterity, and be acted, when I and envy be friends, with applause. . . . Memorandum. The first speech in my *Catiline*, spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I had parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern: I had drunk well that night, and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water with my wine."

These few anecdotes might be perhaps multiplied indefinitely; but, as far as they go, they serve to illustrate sufficiently the various ways of working, purposely or accidentally adopted by composers, and show that ideas are not always to be found only by biting the end of the quill pen.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

A BIRTH-SONG.

(For Olivia Frances Madox Rossetti, born Sept. 20, 1875.)

OUT of the dark sweet sleep
Where no dreams laugh or weep
Borne through bright gates of birth
Into the dim sweet light
Where day still dreams of night
While heaven takes form on earth,

White rose of spirit and flesh, red lily of love,
 What note of song have we
 Fit for the birds and thee,
 Fair nestling couched beneath the mother-dove?

Nay, in some more divine
 Small speechless song of thine
 Some news too good for words,
 Heart-hushed and smiling, we
 Might hope to have of thee,
 The youngest of God's birds,
 If thy sweet sense might mix itself with ours,
 If ours might understand
 The language of thy land,
 Ere thine become the tongue of mortal hours,

Ere thy lips learn too soon
 Their soft first human tune,
 Sweet, but less sweet than now,
 And thy raised eyes to read
 Glad and good things indeed,
 But none so sweet as thou:
 Ere thought lift up their flower-soft lids to see
 What life and love on earth
 Bring thee for gifts at birth,
 But none so good as thine who hast given us thee:

Now, ere thy sense forget
 The heaven that fills it yet,
 Now, sleeping or awake,
 If thou couldst tell, or we
 Ask and be heard of thee,
 For love's undying sake,
 From thy dumb lips divine and bright mute speech
 Such news might touch our ear,
 That then would burn to hear
 Too high a message now for man's to reach.

Ere the gold hair of corn
 Had withered wast thou born,
 To make the good time glad;
 The time that but last year
 Fell colder than a tear
 On hearts and hopes turned sad,
 High hopes and hearts requickening in thy dawn,
 Even theirs whose life-springs, child,
 Filled thine with life and smiled,
 But then wept blood for half their own withdrawn.*

If death and birth be one,
 And set with rise of sun,
 And truth with dreams divine,
 Some word might come with thee
 From over the still sea
 Deep hid in shade or shine,

* Oliver Madox Brown died Nov. 5, 1874, in his twentieth year.

Crossed by the crossing sails of death and birth,
 Word of some sweet new thing
 Fit for such lips to bring,
 Some word of love, some afterthought of earth.

If love be strong as death,
 By what so natural breath
 As thine could this be said?
 By what so lovely way
 Could love send word to say
 He lives and is not dead?
 Such word alone were fit for only thee,
 If his and thine have met
 Where spirits rise and set,
 His whom we see not, thine whom scarce we see;

His there new-born, as thou
 New-born among us now;
 His, here so fruitful-souled,
 Now veiled and silent here,
 Now dumb as thou last year,
 A ghost of one year old;
 If lights that change their sphere in changing meet,
 Some ray might his not give
 To thine who wast to live,
 And make thy present with his past life sweet?

Let dreams that laugh or weep,
 All glad and sad dreams, sleep;
 Truth more than dreams is dear.
 Let thoughts that change and fly,
 Sweet thoughts and swift, go by;
 More than all thought is here.
 More than all hope can forge or memory feign
 The life that in our eyes,
 Made out of love's life, lies,
 And flower-like fed with love for sun and rain.

Twice royal in its root
 The sweet small olive-shoot
 Here set in sacred earth;
 Twice dowered with glorious grace
 From either heaven-born race
 First blended in its birth;
 Fair God or Genius of so fair an hour,
 For love of either name
 Twice crowned, with love and fame,
 Guard and be gracious to the fair-named flower.

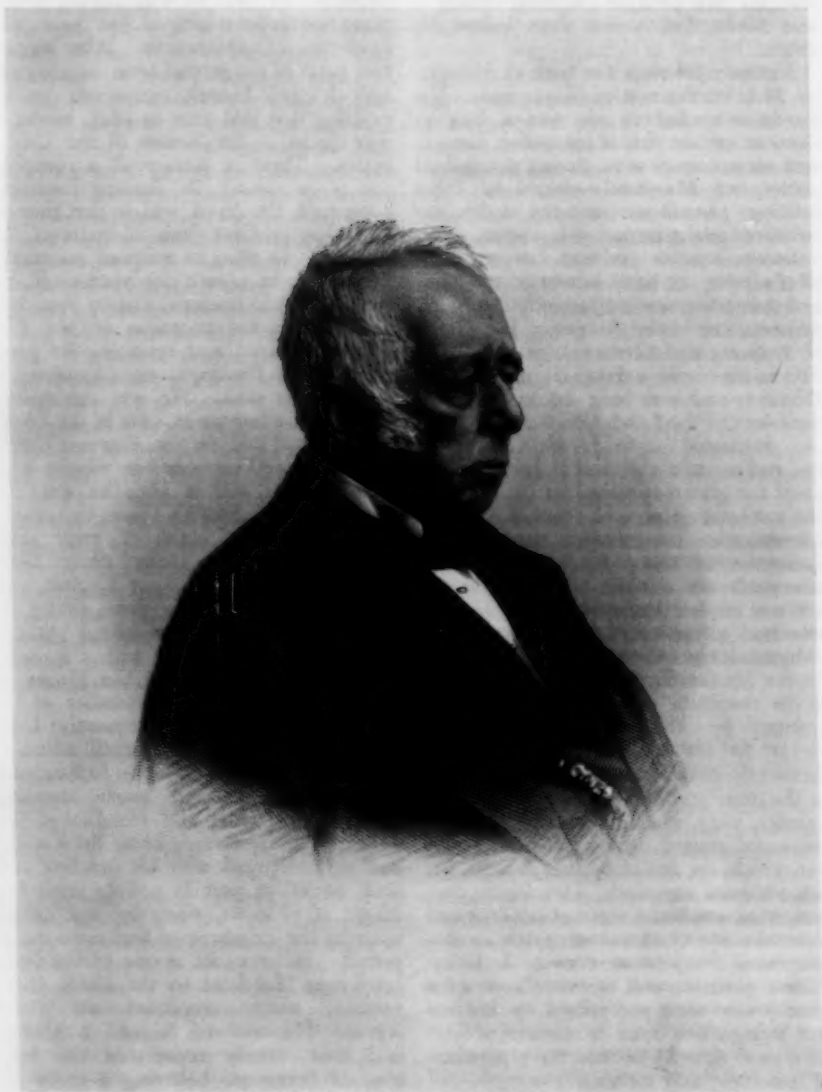
Oct. 19, 1875.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

HON. REVERDY JOHNSON.

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. JOHNSON had already been fixed upon as one whose eminence at the bar and in politics entitled him to a place in the ECLECTIC portrait-gallery of contemporary celebrities, and the portrait which embellishes this number had already been placed in the engraver's hands, when the melancholy catastrophe occurred which it



Engraved for the Electric by J.J. Cade New York
from a Photo by Sanderson

REVERDY JOHNSON.

is scarcely too much to say put the whole country into mourning. The portrait is not only timely, but has a special value in view of the fact that Mr. Johnson himself selected the photograph from which it was taken, but a few days before his death.

Reverdy Johnson was born at Annapolis, Md., on the 21st of May, 1796. His family on his father's side was of English descent, and on that of his mother French, and his ancestors were among the earliest settlers of Maryland—several of them holding prominent positions under the colonial government. His father, John Johnson, was an eminent lawyer, who, after serving in both houses of the General Assembly, was successively Attorney-General, one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals, and Chancellor of the State. His mother was a daughter of Reverdy Ghieslin, who was long known as Commissioner of the Land Office at Annapolis. Educated at St. John's College, in his native town, Reverdy Johnson entered the grammar school at six and left the institution at sixteen years of age. He immediately commenced reading law under the direction of his father, and was afterwards for a while a student in the office of the late Judge Stephen. He was admitted to the bar and began practice in Prince George's County, in the village of Upper Marlborough, in 1816, when only in his twentieth year. He was soon appointed by the Attorney-General his deputy for the judicial district, and performed the duties of that responsible office in the most creditable manner until November, 1817, when he removed to Baltimore and started on his career as a lawyer, which, for brilliancy and success, has seldom been equalled. Developing thus early that wonderful vigor of intellect and determination of character which so distinguished him, he at once took an excellent position, and, notwithstanding his youth, was soon recognized by lawyers and laymen as a man of unusual ability. In a short time he became the professional associate and intimate companion of Robert Goodloe Harper, Luther Martin, William Pinkney, Roger B. Taney, Wm. H. Winder, and others, who had already made the bar of Maryland famous. Laboring with untiring energy and earnestness of purpose, Mr. Johnson obtained a large practice, which, to the day of his

death, was interrupted only by his various public services.

Soon after going to Baltimore he was appointed chief commissioner of insolvent debtors. In 1821 he was elected to the State Senate for a term of five years and re-elected for another term. After serving two years of the second term he resigned and devoted himself exclusively to his practice from that time to 1845, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States. There he soon took a conspicuous place among its leading members, composed though it was, at that time, of the ablest intellect from all parts of the country. In 1849 he resigned his seat in the Senate to accept the position of Attorney-General tendered him by President Taylor. On the accession of Mr. Fillmore he retired, and, resuming the practice of his profession, at once appeared in the foremost rank. He was retained in almost every important case in the courts of Maryland and in the Supreme Court. His advice and services were sought from distant States, and in 1854 he was employed by an English house to argue a case involving a claim of great magnitude against the United States Government before the joint English and American Commission then sitting in London. He was associated professionally in this matter with the present Lord Cairns, then in the House of Commons and a leading member of the Chancery Bar, and subsequently Lord Chancellor, under the Disraeli administration. During his sojourn in England, Mr. Johnson received much attention from the public men and members of the English Bar. Returning home he was unceasingly engaged with his practice, and took no active part in politics until the winter of 1860-61, when he was called upon by the exigencies of that memorable period. He was sent as one of the delegates from Maryland to the Peace Convention, which assembled at Washington. He avowed himself a Union man, and utterly repudiated the doctrine of Secession, believing it to be in violation of the letter of the Constitution, and inconsistent with the spirit and stability of our Government. He was, however, conspicuous in that Convention by his earnest and eloquent efforts to avert the threatening calamities of civil war by measures of compromise and conciliation.

When all hope of a peaceful settlement of sectional difficulties had vanished, Mr. Johnson advocated the preservation of the Union by the military power of the General Government.

In 1861 he was sent from Baltimore County to the House of Delegates. After the capture of New-Orleans he was sent to that city by President Lincoln as Special Commissioner to revise the decisions of the military commandant, General Butler, in regard to foreign governments. He deemed it necessary and proper to reverse all those decisions, and for the good effect of so doing he received the thanks of the Administration. In the winter of 1862-3 he was elected to the United States Senate, and in March, 1863, resumed his seat in that body, after an absence of fourteen years. He took a prominent part in the great debates on the Reconstruction policy of the Republican party, and was generally regarded as the leader on the Democratic side, though not always acting with that party. In 1868 he was appointed Minister to England, and during his stay there was the recipient of attentions never before paid to an American ambassador. A few months after his arrival he succeeded in negotiating a treaty for the settlement of the "Alabama claims." It was claimed by Mr. Johnson and his friends that this treaty obtained more than had ever been expected that the British Gov-

ernment would yield; but the Senate refused to ratify it, and in 1869 he returned to America and resumed his practice in Baltimore and Washington.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, Mr. Johnson pursued his professional business actively, participating in several highly important cases, and more than maintaining his old place at the bar. On the 10th of February he was in Annapolis for the purpose of arguing a case, and in the evening of that day dined with Governor Carroll. After dinner, feeling slightly indisposed, he retired to the library, and was there left in order that he might be invigorated by a short nap. An hour afterwards he was found in the footpath in front of the house, his skull fractured in two places and life extinct. His eyesight had been failing for some time, and it is supposed that on waking from his nap he stepped out for a short walk, stumbled against some obstacle and fell, striking his head against the sharp projecting corner of the wall, and dying there helpless and alone in his agony.

Mr. Johnson had already lived far beyond the allotted time of man, but his constitution was strong and his health vigorous, and the public felt that there was something peculiarly shocking in the fact that a career so long and useful had terminated in so melancholy a catastrophe.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By J. A. Doyle. (Freeman's Historical Course for Schools.) New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

For general popular reading, as well as for use in schools, this is the best compendious history of the United States that has yet been written. It has been something of a surprise to ourselves to be driven to this opinion, for where a history is so primarily and essentially political as that of the United States has been, a foreigner might well be excused if, in dealing with it, he fell into no palpable and manifest errors, and it could hardly be expected that he should so far free himself from the trammels of national and personal bias as to maintain the tone of impartial but sympathetic narrative. It is precisely on its political side, however, that Mr. Doyle's book compares most favorably with those which have preceded it in the same field. In no

other work are the causes which created and shaped our national polity so clearly analyzed and explained, and in none are the development and metamorphoses of that polity traced with a firmer or more skilful hand. Having mastered the multitudinous details of the subject, the fact that he stands quite apart from those prejudices and prepossessions from which no American can wholly free himself, has been a great advantage to Mr. Doyle, giving him a breadth of view and a consistency of judgment which nothing short of the possession of the "historical consciousness" in a supreme degree would enable a native writer to attain. The danger which attends these chroniclers from the outside lest their record be a mere accumulation of the husks of history is obviated in Mr. Doyle's case by the keen and sympathetic interest which he has felt in his subject. His history is a view of the United States from

the outside, and is valuable largely *because* it is such a view; but it is the view of one who is neither prejudiced nor indifferent, and who has spared himself no pains in the endeavor to see things as they really are. At this Centennial time, when it may be supposed that, as a nation, we are seriously trying to take the measure of our past, a history like the present has a peculiar interest, as, since it comes from "foreign nations," it may also, as Bacon believed, represent the verdict of the "next ages."

Mr. Doyle begins his narrative with the discovery of America by Columbus, omitting all reference to the Northmen, though it is now pretty well established that they anticipated the great Genoese by some four or five centuries. His first chapter, giving an account of the geography and natives of the new continent, is admirably clear and satisfactory, and in its pregnant conciseness affords a good example of his method and style. We imagine there are few persons in school or out who will not get a better idea than they ever had before of the precise relative conditions of the Spanish, French, and English colonization of America from this and the two or three following chapters. The history of each colony is recounted separately up to the time of the Confederation; and this portion of the work is more detailed than the rest, the author rightly considering the colonial period as the time when the germs of our national character and polity were planted. The merely military events of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Civil War are touched upon very lightly; but the circumstances which led to them, and the results which followed upon them, are narrated quite fully, and, as we have already remarked, the political history is the strongest feature of the work. The narrative closes with the appointment (in January, 1866) of a committee of Congress to consider the question of reconstruction. "From that time," the author remarks, "the old struggle between North and South may be looked on as having taken a new form, and American history as having entered on a new epoch."

The American publishers have added greatly to the usefulness of the work by inserting four maps, prepared by Prof. Francis A. Walker, illustrating the acquisition of territory and the increase and distribution of population.

SELECT BRITISH ESSAYISTS. The *Spectator*. Edited by John Habberton. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Habberton has taken upon himself the task—the importance of which has long been recognized by scholars—of selecting the most

interesting and characteristic papers from the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, *Idler*, *Tatler*, and other collections of the standard British essayists, and presenting them in such condensed and economical shape as to bring them within reach of the general reading public. For many years, few, except students and professional critics, have ventured upon the exploration of the complete collections of these essayists, and though the *Spectator* is still a book with which intelligent people are expected to have a general acquaintance, the *Tatler*, *Rambler*, *Idler*, and the rest, scarcely inferior in interest and value, have become little more than names. This is the more unfortunate, because some of the best literature of the last century is hidden away in these ponderous and neglected tomes, and because they furnish just the needed antidote to the somewhat frivolous and flimsy essay-writings of our own day.

The scope of Mr. Habberton's series comprises six volumes, of which the first is devoted to the *Spectator*, and contains portions of nearly a hundred papers, chiefly those of Addison and Steele. The selections are good, and fairly representative, though the lighter social and descriptive papers have been especially favored; but we think it was a mistake to abridge the papers themselves. The great charm of the *Spectator* essays lies not so much in their substance, arguments, or statements of fact as in the manner of treatment, the harmony of proportion, perfection of finish, and the elegance and purity of the style; and no abridgment, however skilful, could avoid obscuring or destroying these most distinctive qualities. We imagine that those who derive their knowledge of the *Spectator* exclusively from Mr. Habberton's little volume will find it difficult to understand why it is assigned so high a place among the classics of English literature; though even here its superiority to recent productions in the same field will make it a welcome addition to the resources of the general reader.

The book is issued in tasteful and convenient style, and the introductory essay and biographical sketches are useful and sensible; but we wish Mr. Habberton took a less jocular view of his work.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES. Edited by Col. T. W. Higginson. Vol. III. French Political Leaders, by Edward King. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

There is more of personal observation and research, and less reliance upon the scissiors, in this than in either of the previous volumes of the series of "Brief Biographies." Mr. King

has lived long in Paris, and in his capacity as newspaper correspondent has kept a close watch upon recent political movements in France. His sketches, therefore, are not only well-informed and apparently trustworthy in statement, but have a vividness of characterization which could not be attained by one whose knowledge of the subjects was derived exclusively from books. The portraits of Thiers, Gambetta, Jules Simon, M. Rouher, and other Parliamentary leaders, are evidently drawn from the life, and if somewhat sketchy in outline, give an idea of their personality much more likely to be retained by the reader than would a mere rehearsal of biographical facts.

The leaders selected by Mr. King as representative are twenty-three in number, and comprise, besides those already mentioned, Victor Hugo, Marshal MacMahon, Monseigneur Dupanloup, Jules Grévy, Edouard Laboulaye, Edgar Raoul Duval, the Duc de Broglie, the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, MM. Buffet and Dufaure, Emile Ollivier, Jules Favre, the Comte de Chambord, the Duc d'Aumale, the Comte de Paris, Ernest Picard, Henri Rochefort, Casimir Périer, and Jules Ferry. There is no attempt to distribute these "leaders" into artificial or factitious groups, but in a brief introduction prefixed to the sketches, Mr. King gives a lucid description of the various parties, sub-divisions of parties, and factions, comprised in the Assembly, and of their relations to each other.

Mr. King writes clearly, simply, and graphically, and Col. Higginson hardly overstates the usefulness of his work when he says that "no existing book, in any language, comes so near comprising just the information needed among us in regard to the present political leaders of France."

THE VEST-POCKET SERIES OF STANDARD AND POPULAR AUTHORS. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The success of the "Little Classics" suggested this series, the object of which is to present in still smaller volumes—so small, indeed, that they can almost be hid away in a vest-pocket—the favorite productions of such "popular and standard authors" as Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, Howells, Bret Harte, and Thoreau. Eight volumes have been issued so far, containing "Snow-Bound," by Whittier; Longfellow's "Evangeline," and "Courtship of Miles Standish;" two volumes, comprising six essays, by Emerson; Tennyson's "Enoch Arden;" Mr. James T. Field's valuable memorial sketch of "Nathaniel Hawthorne;" and "A Day's Pleasure," by W. D. Howells.

The books are very dainty in style and general appearance, are well printed and bound in flexible cloth covers, and most of them are illustrated, and exceedingly well illustrated. They are just the thing to take along on a railway journey or summer ramble, and will be found of exactly the right dimensions for an evening's reading by the fireside.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

SEVERAL new hieroglyphic forms have been discovered by Dr. Birch among inscriptions in the collections of Mr. Robert Hay, of Liplum, who visited Egypt upwards of forty years ago.

MR. THOMAS KEBLE has placed in the hands of a relative of the Archbishop of Dublin the task of bringing together for publication and editing the scattered reviews and essays of his uncle, the late Rev. John Keble.

HEBER wrote his popular missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," at Wrexham, and it is stated that the printer who set it up in type, on the Saturday of its composition, for use on the following Sunday, is still living in that town.

THE whole of the main text of the fifth volume of the "History of the Norman Conquest" is now printed, and part of the Appendix, so that we may hope for an early publication of this final and most important volume of Mr. Freeman's great work.

THE "Evangeline" of Longfellow has been translated into Portuguese blank verse by Don Miguel Street d'Arriaga, a native of the Azores, and editor of the newspaper *Fayalense*. The manuscript translation has been sent to America, to be submitted to Mr. Longfellow.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING's son, who took to painting two years ago by Mr. Millais's advice, has lately returned from Antwerp, where he has been studying under M. Heyermans, with a half dozen large studies in oil, which are said to show astonishingly quick progress and considerable power.

MR. CHARLES KENT has just completed for publication the first volume of Lord Lytton's Dramatic Works for the Knebworth edition now being issued by Messrs. Routledge. Some delay has been occasioned by the discovery of a wholly unpublished play of Lord Lytton's which Mr. Kent will have the honor of thus posthumously publishing.

UNDER the title "Un Giornalista Originale," the *Voce Libera* quotes from the *Vaterland* the statement that the King of Birmah is at last

to have a journal; the king himself is to be the chief *rédacteur* and proprietor, and our royal colleague threatens with the penalty of death all his subjects who will not subscribe to his paper. The Birman journal is sure to have a large circulation.

MESSRS. MICHEL LEVY are about to publish a volume containing the Paris Letters contributed by Sainte-Beuve to the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse* in 1843. These letters are interesting as showing a greater tendency to mysticism or at least religious emotion than is apparent in the great critic's later works.

A RELIC of the conquest of Great Britain by the Romans has been brought before the Paris Académie des Inscriptions. A Latin inscription recording the triumph of the Emperor Claudius over the Britons and the taking of Caractacus has been found engraved on a stone in the wall of the ancient Cyzicus, in Asia Minor, and the copy brought to France. Claudius is here designated as *Vindex libertatis*.

FRIENDS and admirers of Charles Kingsley will be glad to hear of a new edition of "Alton Locke," with a prefatory memoir by Mr. Thomas Hughes, describing fully the sayings and doings of "Parson Lot" during the troubled period of 1848-56, in the events of which—the Chartist agitation and the great movement towards association—Kingsley took so noble a part. This edition will also contain a reprint of the pamphlet, "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," written at that time, and intimately connected with "Alton Locke" both in subject and treatment.

MRS. CHARLES KINGSLEY will shortly publish a memoir of her husband, together with large selections from his correspondence and other unpublished writings. Mrs. Kingsley is aided in her work by many friends intimately associated with her husband at different periods of his life, and we understand that she will avail herself of their words rather than her own in treating of much on which she could scarcely speak with impartiality. The book will be illustrated by *fac-similes* of Mr. Kingsley's sketches, views of Eversley Church and Rectory, and a steel engraved portrait.

A MOST valuable MS. has been discovered in the Azores. It refers to the colonisation, in the year 1500, of the northern part of America, by emigrants from Oporto, Aveiro, and the Island of Terceira. It was written by Francisco de Souza, in 1570. Barboza Machado states that it was lost during the great earthquake of Lisbon in 1755. This most im-

portant document is about to be published by an erudite Azorian gentleman, and will throw great light on the disputed question of the early discovery of America.

THE Portuguese Government has just acquired the valuable collection of manuscripts of the Count Laurenço. These documents all relate to the ancient history of the country. Among them are autograph letters of celebrated historic persons, such as Don Juan de Castro, Viceroy of the Portuguese Indies, Jeronimo Osorio, called the Cicero of Portugal, Alvaro de Castro, who fought the Moors under Ferdinand III., Stephen, son of Vasco de Gama, like his father a great navigator, and governor of the Portuguese Indies. The collection has been sold at a low valuation, as the proprietor preferred its remaining in his own country to its passing into the hands of strangers. The British Museum was very anxious to possess the collection.

THE Comédie Française has at length given to the world the long-promised "Register of La Grange." This work, which has been for some time in the archives of the theatre, supplies an exact account of the principal facts connected with the performances by the company of Molière, and is of value almost inestimable in aiding to form a judgment upon the state of the French stage during the age of Louis the Fourteenth. It forms a supplement to the registers of Hubert and La Thorrellière, which alone were accessible to the early historians of the stage. Passages from it have already been given by M. Taschereau, but the entire work is now published for the first time. Its editor is M. Edouard Thierry.

SCIENCE AND ART.

A NEW RELATION BETWEEN ELECTRICITY AND LIGHT.—Faraday, who was acquainted with the method of studying the strains produced in transparent solids by means of polarized light, made many experiments in the hope of detecting some action on polarized light while passing through a medium in which dielectric induction exists. He was not, however, able to detect any action of this kind. Though his experiments were arranged in the way best adapted to discover effects of tension, he was unable to recognize any action on light due to static electric induction. Dr. Kerr, in a paper published in the November number of the *Philosophical Magazine*, describes experiments which he has recently made which show that electrification of a non-conductor when sufficiently powerful is accompanied by optical effect. A piece of polished plate-glass is selected,

three-quarters of an inch thick, six inches long, and two wide. Two holes are drilled into the block from its opposite ends, and approach within a quarter of an inch of each other; in these are inserted thick copper wires, sheathed—except at their extremities—in gutta-percha. The electrification is effected by means of a powerful Ruhmkorff's induction apparatus, the outer ends of the wires from the glass plate being screwed into the knobs of the secondary coil. When the plate of glass is intensely electrified and traversed by polarized light in a direction perpendicular to the lines of force, Dr. Kerr found that depolarizing action is exerted upon the light, giving an effect 'which is much' more than merely sensible in a common polariscope. Electric force and optical effect increase together. The optical effect of a constant electric action takes a certain time to reach its full intensity, which it does by continuous increase from zero, and it falls again slowly to zero after the electric force has vanished. It was found further that the dielectrification of plate-glass is equivalent optically to a compression of the glass along the lines of electric force. Dielectrified glass acts upon transmitted light as a negative uniaxal crystal, with its axis parallel to the lines of force. Quartz (like glass) acts upon transmitted light as if compressed along the lines of force, while resin (unlike glass) acts as if extended along the lines of force. Dr. Kerr intends to examine the action of liquid dielectrics in the same way.

SPECTRUM OBSERVATIONS AMONG THE STARS.
—M. D'Arrest, the Director of the Observatory at Copenhagen, writes that he continues to devote the powers of his large telescope to celestial spectroscopy. His "Durchmusterung" or spectroscopic examination of the stars in the northern heavens continues to increase the number of stellar spectra which belong to the third class in a far larger proportion than any other of Secchi's four divisions. The stars of this type afford remarkable objects for investigation, and are pretty numerous and uniformly distributed throughout the heavens. Only a few other spectra have striking similarities among themselves. In some, the position and the groups of dark absorption bands are, as Secchi and Vogel have stated, in complete accordance. Groups occur in which even the various intensities of the bright lines are sometimes alike; these lines being, in general, brightest near the red end, although frequently exhibiting uniform brightness throughout the spectrum. But there is a remarkable uniformity in all the spectra. Out of 11,000 stars whose light has been thus examined, only 80 spectra offer cha-

acteristics worthy of special mention, and only five new stars are found whose spectra belong to the fourth class. On the average, therefore, where there is one star of the third class for every 140 stars examined, there is but one star of the fourth class for every 1000; and this holds throughout for all stars brighter than the eighth magnitude. In bright stars of the third type, dark absorption bands have several times been perceived. Only once, says D'Arrest, has he found a star of the sixth magnitude with distinct bands, departing in this respect from the characteristics of both the third and the fourth types, in which case, however, a short examination revealed to him that he was examining the planet Uranus, and not a fixed star. Twice in the course of his sweeps among the stars has he thus, with his small instrument, spectroscopically discovered this planet.

METEOROLOGY OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—In a paper read before the Deutsche Naturforschende Versammlung at Gratz recently, Herr Weyprecht gave a sketch of his proposal for the physical exploration of the Arctic area, premising that all the Arctic expeditions hitherto sent out by each nation have been merely international scrambles to try to push a little further into the ice than had hitherto been done. He criticises fairly enough the absence of systematic scientific method in the conduction of physical researches, and proposes that for the space of one year observatories for meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, etc., should be maintained at various points in the Arctic regions, and if possible near the South Pole also, with the view of instituting simultaneous observations for a definite period. The localities he proposes in the Arctic regions are Nova Zembla; Spitzbergen; Greenland (West or East, in about 77° N.); North-America, east of Behring's Straits, in 70° N.; and Siberia, at the mouth of the Lena. He announces that a countryman of his own, well known in connection with Arctic exploration, has guaranteed the funds for an Austrian station, while the co-operation of Russia is almost secured.

THE CLIMATE OF THE POLES, PAST AND PRESENT.—A very valuable paper on this question has been contributed to the *Geological Magazine* by Prof. Nordenskiöld, in which he says that we now possess fossil remains from the polar regions belonging to almost all the periods into which the geologist has divided the history of the earth. The Silurian fossils which McClintock brought home from the American Polar Archipelago, and the German naturalists from Novaja Semlja, as also some probably Devo-

nian remains of fish found by the Swedish expeditions on the coasts of Spitzbergen, are, however, too few in number, and belong to forms too far removed from those now living, to furnish any sure information relative to the climate in which they have lived. Immediately after the termination of the Devonian age, an extensive continent seems to have been formed in the polar basin north of Europe, and we still find in Beeren Island and Spitzbergen vast strata of slate, sandstone, and coal, belonging to that period, in which are imbedded abundant remains of a luxuriant vegetation, which, as well as several of the fossil plant-remains brought from the polar regions by the Swedish expeditions, have been examined and described by Prof. Heer, of Zürich. We here certainly meet with forms, vast *Sigillaria*, *Calamites*, and species of *Lepidodendra*, etc., which have no exactly corresponding representatives in the now existing plants. Colossal and luxuriant forms of vegetation, however, indicate a climate highly favorable to vegetable development. A careful examination of the petrifications taken from these strata shows also so accurate an agreement with the fossil plants of the same period found in many parts of the continent of Central Europe, that we are obliged to conclude that at that time no appreciable difference of climate existed on the face of the earth, but that a uniform climate extremely favorable for vegetation—but not on that account necessarily tropical—prevailed from the Equator to the Poles.

GIVING MEDICINES TO THE MOTHER FOR THE SUCKLING INFANT.—Dr. Lewald has, says the *Lyon Medicale*, investigated the elimination by the milk of the mother of iron, bismuth, iodine and its compounds, arsenic, lead, zinc, antimony, mercury, alcohol, and several narcotics. His numerous experiments were made in the goat. A certain dose of the medicine was administered to the animal, after which the milk was examined. The principal conclusions which the author has arrived at are: 1. A larger quantity of iron can be administered to the infant through the mother's milk than by any other means. 2. Bismuth likewise is eliminated by the milk, but in very small quantity. 3. Iodine does not appear in the milk until ninety-six hours after taking it; the iodide of potassium, given in doses of forty grains *per diem*, appears four hours after ingestion, and continues to be eliminated for eleven days. 4. Arsenic appears in the milk at the end of seventeen hours, and its elimination had not ceased after sixty hours. 5. Though one of the most insoluble preparations, the oxide of zinc is nevertheless eliminated by the milk,

and it is probable that this is also the case with the other preparations of zinc; fifteen grains of oxide of zinc were found in the milk at the end of from four to eight hours, and it disappears sooner than iron, because no trace of it could be discovered after fifteen or sixteen hours. 6. The elimination of antimony is an undeniable fact, and it is well to bear this in mind during the period of nursing; the same holds true in regard to mercurial preparations. 7. That alcohol and the narcotics are eliminated by the milk has not been demonstrated. Sulphate of quinine is eliminated very easily; a child suffering from intermittent fever was cured by administering quinine to the nurse.

THE MINOR PLANETS.—The alarmingly rapid rate at which small planets are now being discovered makes it increasingly difficult for observers to keep pace with the constant additions to the group; and it seems but too likely that, for want of sufficient observations, many of them will be lost almost as soon as found, a calamity which has already happened in several instances. Though constant employment in picking up these stray sheep would thus be provided for the discoverers of these minute bodies, the gain to science from this process of re-discovery would be but small, and it is therefore important for astronomers to make certain of keeping what they have got. With this object in view, Dr. Tietjen, the superintendent of the *Berliner Jahrbuch*, has commenced the issue of bi-monthly circulars, in which the observations of small planets will be collected, and the corrections to the ephemerides obtained, so as to enable other observers to carry on the work without fruitless expenditure of time in the search for these faint objects among the multitude of telescopic stars.

URANUS.—Professor Newcomb, who is in charge of the great achromatic at the Washington Observatory, of 26 inches aperture, has made a special study of the satellites of this body during the early part of this year. He fully confirms Lassell's opinion that there are only four, the orbits of which he finds nearly circular and in the same plane. The brighter satellites, Oberon and Titania, appeared in this noble instrument about equal to fourth magnitude stars with the naked eye; the two inner ones he thinks the most difficult of well-known objects, but was surprised at the precision with which he could bisect them. They were pretty certainly discovered by Lassell, and have not been, he thinks, subsequently seen by any one except himself; they are claimed, however, by the Melbourne reflector. Sir W. Herschel's outer satellites he

pronounces non-existent. The feeble perturbation of these minute bodies by each other or by the far-distant sun in the immediate presence of their overpowering primary enables the mass of the latter to be ascertained with considerable exactness, and the Professor deduced a value of $\frac{1}{11111}$. The accurate focusing of the eye-piece was, however, disturbed by the differing color of the redly-illuminated micrometer webs and the greenish-yellow satellites, and this may somewhat affect the result. No markings were detected on the disc.

INFLUENCE OF NUTRITION ON FORM.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Mr. T. Meehan remarked that the influence which nutrition, in its various phases, had on the forms and characters of plants was an interesting study; and in this connection he had placed on record in the proceedings of the Academy, that two species of *Euphorbia*, usually prostrate, assumed an erect growth when their nutrition was interfered with by an *Aecidium*—a small fungoid parasite. He had now to offer a similar fact in connection with the common purslane (*Portulaca oleracea*), one of the most prostrate of all procumbent plants, which, under similar circumstances, also became erect.

THE SUN'S ATMOSPHERE.—That the sun has an atmosphere as well as a photosphere has long been known; and that the surface is less bright at the edges than in the centre has been taken as a proof that the atmosphere is an absorbing atmosphere. Calculations on the amount of absorption, and its effect on our earth, were made by Laplace and other astronomers; and of late years the spectrum has been used in investigating the question. Mr. Langley, of the Allegheny Observatory, has just published the result of his steady observation of the phenomenon, and he states that the sun's atmosphere is a thin stratum, which cuts off one half of the heat which otherwise would reach us. Any diminution or increase in the absorption would affect us to an important extent. For example, if there were an increase of twenty-five per cent only, it would lower the mean surface temperature of our globe by one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The existence of living things on the earth thus appears to be dependent on the steadiness of the sun's atmosphere: let it become thicker or thinner, and we must be frozen to death or scorched to death. We know what arctic temperature is, and geologists as well as physicists are agreed that our earth has passed through at least one glacial epoch, and may we not assume that the sun's

atmosphere has been the agent by which fluctuations of temperature were brought about in the past, and that similar fluctuations may await us in some far remote future? It is a subject for earnest consideration.

THE VELOCITY OF STORMS.—Professor Loomis says that the average velocity of storms on the Atlantic Ocean is nineteen miles an hour; but that over the American continent the rate is twenty-six miles an hour. He has in the ten years 1864-74 traced ten storms all across the Atlantic from America to Europe, and he believes there would be more if the means of tracing were more complete than they are at present. The average path of the storms in crossing from west to east has a tendency to bend northwards.

THE METEOROLOGICAL ASPECTS OF THE FLIGHT OF GRASSHOPPERS.—In some parts of the Southern States great flights of grasshoppers take place at certain seasons; and a curious fact has been recently observed in connection with their flight, which would seem to give them the power of forecasting the state of the weather. Mr. J. Wilson states that lately, on a cloudy afternoon, the insects were on the wing, high in the air, in countless multitudes. A party of several persons was riding in a carriage, and the question of probable rain was discussed. Suddenly the grasshoppers, with great unanimity, descended to the ground, the scene reminding one of a furious snowstorm. In two or three minutes no grasshopper could be seen in the air, and in a short time it commenced to rain. Soon after the rain ceased to fall the insects took flight again, but in the course of half an hour, without any particular indication of rain, they suddenly plunged to the earth again. Soon after this it rained again. This process was repeated three times on that afternoon, and each descent was followed by a fall of rain.

VARIETIES.

CHINESE CHILDREN.—There are many curious ceremonies and observances connected with a child's early years, which it would be impossible to describe in detail. The following are among the more noteworthy and important: When the baby is a month old, its head is shaved for the first time, and on this occasion a thank-offering is made to a certain goddess; at the end of the fourth month a family feast takes place, and the maternal grandmother is expected to make handsome presents, including a species of chair for the child's use; at the end of a year, there are more thank-offerings, more feasts, and more presents; still later on there is the quaint

ceremony of "passing through the door." These and similar family customs have constantly to be observed until the child "goes out of childhood," an event which takes place usually, though not necessarily, at the age of sixteen; at this period the child becomes an adult, and is expected to put away childish things. But although sons become men at this early age, they are by no means exempted from parental authority, for, unless they happen to be in the service of the State, when the emperor takes the place of their parents, they are bound to yield implicit obedience to their fathers as long as they live. The same rule, of course, will be understood to apply with even greater force in the case of daughters. This is the strict theory of Chinese customs, but the practice of everyday life is necessarily not quite consistent with it. In cases of extremely unfilial behavior, it sometimes, though not often, happens that parents cite their children before the magistrates and get them punished. Cases of parricide and matricide are treated in a very strange manner among the Chinese, for the murderers are not only beheaded, but cut up into little pieces; their houses are pulled down and the foundations dug up; punishment is even inflicted upon their neighbors, and the very officials are degraded on account of such horrible crimes having happened within their jurisdiction. In reference to some of the matters of which we have just been speaking, it will not be without interest to notice what is laid down in regard to the various stages of a man's life in the Book of Rites, a work which is held in the highest esteem by the Chinese. From birth till ten years old, it is said, man is called a child, and then begins to learn; till twenty he is called a youth, and is then capped; to thirty, he is in his manhood, and may marry; at forty, he is full of strength, and may enter the magistracy; at fifty, he becomes grey, and may serve in the high offices of State; at sixty, he becomes advanced in years, and may direct affairs; at seventy, he becomes an old man, and may retire from the cares of public life; at eighty and ninety, he becomes infirm and forgetful. Till seven, the child is an object of compassion, and both he and the man at seventy and eighty are not liable to punishment when guilty of crimes. When a man reaches a hundred years, then he must be fed.—*Sunday Magazine*.

TIMIDITY OF GREAT MEN.—Turenne, being asked whether he was frightened at the beginning of a battle, said, "Yes, I sometimes feel great nervous excitement, but there are many subaltern officers and soldiers who feel none whatever!" Condé was much agitated in his

first campaign. "My body trembles," he said, "with the actions my soul meditates!" Frederick the Great, at Molwitz, gave but little promise of ever becoming a soldier. It is reported of one of the ablest friends of Washington that, in his first battle, his nerves quite gave way, and that he had to be held to his post by two soldiers; it was as if the hero's legs tried to carry him off in spite of himself. It is obvious to remark that distinguished men, whose nerves have thus completely broken down, may thank their stars for being distinguished. Much is forgiven them, for they did much service. Had they been common soldiers, they would have received as little indulgence for the automatic action of their feet, as the poor receive for the malady of kleptomania. There is, however, a special reason why allowance should be made for generals whose presence of mind has failed them. A private has only to shut his eyes to danger, and to confront it with that *chien de courage*, of which a great commander spoke with envious disparagement. But the skilled courage of a general is a virtue of a very different order. He must, as it were, have two selves. In deliberation, he must calculate the exact amount of danger to which he exposes his troops; and then, in action, the calculation must be erased from his mind. He must often say to himself, "Peace, peace," when he feels that there is no peace; and, by a sort of military faith, he must fight as seeing a safety which is invisible. It is true that Nelson exclaimed, "What is fear? I never saw fear." But, at the time, Nelson was young; and against his remark may be set the saying of Charles V., when he saw written on a tombstone, "Here lies a man who never knew fear." "Then," observed the emperor, "he can never have snuffed a candle with his fingers"; or, as we should say, such a man can never have felt the first touch of the forceps of a dentist. Charles V., no doubt, spoke from a commander's point of view; and he may, like other commanders, have felt the difficulty of emulating the happy fearlessness of his soldiers.—*Fortnightly Review*.

AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF THE LATE WILLIAM B. ASTOR.—We rather wonder why one feels a slight contempt for a career like this—a contempt deepened rather than lessened by the charm which very great wealth, like very great power in any other shape, has for the imagination. Tried by all rules, William B. Astor was a very excellent citizen. Tried by the rules of political economy, he was a most excellent citizen—a man who, instead of wasting wealth upon himself, or hoarding it unused, or pauperizing his neighbors by lavish gifts, employed it in the most beneficial way

—devoting the whole, or nearly the whole, of his profits to reproductive undertakings, railways, mines, and, above all, useful buildings. Tried by a higher standard even, there was little to cavil at, for, as we have said, he probably accumulated money from a sense of duty which, however narrow, was sincere, and his personal character is believed to have been without a stain of any kind. He was bred and remained through life an unobtrusive member of the Episcopal Church, and never neglected any external duty of a church-member, giving up attendance only when his age made the ascent of the church-steps a suffering to him. If his will is found as respectable as his life, there is no fault in it on which a critic can take hold. And yet the instinctive feeling that this man on the whole lived a poor life must be the correct one. He had power in his hands, power of the most real and effective kind, and he did not care to use it; but while always increasing it, left it behind him for others to use or misuse, independent of his control. There is no reason why he should be blamed, any more than any English millionaire who, equally with him, buries his talent in a napkin; but one feels in his case an extra sense of disappointment, as if, living in such a country, with such a family history, he ought to have been more original, more splendidly generous, more of a recognizable benefactor to his kind. It is as if Napoleon in the fulness of power had used his whole strength to make himself a safe and decorous sovereign in some corner of his possessions—had made a warm cloak of his purple robe, and a handsome crutch of his scepter. A man is not bound to be lofty, if loftiness is not in him, but there is in the career of Mr. Astor, excellent person as he is always represented to have been, a want of the greatness which power like his would in some few natures have called forth. He did not even expand the somewhat confined and sordid American idea of living.—*The Spectator*.

INDIVIDUAL INEQUALITIES.—All different individuals of every species, however like they may be in their first stages of life, become in the further course of their existence less like to one another. They deviate from one another in more or less important peculiarities, and this is a natural consequence of the different conditions under which the individuals live. There are no two single individuals of any species which can complete their life under exactly the same external circumstances. The vital conditions of nutrition, of moisture, air, light; further, the vital conditions of society, the inter-relations with sur-

rounding individuals of the same or other species, are different in every individual being; and this difference first affects the functions, and later changes the form of every individual organism. If the children of a human family show, even at the beginning, certain individual inequalities which we may consider as the consequence of individual (indirect) adaptation, they will appear still more different at a later period of life when each child has passed through different experiences, and has adapted itself to different conditions of life. The original difference of the individual processes of development evidently becomes greater the longer the life lasts and the more various the external conditions which influence the separate individuals. This may be demonstrated in the simplest manner in man, as well as in domestic animals and cultivated plants, in which the vital conditions may be arbitrarily modified. Two brothers, of whom one is brought up as a workman and the other as a priest, develop quite differently in body as well as in mind; in like manner, two dogs of one and the same birth, of which one is trained as a sporting dog and the other chained up as a watch dog. The same observation may also readily be made as to organic individuals in a natural state. If, for instance, one carefully compares all the trees in a fir or beech forest, which consists of trees of a single species, one finds that among all the hundreds or thousands of trees, there are not two individual trees completely agreeing in size of trunk and other parts, in the number of branches, leaves, etc. Everywhere we find individual inequalities which, in part at least, are merely the consequences of the different conditions of life under which the trees have developed. It is true we can never say with certainty how much of this dissimilarity in all the individuals of every species may have originally been caused by indirect individual adaptation, and how much of it acquired under the influence of direct or universal adaptation.—*The History of Creation: from the German of Ernest Haeckel*.

LIFE.

Oh sadness of decay!
The autumn fields are grey,
And long-forgotten is the hedge-row tune;
How sick the shattered fern,
How harsh the woods and stern,
How pale and palsied is the afternoon!

Oh gladness of decay!
The wild buds store the May,
The hushed lanes listen for the blackbird's song;
The dumb trees hoard their strength,
The shy fern peeps, at length
Old Death is quickened, and the days are long.

H. D. R.